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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Rivetting

METAL ORGY!

THE WORLD STEELS ITSELF FOR TEST DEPT.'S SUCCESS

BY DON WATSON

HAIRCUT 100
THE CRAMPS
ROBERT SMITH
POGUE MAHONE
RATTLESNAKE ANNIE
AMERICAN FOOTBALL

Test Dept.'s Angus Alloy. Pic Miriam Reik.

BAUHAUS BOWOUT ● KAJAGOOEYGOOEY ● EURYTHMICS AND ROBERT PLANT TOURS ●

BAUHAUS, Northampton's finest, officially threw in the towel last Thursday, following weeks of speculation regarding the band's future.

David Jay, the band's bassist, who has already embarked on a solo career, claimed: "Bauhaus has been on the verge of splitting for two years and it's now pointless to go on. Personally I feel a measure of sadness but it's better to make the break now. I suppose we could have gone on a little longer, sold a lot more records and made a lot more money, but if the soul isn't there, what's the point?"

Jay has a single 'Joe Orton's Wedding'/'The Gospel According To Fear' released by Beggars Banquet on September 16 and this is to be followed by an album 'The Etiquette Of Violence', which the bassist has been piecing together over the past two years.

Guitarist Daniel Ash and drummer Kevin Haskins have yet to announce any future plans though it's believed that the twosome, who in the past have recorded for Situation 2, will be forming a new band with the aid of Bauhaus roadie Glenn Campling. Kevin Haskins will also be working with The Jazz Butcher, another Northampton act who recently had an album on the Glass label.

• Mainman Peter Murphy is also keeping schtum right now, though rumour has it that he's opting for a dance career. But Beggars Banquet's official version is: "Peter is still considering all his options. He has several areas into which he can move: he's been offered several film roles. But he still hasn't made up his mind as yet."

And so 'Burning From The Inside', Bauhaus' current chart album, becomes the band's vinyl swansong.

"We wanted to go out on a high," says David Jay. "For us to have carried on as a pale shadow of the group would have been something of a lie."

KAJAGONEGONE!

KAJAGOOGOO and singer Limahl have parted company – he to pursue his own solo career, and the others to continue running the group with Nick Beggs taking over the role of vocalist. The split, though not altogether unexpected, comes after the band have been in existence for just one year – during which they have had two hit singles (including the smash 'Too Shy' which rocketed them to instant success), a chart album and one major tour.

Despite suggestions that Kimahl left because he felt the band's success was due to him and that he could fare better without them, his own comments imply that he was actually kicked out.

"I regret the decision of the group, to which I was not a party," he said this week. "But there are many exciting prospects for me in a solo career, and I'll do my best to please the fans who've been so loyal to us this year."

Nick Beggs – who remains in KajaGooGoo along with Stuart Neale, Steve Askew and Jez Strode – said: "The problem was Limahl and us had grown apart, and we felt it was time to delve deeper musically. We've recently been recording backing tracks for a new album and single without Limahl, and we feel it's the most exciting material so far. As you can see, this was the natural course for us to take. Now that we're continuing as a four-piece, I shall be the lead vocalist while still playing bass."

He added: "We're all very excited, because it's a different approach which will enable us to write in a more naturally evolving way".

Meanwhile, reports that DJ Paul Gambacini's friendship with Limahl contributed to the split were strenuously denied by both the BBC and EMI Records.

***EURYTHMICS** have now confirmed the first 18 dates in their major UK autumn tour, plans for which were revealed by NME last week. With their latest single 'Who's That Girl' currently riding high in Britain, and its predecessor 'Sweet Dreams' achieving similar success in the States (where their album of the same title has just entered the Top 20), they go into the studio next week to start work on a new album and single for autumn release.*

The group can be seen in live action at Sheffield City Hall (November 2), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Manchester Apollo (6), Liverpool Royal Court (7), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Brighton Dome (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (12), Oxford Apollo (13), Cardiff St. David's Hall (15), Leicester De Montfort Hall (16), Birmingham Odeon (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (19), London Hammersmith Palais (21), Aberdeen Capitol (23), Inverness Eden Court (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25) and Glasgow Tiffany's (27).

Tickets for all dates are £4 and £3.50 – with the exception of Leicester, Hammersmith Palais, Glasgow and Inverness (£4 only) and Hammersmith Odeon (£5, £4 and £3). They go on sale today (Thursday) at box-offices and usual venues, apart from Bristol where the opening date is September 19.

● Newly returned from their debut American tour, Eurythmics appear this Sunday (14) in Dublin's Phoenix Park Festival, along with U2 and Simple Minds.

***ROBERT PLANT**, now in the NME singles and album charts with 'Big Log' and 'Principle Of Moments' respectively, will play his debut UK tour with his new band late this year. The tour commences at Glasgow Apollo on Tuesday, November 22 and then moves on to: Edinburgh Playhouse (23), Liverpool Empire (25), Leeds University (26), Newcastle City Hall (28), Sheffield City Hall (December 1), St Austell Coliseum (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Southampton Gaumont (6), Ipswich Gaumont (7), Manchester Apollo (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (12), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Brighton Centre (17), Oxford Apollo (18), Nottingham Royal Centre (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Birmingham Odeon (23).*

Tickets are priced £5.00, £4.50 and £4.00 except at Hammersmith (£6.00, £5.50, £5.00), Cardiff (£4.50 advance, £5.00 door), St Austell (£5.00), Brighton (£5.00) and Leeds (£4.50). These go on sale this Friday (12) except at Bristol, where tickets will not be available until September 12 and at Leeds University where they'll be on offer on October 3.

Plant's band for the gigs will comprise guitarist Robbie Blunt, bassist Paul Martinez and keyboardist Jezz Woodroffe – all of whom are featured on the 'Principle Of Moments' album, plus keyboardist-guitarist Bob Mayo and ex-Little Feat drummer Richie Hayward.

A GHOST

Gavin Martin previews a Phil Spector documentary to be shown by Channel 4 this Saturday at 7.30p.m.

THE REAL, unexpurgated Phil Spector story will probably never be told. Once or twice the idea has been mooted, but because of the man's unpredictable megalomania it has always amounted to nothing.

The same fate could have befallen *Da Doo Ron Ron*, when Spector reneged on his earlier promise to appear on camera, but director Binia Tymieniecka went ahead filming a series of interviews in New York and Los Angeles and has shaped them into a fascinating and illuminating documentary.

While Spector himself never appears, his character gradually emerges during the film with a series of interviews and judicious use of his music. And when, at the the close, the loathsome Albert Goldman (author of *Elvis*, and a man who patently *hates* any form of youth music) has his hysterical dissection of "the wall of schlock" spliced and ceremoniously trounced by 'Then He Kissed Me', it's as if Spector himself was snarling back at him.

Phil Spector — Boy Wonder, Ruthless Mogul, Tycoon Of Teen and Mad Genius — is the nearest pop music has to Citizen Kane: a man inspired with a vision but ultimately corrupted by power and money. The interviewees spell this out — from Stan Ross (owner of the studio where the Wall Of Sound was formulated), "He could hear sounds only dogs could hear," to The Ramones who come across as sullen and brattish as their music. They tell of the time they were locked up for two days with dogs and armed guards during the recording of 'Rock 'n' Roll High School'.

The film uses no voice-over commentary, just glorious archive footage or Phil's music played over the backdrop of bustling uptown New York and the roving boulevards of downtown Los Angeles, while nervy, besotted Spectorphile DJ Rodney Bingenheimer comes over the radio acting as a link between interviews. This serves to set the music in a context, creating a feeling of the time and place that inspired it, though the extended clip from The Ramones 'Rock 'n' Roll High School' adds little in atmosphere.

An unavoidable weakness of the film is that it has no information about Spector in the here and now, but the enigma of the past gives a fair indication — and the true picture of Spector behind the gloss and glory is revealed with scapel-like sharpness. This is mainly due to the frank, cutting interviewees who have been left dazed in Spector's howling path (*The Typhoon Of Teen*'?), spitting a mixture of jealousy, anger and frustrated ambition.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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Hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil. . . You've got to be joking! This lot give poor Nick Heyward a real slagging. . .

PHIL SPECTOR DOCUMENTARY PREVIEW ● JAYNE COUNTY RETURNS ● AU PAIRS SQUABBLE ON ●

SPECTOR: OF HIS FORMER SELF

Left: Spector gets an earful. Above: The Ronettes.

Leiber and Stoller, Ronnie Spector and Sonny Bono all try to balance *really sincere* admiration with barely concealed anger, and end up sounding very funny. While 'Bumps' Blackwell — producer to Little Richard and Sam Cooke — is completely scathing about what he sees as just another upstart whitey rip-off.

Spector's main problem — the fact he's never been able to make a comeback — is simply because he's lost touch with teenagers, and the chemistry that sparked a flurry of creativity in the early '60s has dissipated. He is now a man out of time wrapped up in the machinations of the LA music business. The clip of Darlene Love miming to her song from the 'Christmas Album' on an LA beach in the middle of summer is a sure sign that the last wave has crashed on teenage wonderland.

There is much to delight and keep the Viewer absorbed here — the footage of The Ronettes singing 'Be My Baby', the moody magnificence of The Righteous Brothers backed with a massive silhouetted choir singing 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin', Spector running through a few songs with The Ronettes in the studio, or even the rare airing of Lennon's version of 'Be My Baby'.

By taking the focus away from the tiring trivia and uncritical sycophancy which spoils so much coverage of music on TV, *Da Doo Ron Ron* manages to be an imaginative, evocative and highly entertaining documentary which is essential viewing for anyone with an interest in some of the most thunderous and magnificent teenage music ever made.

Got your VHS ready?

Following last week's story regarding the disappearance of Au Pairs' lead singer Lesley Woods, the band's former bassist, Jane Munro, turned up at NME *claiming that the whole report was a "total whitewash" that ought to be followed up by her allegedly more accurate version of the whole affair.*

Jane parted from Au Pairs amicably last November, having received an agreement that she would be informed and consulted over the use of any material in which she had been involved. She claimed it was Lesley who was to blame for the manner in which the band's 'Live In Berlin' album suddenly materialised without, or so it seems, the rest of the band's approval.

"We had been intending to release the Berlin tapes for some time," claimed the much-miffed Jane. "But neither I nor the rest of the band were prepared for what transpired. Anyone familiar with previous releases by the Au Pairs will register surprise at the presentation of 'Live In Berlin', which has an unimaginative illustration of the Wall on the front cover and pretentious drivel on the back!"

These sleevenotes, maintains Jane, originated from Lesley Woods.

"To add insult to injury, she tried to persuade us to sign a publishing deal relinquishing our shares in the copyrights to the songs on the album. We did not comply."

Since then it seems, Lesley has moved on, first to Amsterdam and then to Morocco, leaving the band to "sort out the debts".

Munro has meanwhile formed a new band called Apple On The Drum with the aid of ex-Afrikan Star frontman Michael Herry and Session musicians John Suddick (synths), Steve Black (guitar and percussion) and Josh Fifer (trumpet an percussion). At least four major record companies are said to be interested.

***JAYNE COUNTY** returns to Britain at the end of this month for a tour, on the crest of a controversy over her new single. It's called 'Princess Di' and, although it's been released in America, it seems that no one is keen on putting it out in this country. The only date so far confirmed in Jayne's so-called "Fuck Off 1983 Tour" is at Dudley J.B.'s Club on September 2, and the remainder will be announced in a week or two. Meanwhile, Safari Records are reissuing her/his notorious 'Fuck Off' album as a picture disc. The mind boggles!*

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	8	1
2	13	GIVE IT UP	K.C. And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	4	2
3	3	I.O.U	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	8	2
4	6	DOUBLE DUTCH	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	6	4
5	4	THE CROWN	Gary Byrd (Motown)	4	4
6	2	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)	6	2
7	19	CLUB TROPICANA	Wham! (Innervision)	2	7
8	5	WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER	Police (A & M)	4	5
9	9	CRUEL SUMMER	Banarama (London)	5	9
10	30	BIG LOG	Robert Plant (WEA)	4	10
11	8	DO IT AGAIN	Club House (Island)	4	8
12	21	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	12
13	10	IT'S LATE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	10
14	23	RIGHT NOW	Creatures (Polydor)	5	14
15	25	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Rocket)	3	15
16	7	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	8	7
17	31	ROCKIT	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	2	17
18	(–)	LONG HOT SUMMER	Style Council (Polydor)	1	18
19	11	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	10	3
20	12	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT	Roman Holliday (Jive)	7	12
21	15	THE WALK	The Cure (Fiction)	6	12
22	22	THE FIRST PICTURE OF YOU	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	5	22
23	16	FREAK	Bruce Foxton (Ariola)	3	16
24	(–)	GOLD	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	1	24
25	(–)	TOUR DE FRANCE	Kraftwerk (EMI)	1	25
26	17	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	10	2
27	18	NEVER STOP	Echo And The Bunnymen (Korova)	6	9
28	29	EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	6	24
29	20	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	9	10
30	32	LOVE BLONDE	Kim Wilde (RAK)	2	30
31	34	BAD BOYS	Wham! (Innervision)	13	2
32	27	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	7	11
33	(–)	GIVE IT SOME EMOTION	Tracie (Respond)	1	33
34	(–)	COME DANCING	Kinks (Arista)	1	34
35	(–)	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	35
36	14	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	11	1
37	(–)	BAD DAY	Carmel (London)	1	37
38	33	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELO (Jet)	8	11
39	48	THE SUN GOES DOWN	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	39
40	(–)	PARADISE	Stranglers (Epic)	1	40
41	26	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	7	6
42	41	WATCHING	Thompson Twins (Arista)	4	41
43	35	FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	George Benson (Warners)	4	33
44	(–)	NIGHTMARE	Saxon (Carrere)	1	49
45	24	FORBIDDEN COLOURS	Sylvain & Sakamoto (Virgin)	7	16
46	36	WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)	2	36
47	47	THE MAN WITH 4 WAY HIPS	Tom Tom Club (Island)	2	47
48	43	HAVE YOU SEEN HER	Chi-Lites (SMP)	2	43
49	(–)	PRIME TIME	Haircut 100 (Polydor)	1	49
50	(–)	NATIVE BOY	Animal Nightlife (Innervision)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	3	1
2	10	THE CROSSING	Big Country (Mercury)	2	2
3	3	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	6	1
4	2	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	5	2
5	6	PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (WEA)	4	5
6	7	THE LOOK	Shalamar (Solar)	3	6
7	5	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	34	1
8	19	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Start)	5	8
9	4	SYNCHRONICITY	The Police (A & M)	8	1
10	(–)	PUNCH THE CLOCK	Elvis Costello (F. Beat)	1	10
11	17	THE VERY BEST OF	Beach Boys (Capitol)	2	11
12	13	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	27	1
13	8	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	15	1
14	9	CRISIS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	11	5
15	16	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	9	2
16	15	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	10	4
17	12	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	11	11
18	21	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)	23	1
19	22	HITS ON FIRE	Various (Ronco)	3	19
20	40	JERKY VERSIONS OF THE DREAM	Howard Devoto (Virgin)	2	20
21	18	FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK	Various (Casablanca)	6	9
22	11	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	9	2
23	14	BURNING FROM THE INSIDE	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	4	7
24	20	JULIO	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	6	12
25	23	SECRET MESSAGES	ELO (Jet)	7	4
26	26	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	22	1
27	(–)	CLOSE TO THE BONE	Tom Tom Club (Isand)	1	17
28	25	WAR	U2 (Island)	6	23
29	29	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	12	5
30	28	FIRE DANCES	Killing Joke (EG)	4	19
31	(–)	CRACKDOWN	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare)	1	31
32	(–)	LAWYERS IN LOVE	Jackson Browne (Elektra)	1	32
33	(–)	THE WATERBOYS	Waterboys (Chicken Jazz)	1	33
34	(–)	APOLLO ATMOSPHERES AND SOUNDTRACKS	Eno (EG)	1	34
35	31	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	14	5
36	30	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (WEA)	2	30
37	24	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	5	17
38	35	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	9	3
39	27	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	5	36
40	RE	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	1	40
41	41	PRIVATE COLLECTION	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	7	16
42	RE	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	1	42
43	RE	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	1	43
44	(–)	LIVE	Doobie Bros (Warner Bros)	1	44
45	38	ROSS	Diana Ross (Capitol)	5	26
46	33	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	15	7
47	(–)	XLI	Pete Shelley (Genetic)	1	47
48	43	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire)	9	12
49	(–)	ALL THE GOOD ONES ARE TAKEN	Ian Hunter (CBS)	1	49
50	(–)	LIVE IN BERLIN	Au Pairs (AKA)	1	50

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	ROCK THE BEAT (DUB MIX)	Chilltown US 12" (A&M)
2	VALLEY STYLE	T. Ski Valley Jamaican 12" (Capo)
3	LADIES CHOICE	Stan City Band US LP (Gordy)
4	CHEAP THRILLS	Panic Patrol US 12" (Tommy Boy)
5	STREET JUSTICE	The Rake US 12" (Profile)
6	THE WILDSTYLE	Time Zone US 12" (Celluloid)
7	BROTHERS GRIM	Southern Death Cult UK 12" (Situation 2)
8	LIKE AN ANIMAL	The Glove UK 12" (Polydor)
9	WESTERN FIELDS	Exotica Maximus UK 12" (M.B.M.)
10	AM I GONNA BE THE ONE? (DUB MIX)	Colors US 12" (First Take)
11	FUTURE SHOCK	Herbie Hancock UK Promo LP (CBS)
12	WHAT I GOT	Unique US 12" (Prelude)
13	HEART BEAT (DUB MIX)	Quando Quango UK 12" (Factory)
14	CONFUSION (WHITE LABEL)	New Order US promo 12" (Streetwise)
15	TOUR DE FRANCE	Kraftwerk UK 12" (EMI)
16	24/24	Cabaret Voltaire UK LP (Some Bizarre)
17	WE'RE SO HAPPY / CLOCK	Danse Society UK 12" & 7" (Society)
18	PREPARE TO ENERGIZE	Torch Song UK promo cassette
19	BODYWORK	Hot Streak US 12" (Easy Street)
20	ON THE RISE	S.O.S. Band US LP (Tabu)

Compiled by Eddie Richards & Colin Faver
Camden Palace DJs London NW1

Herbie's shock success Pic Jeremy Bannister

ETHNIC 25

1	JOGED BUMBUNG	(Ocora) Bali
2	MANDIKA KORA	Jali Nyam Suso (Ocora) Gambia
3	CALL OF THE VALLEY	Kabra, Chaurasia, Sharma (GCI) India
4	PERCUSSION	Henri Guedon (Chante du Monde)
5	MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS JAPANESE BAMBOO FLUTE	Watazumido Shuso (Everest)
6	SONGS OF THE ABORIGINES	(Lyrichord)
7	MUSIC OF THE LAND OF THE LOBI	(Ocora) Upper Volta
8	QWAWALI	Sabri Brothers (Nonesuch) Pakistan
9	MASTER DRUMMER OF GHANA VOL. II	Mustapha Tetty Addy (Tangent)
10	WINDIM MAMBY VOL. II	(Quartz) New Guinea
11	LES INSTRUMENTES TRADITIONELLES	(Chant du Monde)
12	AHIR BHAIRAV/DURGESHWARI	Ali Akbar Khan (GCI) India
13	MUSIC AND DANCES OF OCCIDENTAL AFRICA	(Olympic)
14	THE GEDE GONG OF BATUR	(Ocora) Bali
15	MUSIC OF THE INCAS	Ayllu Sulca (Lyrichord) Peru
16	TRADITIONAL MUSIC	Burundi (Ocora) East Africa
17	CHEZ BASSARI	Bassari Tribe (Playasound) Senegal
18	RITUAL OF DRUKPA ORDER	Tibetan Buddhists (Lyrichord)
19	AMERICAN INDIAN CEREMONIAL AND WAR DANCES	(Everest)
20	LA FLUTE INDIENNE	(Olympic)
21	BRAZILIAN PERCUSSION	(Chante du Monde)
22	PERCUSSION AFRICAINNES	Guem (Chante du Monde)
23	CHANT DU NEGRE/CHANT DU MONDE	Lamine Konte (Arion) Senegal
24	DIVINE HORSEMEN	Voodoo Gods Of Haiti (Lyrichord)
25	IN CONCERT	Hariprasad Chaurasia (GCI) India

Courtesy of Triple Earth Records, 4 Bedford Road, London, W4

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Star Light)
2	RISING TO THE TOP	Dee Sharp (Fashion)
3	MOI' EMMA-OOH	Winston Reedy (Inner Light)
4	WATER PUMPEE	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
5	TO BE A WEAK MAN	Dennis Brown (Yvonnes Special)
6	IF I HAD KNOWN	Ken Boothe (Greensleeves)
7	ROCK AND COME IN	Leroy Sibbles (Yvonnes Special)
8	POLICE IN HELICOPTER	John Holt (Greensleeves)
9	I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE	Tinga Stewart (J&J)
10	PICTURE ON THE WALL	Natural Ites (CSA)

REGGAE PRE 45s

1	WATER PUMPEE	Tony Tuff (Volcano)
2	LEND ME THE SIXTEEN	Johnny Osbourne (Studio 1)
3	INFORMER	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
4	BIG BOUT YA	Singie Singie (Midnight Rock)
5	GWAN GO DO IT	Robert French (Afro Eagle)
6	NEWS STAR AND GLEANER	Eek-A-Mouse (Gorgon)
7	BABY COME HOME TO JOSEPH	Josey Wales (Volcano)
8	BLACK MAN	Hot Rocks (High Times)
9	REGGAE SUNSPLASH	Wadada (Solomonic)
10	WATER PUMPING	Johnny Osbourne (Jammys)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	2	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)		
2	1	WHO DUNN IT	Crass (Crass)		
3	3	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)		
4	4	DEATH CULT EP	Dealth Cult (Situation 2)		
5	5	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)		
6	6	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)		
7	15	TREES AND FLOWERS	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)		
8	7	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)		
9	(–)	LEAN ON ME	Redskins (CNT)		
10	11	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Bright)		
11	25	MURDER IS . . .	System (Spiderleg)		
12	17	RELEASE THE BATS	Birthday Party (4AD)		
13	9	ONE DAY	APB (Oily)		
14	16	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)		
15	(–)	GOOD TECHNOLOGY	Red Guitar (Self Drive)		
16	13	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)		
17	(–)	DIE FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT	Varrucas (Tempest)		
18	22	BLITZKREIG BOP	Newtown Neurotics (Razor)		
19	18	THINK ZINC	Marc Bolan (Ram)		
20	27	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)		
21	8	BIRDS FLY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)		
22	(–)	NIGHT AND DAY	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)		
23	12	CLOCK	Danse Society (Society)		
24	(–)	SHOW ME THE DOOR	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)		
25	30	ZULU BEAT	King Kurt (Thin Sliced)		
26	9	CROW BABY	March Violets (Rebirth)		
27	14	ONE GOOD REASON	Poison Girls (Illuminated)		
28	19	WATERLOO SUNSET	Affairs Of The Heart (Heartbeat)		
29	(–)	LONDON BOUNCERS	Action Pact (Fall Out)		
30	21	SEBASTIANE	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)		

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)		
2	2	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)		
3	3	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)		
4	4	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)		
5	11	ANOTHER SETTING	Durutti Column (Factory)		
6	5	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)		
7	7	RED RUST SEPTEMBER	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)		
8	8	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)		
9	15	ZUNGGUZUNGGUGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)		
10	6	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)		
11	9	PAN-ORAMA	Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)		
12	17	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)		
13	13	THEMES FOR GRIND	Will Sergeant (92 Happy Customers)		
14	19	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)		
15	12	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)		
16	14	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)		
17	10	LIVE IN YUGOSLAVIA	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)		
18	24	7	Punishment Of Luxury (Red Rhino)		
19	22	LIVE IN BERLIN	Au Pairs (AKA)		
20	18	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)		
21	(–)	CLOSER	Joy Division (Factory)		
22	(–)	1981–82 MINI LP	New Order (Factory)		
23	23	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)		
24	25	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)		
25	(–)	GATEWAY ON TO HELL	Enemy (Fall Out)		
26	(–)	FUCK THE WORLD	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)		
27	16	NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)		
28	(–)	LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S	Weekend (Rough Trade)		
29	28	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Bollock Brothers (Charly)		
30	(–)	JAZZATEERS	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)		

JAZZ LPs

1	WE FREE KINGS	Roland Kirk (Mercury)
2	THINK OF ONE	Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
3	CARL'S BLUES	Curtis Counce Group (Contemporary)
4	OUT TO LUNCH	Eric Dolphy (Blue Note)
5	TRAVELS	Pat Metheny (ECM)
6	BEST OF LOUIS JORDAN	Louis Jordan (MCA)
7	BLUE TRANE	John Coltrane (Blue Note)
8	OPERA IN VOUT	Slim Gaillard (Verve)
9	CALIFORNIA HERE I COME	Bill Evans (Verve)
10	AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL	Miles Davis (CBS)
11	MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME	Nina Simone (Charly)
12	AH UM	Charles Mingus (CBS)
13	THE BOOK COOKS	Booker Ervin (Affinity)
14	ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE	Slim Gaillard (Hep)
15	ESSENTIAL BILLIE HOLIDAY	Billie Holiday (Verve)
16	ALL THE MAGIC	Lester Bowie (ECM)
17	BALLADS	John Coltrane (Jasmine)
18	MILESTONES	Miles Davis (CBS)
19	LOTTE LENYA SINGS BRECHT UND WEILL	Lotte Lenya (CBS)
20	THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER	Cannonball Adderley and Milt Jackson (Riverside)

Billie Holiday — still essential.

US 45s

1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A&M)
2	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)
3	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
4	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW	Duran Duran (Capitol)
6	ELECTRIC AVENUE	Eddy Grant (Portrait)
7	MANIAC	Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
8	NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO	Sergio Mendes (A&M)
9	STAND BACK	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
10	WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)
11	IT'S A MISTAKE	Men At Work (Columbia)
12	OUR HOUSE	Madness (Geffen)
13	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	Human League (A&M)
14	HOT GIRLS IN LOVE	Loverboy (Columbia)
15	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	Bryan Adams (A&M)

US LPs

1	SYNCHRONICITY	The Police (A&M)
2	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
6	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
7	KEEP IT UP	Loverboy (Columbia)
8	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
9	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
10	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
11	H_2O	Hall & Oates (RCA)
12	STATE OF CONFUSION	The Kinks (Arista)
13	REACH THE BEACH	The Fixx (MCA)
14	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (Capitol)
15	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (Capitol)

Courtesy Billboard

MUSIC VIDEOS 10

1	(—)	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN – PHYSICAL	EMI
2	(4)	STONES IN THE PARK	Granada
3	(1)	DURAN DURAN	EMI
4	(2)	POLICE AROUND THE WORLD	EMI
5	(19)	COMPLETE MADNESS	Stiff
6	(—)	JACKSON FIVE – IN CONCERT	VCL
7	(—)	IRON MAIDEN – VIDEO PIECES	EMI
8	(—)	BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS – LIVE	Palace
9	(—)	NUTCRACKER	20th Cen. Fox
10	(—)	SLEEPING BEAUTY	CBS/Longman

Courtesy of HMV Shops

FRED FACT

With only seven and a half months out of the way, there's already no doubt that Michael Jackson's 'Thriller' is destined to be, chartwise at least, the album of the year. A Quincy Jones-produced monster, it grabbed a place on the *NME* charts in mid-December last year, just a week or so after the date of release, and has remained a highflyer ever since, spawning no less than four Top 10 singles in 'The Girl Is Mine', 'Billie Jean', 'Beat It' and, more recently, 'Wanna Be Startin' Somethin''. And even for the fact that Danny Baker has personally bought an estimated two million copies of everything, it still seems that everybody in Britain – with the possible exception of fully-paid-up members of the National Front – owns at least one track emanating from 'Thriller'. Yet the album continues to sell like mintballs in Rochdale and it's obvious, to paraphrase somebody's song title, that punters just won't stop till they get enough. Motown's TV-advertised 'Greatest Hits', a compilation of pre–1976 material by Michael Joe and his brothers of the boogie, is currently high in our charts Also, 'Beat It' is, even now, experiencing a return trip to the singles listing, if only as a part of Clubhouse's Eurobop double-header. Furthermore, Epic UK are planning to release the 'Thriller' title-track as their next Michael Jackson single, while Stateside Epicureans are likely to go with 'Things I Do For You', yet another 'Thriller' diller. So, could be that 'Thriller' hits a six singlewise, exceeding even the exploits of Michael J's 'Off The Wall', which boasted only a mere five. All of which isn't at all bad going for a record made by the son of an ex-crane operator, albeit one who always knew his offspring were destined for star billing. Least that's the way I see it. Otherwise why else would old jumpin' Joe give his kids such monikers as Sigmund Esco (Jackie), Toriano Adaryll (Tito), Jermaine Lajaune and LaToya?

Fred Dellar

TRASH 45s

The missing Link Wray comes out of hiding. Pic David Warner Ellis.

1	SHIMMY SHIMMY	The Milkshakes (Upright)
2	STRANGELOVE	The Stingrays (Big Beat)
3	COMING HOME	The Prisoners (Own Up)
4	LIGHT BULB BLUES	The Cannibals (Big Beat)
5	I'M GOING HOME	Chesterfield Kings (Mirror)
6	IT'S YOU	The Milkshakes (Milkshakes)
7	CARDBOARD CUTOUTS	Clapham South Escalators (Upright)
8	KING OF THE BOP	Nipple Erectors (Soho)
9	HIDDEN CHARMS	Link Wray (Ace)
10	THE WAY THAT I WALK	The Cramps (Vengence)

Chart by Nicks Garage DJ, London NW1

5 YEARS AGO

1	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
2	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)
3	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)
4	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)
5	THE KIDS ARE UNITED	Sham 69 (Polydor)
6	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)
7	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic)
8	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)
9	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)
10	5–7–0–5	City Boy (Vertigo)

10 YEARS AGO

1	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
4	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A&M)
5	48 CRASH	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
6	GOIN' HOME	Osmonds (MGM)
7	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
8	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
9	BAD BAD BOY	Nazareth (Mooncrest)
10	TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)

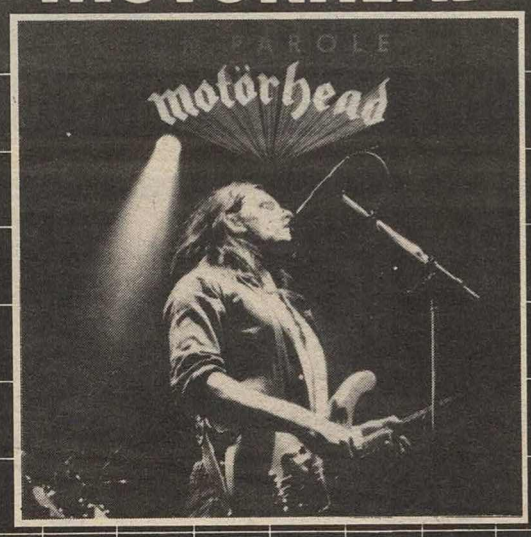
15 YEARS AGO

1	MONY MONY	Tommy James And The Shondells (Major Minor)
2	FIRE	Crazy World Of Arthur Brown (Track)
3	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
4	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
5	MRS. ROBINSON	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
6	I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
7	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A&M)
8	LAST NIGHT IN SOHO	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
9	MACARTHUR PARK	Richard Harris (RCA)
10	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)

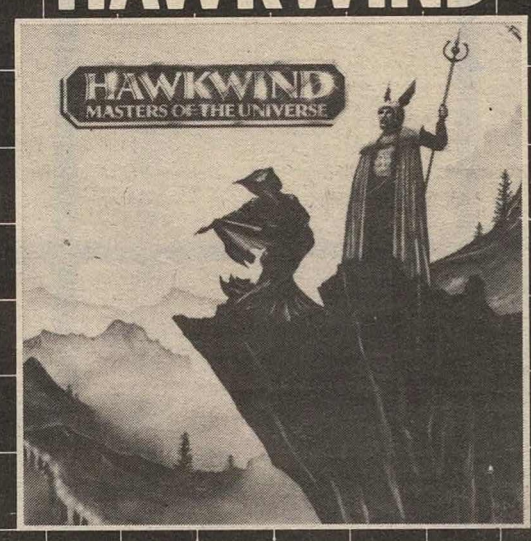
20 YEARS AGO

1	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
2	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	TWIST AND SHOUT EP	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca)
6	DA DOO RON RON	Crystals (London)
7	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
8	IN SUMMER	Billy Fury (Decca)
9	SUKIYAKI	Kyu Sakamoto (HMV)
10	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)

MOTORHEAD



HAWKWIND



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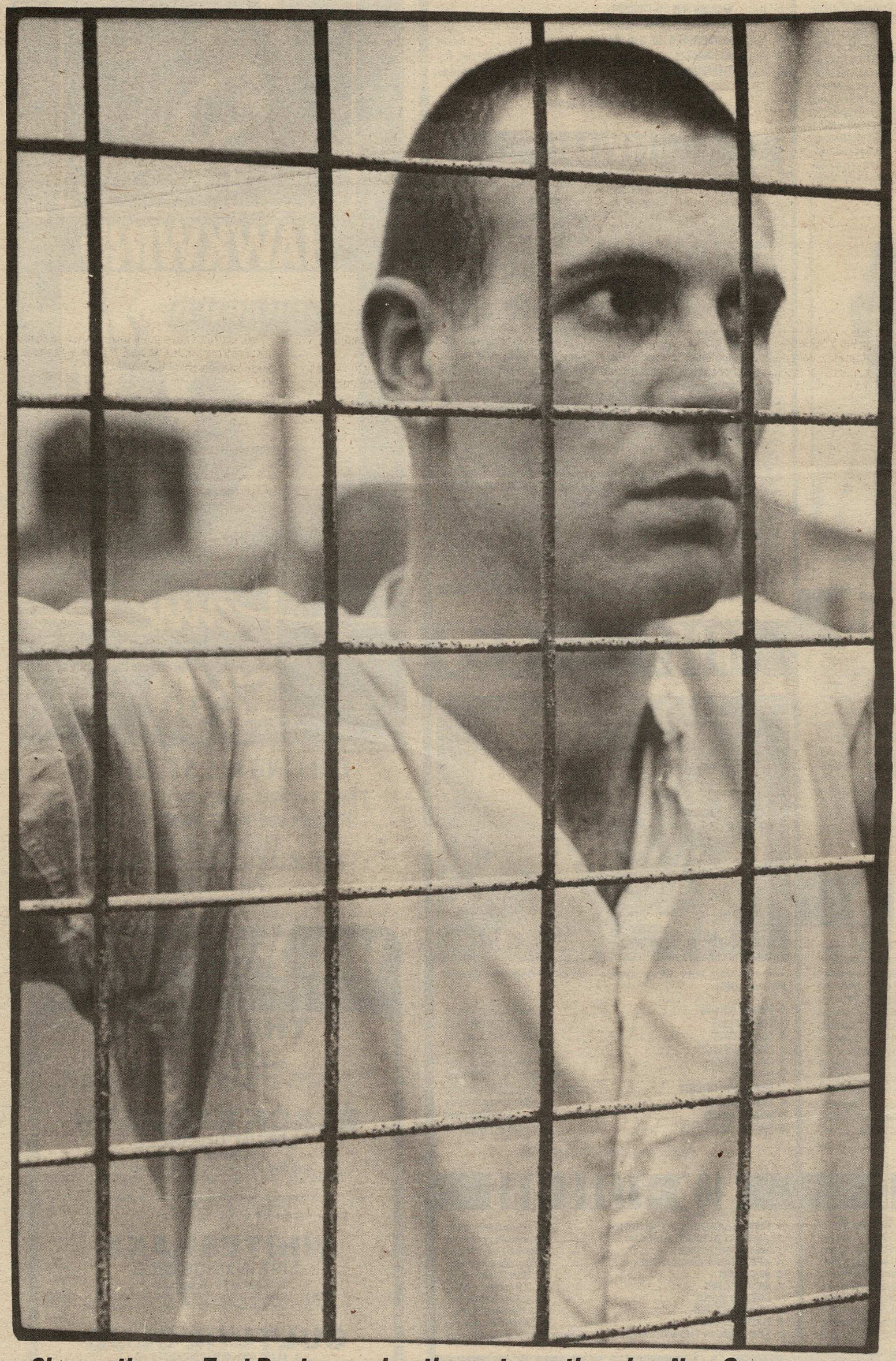


Six months ago Test Dept. were beating out emotions in a New Cross basement. Since then they've progressed to causing a commotion in the basement of a Wapping great wharf. With their new Cabs-produced single forthcoming we ask is this the most important British cultural institution of recent times or just a new version of the same old racket?

WORDSMITH: DON WATSON SHUTTER OPERATOR: MIRIAM REIK

IF TEST Dept. wanted proof of their assertion that images change their significance as time progresses, they'd only have to look out their window.

In the opposite doorway, overlooking the semi-deserted South London street stand three skinheads.

Every detail of their uniform is perfect, from the immaculate bleach stained jackets pressed to perfection, to the Levis turned up *just so* to reveal the hard shine on the high-legged DMs.

They're the ultimate version of the working class dandy; a form honed down to absolute perfectin; a species that has ceased to evolve because it has reached the final peak, the point at which it can only stop – *dead*.

But around that constant image the surroundings have been rapidly devolving, changing the significance of the image itself.

Once a glorification of the values of hardness, martness and masculinity, the cropped hair and industrial footwear now stand as an absurd and exaggerated parody of another, long endangered species.

Anyone remember the working man?

So these three spend their time refining their image further, polishing their boots and hanging around the steps of their house, resigned to being museum pieces, just watching.

Not that there's much to see around here, except that bunch across the road. They look like skins, wear DMs and army gear, a couple of them have even got crops. God knows what they're up to, though. You see them every now and again, lugging this scrap metal into their place, nothing that looks too valuable mind, just old tin drums, bits of metal, even saw them with the insides of an old piano once.

Then there's the noises, they start slowly at first and building up into this evil clattering noise, carries on for hours. Fuck knows what they're doing over there. . .

LIKE MAL of Cabaret Voltaire, I used to think the recession started at Watford Gap, until I went to New Cross.

There's a genuine decay here, immediately distinguishable from the delightfully cracked squalor chic you'll find elsewhere in the capital. The place is an industrial graveyard with an atmosphere of desolation familiar in Leeds or Glasgow, but unexpected in the sussed but stupid affluent south.

The blackness of Voltaire's northern industrial humour could penetrate as effectively here as anywhere, it could almost be the soundtrack to New Cross, were it not for the fact that this place has developed its own town criers, forged its own craftsmen to express its spirit in movement and music.

That sound belongs to Test Dept. It pulses from the open window of their collective house. "*Tear it down / Cause it's COMING DOWN*"; it's a sound that pulses through the limbs like a positive force, releasing a pent up store of forgotten energy. "*IT'S COMING DOWN*!" Hearing that sound echo through a half-empty street, through the gathering grey, is an instant charge, a feeling of danger and direction. "*Tear it down / Turn it round / PUSH IT OUT*".

Glancing nervously at the skins across the road I move towards the sound.

TEST DEPARTMENT, as they're at pains to point out, are a single voice, four musicians and a film technician whose individual ideas and aspirations work in one direction towards a single aim. For that reason most of the quotes are not attributed to one person.

All these words are part of the same plan, to make Test Dept. the most important sound of today, something capable of breaking down the mundane fabric we see around us and building something new and genuinely beautiful from the wreckage. With their new single they're getting there at an alarming rate.

Together with Richard and Mal of Cabaret Voltaire (they had to come into this somewhere), Test Department have crafted a sound of frightening power, displaying immediately an

ONE-TWO ONE-TWO TESTING!

ability to transcend their live incarnation.

Live the power is captured by the use of constructivist imagery and film techniques derived from the speedy cutting of the revolutionary Russian cinema. On record its the simple crashing magnificence of that sound.

Based around a dance beat you could break your teeth on, it takes the forces of oppression and hurls them back with equivalent force. This is music for '83 at last, the soundtrack to the death of the industrial age from one of its graveyards.

To the soundtrack of sirens and guard dogs we're walking through Test Department's most immediate inspiration, down a lean-to Victorian street lined with concrete imitations of period street lamps.

"South London is basically a haven of scrap heaps," one voice of the collective explains as we walk towards an old wharf for the photo session. "There's more of them here than anywhere else in the country. You can see that all of these things have just been slung away to make way for the new technology.

"The old industrial thing is already dead, so what we're doing is taking its remnants and turning them into something else, something creative."

The first barrier Test Dept. have to overcome is people's reluctance to acknowledge what they've created as music. Because it doesn't conform to standard patterns, and because it entirely neglects the use of standard instruments, it has been dismissed by the simple minded as simply overgrown kids playing in the junkyard.

The sounds that they create with these *objects trouvee*, though, is often amazingly musical, occasionally even melodic. It's also far from random. The textures and sounds are rigorously worked out through long periods of practice in the tiny cellar beneath their house.

"Sometimes the feeling we developed in that enclosed space was incredible," another voice contributes. "We were working right the way through last winter with no light apart from one small crack from a partly blocked up window, or candles when it got dark. It was freezing cold, so we *had* to really work at it to build up sufficient warmth to keep ourselves going."

That power in a claustrophobic atmosphere is captured in a strong tendon that coils around their music, pulling it in on the listener. Perhaps their most powerful moment – a song called 'Gdansk' – was created at this time.

Dragged from the emotions of the part Polish member of the collective, it began with impressions of the televised images of the struggle in Poland and built up to a peak of intensity with all four members pounding out the heat of passion in the muscle tightening chill of the rehearsal room.

"Although it was based on those very personal feelings," he explains, "the song itself is not about Poland specifically. Obviously the anger that the other members of the group brought to the song was not inspired so much by that situation. In that sense it's as much about Britain at that time."

IT'S THAT emotion and that way of seeing that liberates Test Dept. from the drab confines of so much of what is called music now.

Although their creations are musical, their sources lie outside of the established reference points. They look not to musical paradigms but to their surroundings. They are sound translations from a primary source, not some third hand interpretation of the music of a past age.

That's what makes them fascinating. And that's what makes them dangerous.

Since the days of 'Gdansk' they've moved further and faster into newer areas, countering the closed in sounds of the earlier material with a frightening sense of vastness in recent recordings.

"This single was actually created in locations, one day at a deserted swimming pool and another in the B2 Gallery in Wapping where we had this immense basement area all to ourselves. What's come out of that is a dance beat that just could not have been created in a studio."

Since then their methods of sound have also moved closer to the mainstream of attention. Quite apart from visits to these shores by Einsturzende Neubauten and SPK, who they're often closely associated with, such blatant crap as The Thompson Twins have incorporated work scenes into their act,

"It's quite obvious to the public really," they argue, "who is using those techniques out of a desire to create something new and who is making them simply as a fashion accessory and a means of making a bit more money by looking contemporary.

"What's more annoying in a way is people's tendency to continually associate us with Neubauten and SPK just because we all use metal. It's like lumping bands together because they use guitars; it's blatantly ridiculous.

"In Neubauten's case, particularly, anyone who was really looking could see that we present ourselves in a totally different way. What they do is really taking the piss out of the work ethic entirely, whereas we use the idea of glorifying it. There are obvious elements of irony in that, but its not complete parody."

That ambiguity is one of Test Dept.'s greatest attractions, and one that they've used to devastating effect on a couple of occasions: first with the 'Beating The Retreat' escapade under one of the Thames arches.

This was the time of the tail end of the Falklands celebrations, when it was becoming blatantly clear that any positive forces that could have been called up by the patriotism of that time had been well and truly sunk. That performance then seemed to feed on the power of the crossfire of feelings of the time.

"We wanted to make our comment on that," they explain, "but we wanted to make it in as subtle a way as possible, so we use the military term Beating The Retreat, which has a certain irony about it in that we could be beating, as in smashing, people's retreat into themselves and into introspection. Or it could be taken strictly in the military sense, that we ourselves were part of that retreat.

"So we always keep that ambiguity, because otherwise, if you lay it on the line for people, then it just becomes too easy We aim to have a degree, not of mystery, but uncertainty that will send people away thinking, so that the audience takes a very active role. They're forced to think about the issues that we raise."

THE SECOND time that ambiguity struck with such perfect dischord was at Sheffield's excellent Leadmill venue, no doubt under threat as the Tories turn on the local authority that set it up.

This was the Sunday after the General Election and a time when feelings of depression alternated with feelings of desperate opposition and hysterical elation. Somehow, in that beat, all those feeligs were flying.

At times they seemed mockingly to echo the knuckle-under, machine-like efficiency that Thatcher preaches with a chilling accuracy, particularly in the "*One heart / One will*" chants that begin 'Efficiency' and in the final sequence of that song, as the title is droned consistently over what appears to be an image of a body struggling against a bond of barbed wire. At times they called up a level of energy that could only act against such oppression.

"That idea of people being manipulated by the state is something that we work with a great deal. We've even been accused of actually *being* fascist because of that. That's a very shortsighted viewpoint, though; anyone with any sense could see that what we're doing is simply exposing something by embodying it.

"It's parody really, but not parody in the sense of a comedian getting up on a stage and parodying something. It's more like revealing the elements that go into something in quite a scientific way. We simply lay bare the techniques and people either find that disturbing or they don't.

"We do all have intensely strong political beliefs, but we're not going to expose those because we're not going to stand on a soap-box. People are intelligent enough to distinguish between a reality and us up there on a stage.

"There is a military feel to what we do, although it's patently obvious that we would be possibly the last people to be fuckin' dragged into the army. But you're drawn towards those images of control because there's a need to come to terms with those within your life, so rather than actually escaping from them, you take on the burden of that and you use it and then you turn it back on yourself."

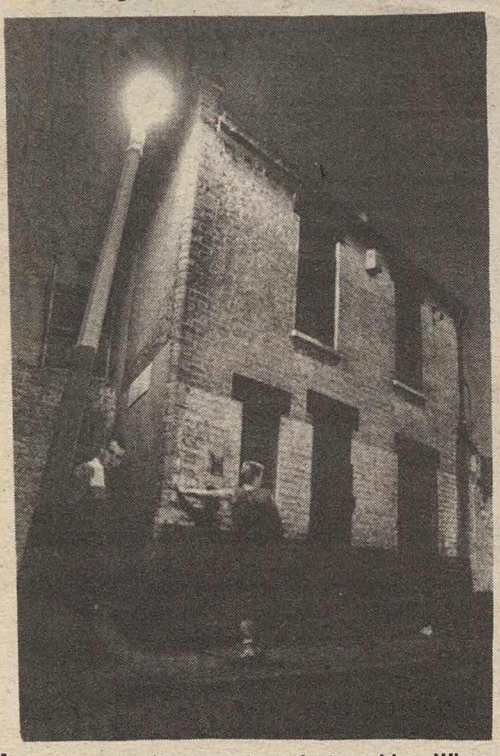
Do you give much consideration to how your audience reacts?

"They're either drawn in totally or they leave. From the start there's been this feeling of hypnosis, people being rooted to the spot and unable to move. Some people, though, are not willing to engage with that intensity and won't let it work on them – they leave.

"More lately, though, more and more people are being drawn in, and in that sense it becomes a force of liberation because people are beginning to instinctively feel the forces that are being uncovered by it. Because it deals with real issues and real anger, and what you're beating out of your own system, when you draw people in that force is directed towards liberation."

So what does it do to you?

"When it goes well there's this feeling of



linking in to an absolutely perfect machine. When the music hits its peak there's a feeling amongst all four of us of linking and coming to an absolutely perfect single dynamic union that's incredibly fluid.

"It's like a single engine that *everyone* is linked in to, then it all shatters and goes on to something else, but at that high point it's like a totally different world.

"When everyone stops, when you've been playing for half an hour there's the same sense of relief and everyone's laughing, and you have this feeling of having really gone *through* something that's worthwhile.

"We couldn't have gone through two years of this very hard laborious work if there wasn't that incredible reward at the end of it."

THE NEXT barrier to be overcome with Test Dept. is that their music is almost totally based around percussion, just that ceaseless, insistent rhythm.

"The thing is, when most people talk about rhythm, they talk about African music, or when British groups play percussive music they're imitating African or Eastern music. Here this is primitive thythm, but it's primitive to our culture, so the rhythms we're coming out with are a reflection of the way we live our lives. It fulfils the same function within our culture as African drumming fulfils it in theirs; which is why its effect is so strong."

How much is it a part of our current culture, though, and how much a part of our recent history?

Perhaps the most cogent criticism of Test Dept. is that they seek to elevate the dignity of labour to an art form in a time of increasing unemployment. It can all too often look simply like the acting out of an arcane ritual in front of a collection of modern sophisticates.

It would be a tempting criticism if it were not for the obvious presence of some strength behind the ritual that is more than the flexing of the muscles. The phenomenon of the live Test Dept. is simply too elementary powerful to be a straightforward display of force.

"Because that image of work that is displayed in the Russian revolutionary cinema does not exist so much in reality does not mean that the strength of its appeal has disappeared," they argue. "There is this appeal to energy that is just not being used, or is being used in a highly superficial manner. Like in modern music, which has moved with technology and has become softened. The actual appeal of physical energy is still there."

What is important though, is that Test Dept. are not simply uncovering energy, they are directing it.

"Our idea of work is one of taking its intensity and its energy and using that for yourself, as opposed to for the state and just *really* testing yourself, pushing yourself to things that you would never have done and never thought yourself capable of doing before.

"It's all very easy to sit at home and watch the TV and simply absorb all of the technology, and we do that as well. We're not being stupidly puritan about it and saying all that is inevitably bad. What we are trying to do is foster an attitude of using technology for your own good, making it do something for you. It's a matter of being strong in yourself and using your surroundings in a positive direction."

So are you concerned with construction or destruction?

"Well, we're destructive in terms of tearing down certain established forms of music, but it's constructive in the end because what we're doing is finding new ways and stronger ways of saying much more important things.

"It like where the single says '*Tear it down*' that sounds destructive, but what it means is tear down the pressure that gets fed into you and turn it round and push it out again in a constructive way."

FINALLY, AFTER hours of excited talk we return to the collective house where we part company. As I walk past the three skinheads, still standing in the same doorway, and into the night I hear the sound of those drums starting up again, ringing through my head.

"TEAR IT DOWN / CAUSE IT'S COMING DOWN".

ON THE TRAIL OF RATTLESNAKE ANNIE ● CLUB CRAWL ●

SNAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

Part Red Indian, part Redneck and part Irish country genius Annie MacGowan talks over with Gavin Martin some of the ground her career has covered

If you're looking for music as fresh as a bucketful of mountain air and as downhome tasty as a plate of pork ribs and corn bread, you'd be hard pushed to find a more radiant example than 'Rattlesnakes And Rusty Water' by 'Rattlesnake' Annie MacGowan.

Recorded in Nashville two years ago it's built up a steady cult following among both country music diehards and sideline observers. Braided by the ringing purity of the Voice Of The Rattlesnake, the music restores a faith in the timeless strength and quality of American folk music.

A kind eyed and youthful 40-odd years old, Annie MacGowan sits in the lobby of the Cafe Royal sipping Campari and soda and recounting the trail of the last 30 years that has taken her unique part Red Indian, part Redneck, part Irish primitive country genius from the Tennessee Mountains to a position of respect in the Nashville oligarchy. Her early years were spent picking tobacco and cotton with black and white migrant workers, learning the folklore and hearing the traditional songs of both races. The family's only concession to the modern age, a radio set, picked up the country music stations from Nashville and the R&B station comandeered by Wolfman Jack across the border in Texas.

"Music was the real source of entertainment, the only source of entertainment. For as long as I can remember it was part of our lifeblood, everyone *had* to play or sing something. My father would have been a great professional musician if he hadn't have been such a responsible individual," she grins.

Having made a name for herself as one third of The Gallimore Singing Trio in her teens, performing on The Junior Grand Ole Opry and singing corn meal commercials on a local station, the obvious port of call seemed to be Nashville where every country girl (or boy) with a song in their heart and fame on their mind headed. But instead Annie was drawn towards Memphis and the flourishing blues scene on Beale Street.

"Mabe I'd have been able to release a record a lot quick if I'd gone to Nashville, perhaps I made a mistake, who knows? But I see what they do to country girls there and I can't really see myself in a wig hat, sequinned dress and high heels. I guess I escaped that," she says. She's certainly a long way removed from the female country star role model—dressed in jeans and T-shirt, her long un-styled hair plaited in leather pigtails and from her ear dangles the tail end of a rattlesnake.

Her days on Beale Street are remembered with a sense of awe: "It was like something out of a movie set. All those bars and clubs with the singers and musicians living in small pensions above them. It had an atmosphere all of its own, it was something you thought could never com to an end." Like the young Elvis Presley, Annie was heavily influenced by the music she heard there, as well as receiving help and advice from some of the great blues shouters like Ma Rainey. But, just to keep the cross cultural fires burning, she also spent some time across town at Sam Phillips' Sun studios watching Jerry Lee Lewis kick hell out of his piano and recording his early classics.

At the end of the '50s she met and married husband/manager Max and moved out to raise a family on a Texas ranch. Her music took a backseat and she realised that her lifestyle would have to change if she still wanted to reach a large audience. So Max stayed home to wash and cook while she took to playing around Texas. It was here she met and worked with up and coming Nashville rebels like Willie Nelson and David Allen Coe. Nelson, who appears on several tracks on her forthcoming second LP and duet on the current single (a version of the old country chestnut 'Long Black Limosine') is the person she credits with breaking the mould for her and many others, showing that even in Nashville it was possible to break through stereotypes and stand as an individual.

But while her own special talents drew praise from many, the major record companies were unable to accept her terms for complete artistic control. "I've been talking to major companies for years, I nearly signed with RCA in '73 but I always draw back, I still mistrust them, I don't really believe that they think someone with my image is modern enough to sell them a lot of records."

Unperturbed she formed Rattlesnake Records in 1981 and released the 'Rattlesnakes And Rusty Water' LP. With many Nashville stalwarts adding support the playing is an unabashed joy, the simple acoustic base of the music is made firm and ripe by the production of former Stax engineer and country music's foremost R&B connection Chips Moman who effortlessly draws together the many musical strands that combine to make the Rattlesnake sound. The ecological 'Goodbye To A River' is a song of rare beauty, 'Tellico Plains' is a song for drifters and hillbillies that pounds with the distant echo of bluegrass beat and the smoke-choked closing time torch yearning of 'Blue Flame Cafe' knocks any number of attempts to light a candle for that bygone era into the proverbial cocked hat.

"That was written by a great old lady called Virginia Shine. She's over 60 and lives by herself up in the mountains, she's a very spiritual lady, doesn't smoke, doesn't drink and songs just come to her in the middle of the night. She gets out of bed, jots them down at her bureau and goes back to sleep. Amazing," recalls Annie.

On the day I meet The Rattlesnake she has just returned from Czechoslovakia where she played and recorded an LP with the country's leading (only?) country musician Michal Tuchny. It will only be available in that country through Supraphon, the state owned record label. "Of all the places I've been I think Czechoslavakia and Ireland have the sort of folk music which is nearest to whqat we've ended up with as country music in America, the muscians have the same instinctive feel," she insists.

In Ireland she's a big star, she gets stopped in the streets of Belfast and asked for autographs. Encountering Annie MacGowan and her music is to encounter something of a time-warp, which is an intrinsic part of her appeal. She sells most of her records herself after shows: "That's a real country tradition, I certainly don't want to lose that closeness to my product." She frowns on using electric instrumentation and on her theme song 'Rattlesnakes And Rusty Water' she sings "*It makes a possum run across my grave everytime I see them selling Jesus on TV.*"

"I never got used to TV, it still scares me. You see kids today and they've got plug ins and videos and you just wonder—are they ever going to create *anything* for themselves?"

Annie MacGowan approaches middle age living in Nashville and playing consistently all over Europe and America at various country festivals. She makes a good living, but she's still talking to record companies, looking for proper distribution and she's not worried how long it takes her to reach real acclaim.

"I wasn't ready for fame before either emotionally or mentally. I think that all experience, all the time I've spent in different places was meant to be, I've learned a lot and I've got no illusions. You still see people arriving on Nashville Broadway wanting to make it, hoping that someone will notice them and most of them get no further, they don't even find the publishing houses. I feel more confident and more ready to go than ever, because never having been really popular means I can never be a has been."

She throws her head back and chuckles heartily and the small good luck charm round her ear starts to rattle.

Annie — rattlesnake and pigtailed
Pic Bleddyn Butcher

CLUBS

Video, we're always told, is infiltrating the national lifestyle from dawn to dusk. Now, it's making a bid for the dusk-till-dawn stretch as well. The Digital Night Club is a new West End venture "with a focus on exciting visuals". Liberally equipping their venue with small screens in every line of vision, the organisers say "the accent of the club is on providing a video cocktail lounge, as opposed to a steamy dance-floor or cabaret show".

The Digital's scope runs from pop promos to animation to computer graphics to just about anything—except, they say, the nasties. On August 10, the evening's theme will be American work, followed by European night the week after, and an Indies Evening after that. Ideas and contributions are encouraged.

The Digital Night Club runs on Wednesdays, 9pm–3am, at Gullivers, 11 Down St, Mayfair. Admission is £2, and £2.50 for non-members. Enquiries to 01-240 3215.

PAUL DU NOYER

My search for the ultimate dance club led me to deepest Soho, down Wardour St to The Wag.

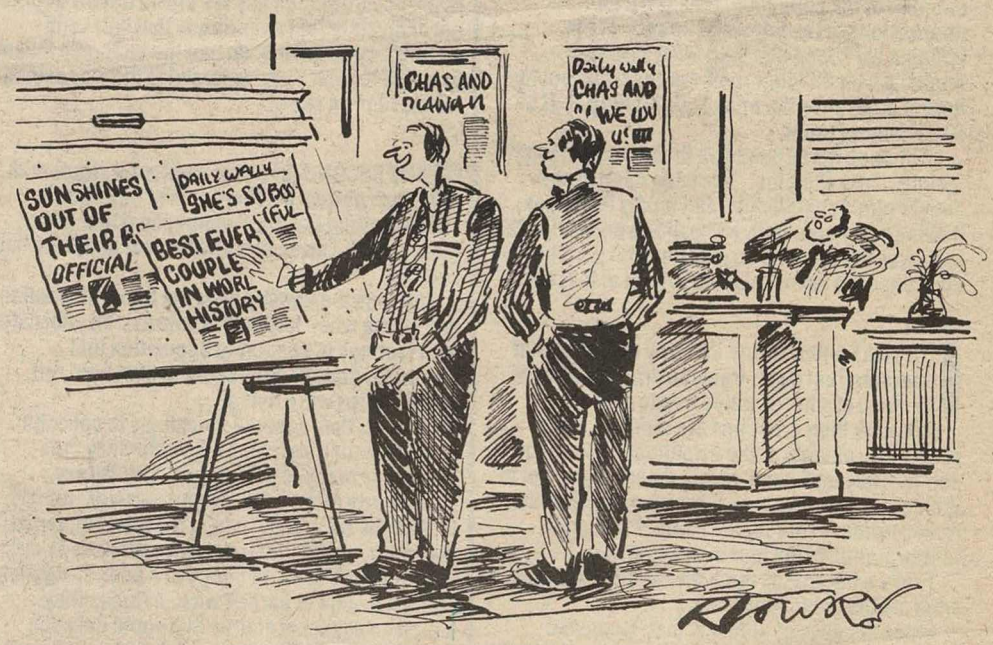
Blue Rondo's Chris Sullivan and Ollie O'Donnel have relinquished their control of Friday nights, and placed the power in the hands of The Syndicate, alias Gary Crowley, Pete "Bustin' Loose" Barrett and the *NME*'s own Paolo Hewitt. They've made the evening much more relaxed, unlike the infamous Saturday nights when you had to be a member of Spandau Ballet or at least Animal Nightlife to get past the doorman! Now all you need is the three quid entrance fee.

Inside they spin all the discs you want to groove to—Van McCoy's 'The Hustle', Don Covay's 'It's Better To Have (And Don't Need)' and the amazing Gary Byrd Experience's 'The Crown' are just some of the fabulous footstompin' sounds to be heard.

The Wag Club is at 35 Wardour St. London W1.

JO-ANNE SMITH

lowry



"We've decided to go all the way with the New Psychophancy – we're nominating Charles as the most handsome best dressed man in the world, Diana as the world's most beautiful woman, and the pair of them as the world's best disco dancers!"

WHAM!

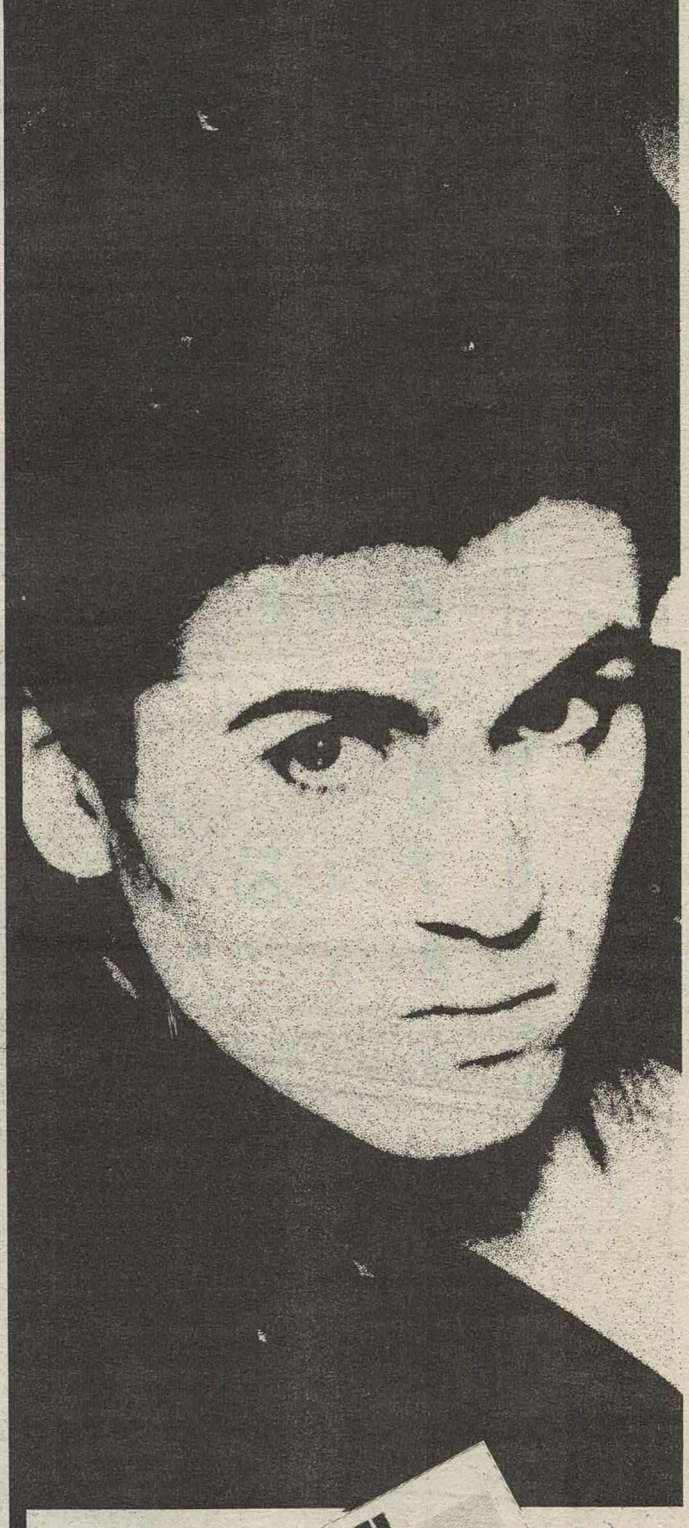
OCTOBER 1983

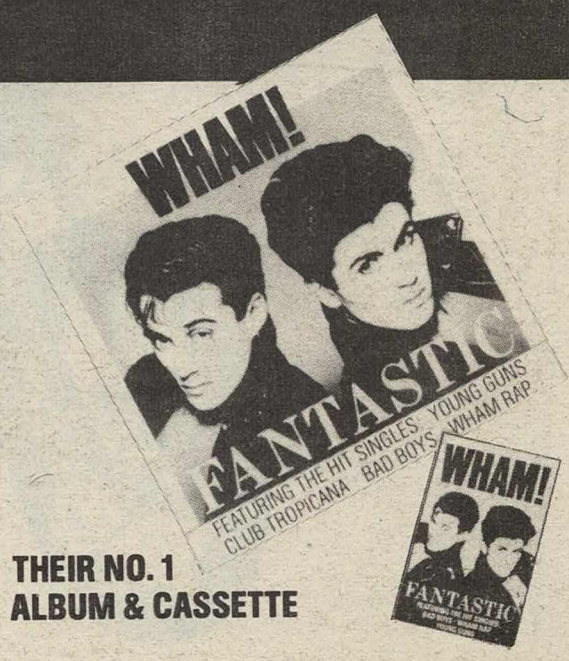
Mon	10th	ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Tues	11th	EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Thurs	13th	GLASGOW Apollo Theatre	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Fri	14th	LANCASTER University	£4.00
Sat	15th	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Sun	16th	MANCHESTER Apollo	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Tues	18th	LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Wed	19th	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Fri	21st	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Sat	22nd	ST AUSTELL Coliseum	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Sun	23rd	BRISTOL Studio	£5.00
Mon	24th	SWANSEA Top Rank	£5.00
Thur	27th	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Sun	30th	BRIGHTON Centre	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00

NOVEMBER 1983

Tues	1st	NOTTINGHAM Royal Court Theatre	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Wed	2nd	POOLE Arts Centre	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00
Thurs	3rd	CRAWLEY Leisure Centre	£5.00
Fri	4th	LEEDS University	£4.25
Sun	6th	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£5.00 £4.50 £4.00

THE CLUB FANTASTIC TOUR!





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SOFT DRINKS

With Johnny Bullets (Now khown to be John Stalin)

THE DANGERS OF BEER

● A fully grown giant panda was immersed in a vat of beer. This magnificent animal, a strong and ferocious specimen, perished within minutes.
● Fed from birth entirely on beer and potato crisps, a bonny baby grew up to bring shame to her thoughtless parents: she became an actress.
● A powerful Italian sports car had its petrol supply replaced by beer. Independent tests confirmed that its performance was significantly impaired.
● In Belfast, Northern Ireland, a public house which specialised in the sale of beer exploded without warning.
● Confused by the fumes of an artificial reservoir containing 100,000,000 gallons of beer, a dam maintenance engineer opened the sluice gates and flooded the surrounding countryside to a depth of 12 feet. A number of cats had to be rescued from trees.
● A pair of working boots, guaranteed to be acid- and alkali-proof was suspended in a barrel of beer. After a few hours, all that was left were the steel toecaps.
● After a glass of beer in the squadron mess, an RAF pilot took part in a training exercise. He mistakenly released an atomic device over Liverpool which exploded causing over £500 worth of damage.
● A bishop of the Church of England was filled with beer. "Never again," he vowed.

Every single year in Great Britain 10,000 people are killed by beer. There is only one killed by a mad dog, and yet we shoot the dog and licence the beer. This is a topsy-turvy world is it not? My friends, I have come here to give you bad news. Am I in this world to help God's work on a little, or is it enough to read the paper and potter about the garden? The time has come to call a halt to this business. Beer is distilled damnation, the Devil in solution. A beer commercial says "It's full of goodness." That's a hellish lie. It has an evil horrible demon in it that shortens lives and sends men and women into the flames of inferno forever. Beer-drinking is the most damnable diabolical thing that ever wiggled its way out of Hell to fasten its claws and its suckers upon sinners. If you want to see the true product of the brewer's art don't look at the commercials, but go and see, as I have done, a bearded, hatless careless-looking man lying down in the park with an empty beer bottle nearby. I have no objections to a person who drinks like a fish – providing he drinks the same thing the fish drinks!

"How can I get enough money to buy BEER?"

Wise men are agreed. Beer is a luxury not a necessity and its abuse is a most terrible danger to personal health, to family happiness and to national prosperity.

Personal health. These are some of the things you may expect to see after you have taken beer ● gigantic beetles, spiders, rats and centipedes ● the faces of your loved ones crawling with worms ● children in tiny coffins ● old folk swinging from gallows and gibbets ● severed hands clutching bloody daggers ● grinning mouths full of endless mocking laughter ● women with bloodshot staring eyes and tight scarlet dresses ● silk stockings and saxophones and bottles of strong beer dancing idiotically towards you out of swirling fogs of music and cigar smoke.

Family happiness. The trouble with beer in a married person is it makes you see double and feel single. The Bible says "Thine eyes shall behold strange women." These creatures are known by many names which we shall not spell out here.

National prosperity. During the Great War, men and women working at the great munitions factories would regularly desert their posts for the tawdry distractions of the beer hall. Hundreds of thousands of our valiant soldiers needlessly lost their lives as they advanced on enemy lines with scarcely a bullet between them. We mean to see that this disgraceful absenteeism shall not be repeated.

Words of advice to a young husband. If you must spend your time guzzling beer why not start a saloon in your own home. Give your wife £36 to buy a cask of booze. Now there are 144 pints to be obtained from such a cask. If you pay your wife the ordinary rate of 80 pence a glass, in just a week when you have lapped it all up, your wife will have £79.20 to put in the bank, not to mention £36 to start the whole business over again. If you can hang on in this fashion for ten years, your wife will have £41,184 – enough to bury you respectably and buy a new house and marry a decent man and FORGET THAT SHE EVER KNEW YOU!

What mother can do. You will need (1) a beer pot. (2) Six pieces of paper. (3) A snake made of papier mache or plasticene, if not a real one that has been killed.

Directions. Assemble your children and instruct them to pay close attention. Place the beer pot on the table for all to see. Inside the pot have these words written on the pieces of paper: WOE, SORROW, STRIFE, BABBLING, BOILS and RED EYES. Hide the snake in the bottom of the pot. Say: "Here is a pot; can any of you guess its use? It has a bad smell." (Wrinkle up your nose in distaste.) "Yes, it is an old beer pot. But it is here to teach us a lesson. Let us look inside and see what is there." (Put your hand inside and bring out a slip of paper.) "This paper says WOE. When we start drinking beer we give ourselves over to Satan. We know that we should not do it, but he has us under his spell and soon we have no power to stop. Let's see what else is in there." (Draw out another slip.) "SORROW. Do you know, children, that people who drink aren't really happy. Oh, they may dance and laugh, but they aren't happy. They go home from the beer drinks and beat their wives and children. There is sorrow, much sorrow in a beer pot. Let us see what else is in there. STRIFE – that means struggles and disagreement. People who drink beer get into brawls and often get badly hurt. For when a person has drunk beer he does not know what he is doing. BABBLING? How many of you have gone near a place where people are drinking beer? Such a confusion of voices was never heard. Everybody seems to be jabbering at the same time, and not saying anything that makes sense. The Bible calls this 'babbling'. What else is in the pot? BOILS. Have you noticed the bodies of those who drink a lot of beer? Sometimes they are covered with sores and boils which do not seem to heal. This is because their bodies are poisoned with beer. You know your bodies were made to be the temple of God *(I Corinthians 6:19)*. If you defile this temple by mistreating your bodies God will punish you. Let us see – are there some more things in this pot? Yes, here we are: RED EYES! Have you ever looked at the eyes of a person who has drunk beer for a long time? They are red and ugly. They have lost their sparkle and are no longer beautiful. Beer makes red eyes.

"I wonder if there is anything else in this pot?" (Put your hand down into the pot and them scream!) "A SNAKE. Yes, there is a snake in the beer pot, too. Let me read God's Word to you." (Read *Proverbs 23: 29–32*) Mother, after reading the Scripture, ask those children to stand who want God to help them never to drink beer.

In conclusion let me say not *Cheers* but *Be of good cheer*. Remember, friend, the Lord Jesus wants your soul not your shillings like your good pal Billy Bartender and his beer-joint Bettys.

FOXTON'S FIXATIONS ● BASTARD FROM HELL MAKES GOOD

Pic Anton Corbijn

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

BRUCE FOXTON

MUSIC

David Bowie (Ziggy Stardust, Scary Monsters, Let's Dance), Grace Jones (Nightclubbing/Living My Life), Peter Gabriel, Michael Jackson (Thriller/Off The Wall), Echo And The Bunnymen, Lotus Eaters (First Picture Of You), John Entwistle, Pete Townshend, Elvis Costello, U2's Edge, Paul Young, Big Country, Shoot Dispute, The Attractions, Buzzcocks, Thompson Twins

FILMS

Midnight Express
Elephant Man
The Missionary
Superman
Blow Up
Alien
Life Of Brian

DRINKS

Pils Lager

HATES

Flat Pils

PAINTERS

Lichenstein
Salvador Dali

BOOKS

Guinness Book Of Records (any year)
Wind In The Willows – Kenneth Grahame
Down And Out In Paris And London – George Orwell
Catch 22 – Joseph Heller
Scoop – Evelyn Waugh
Third Man – Graham Greene
Beano
Bunny

LOVES

Mum/Dad
Pat
Cats: Sonny and Cher

TV

The Young Ones
Candid Camera
TV documentaries
Three Of A Kind
Not The 9 O'clock News
The Munsters
Outer Limits
Untouchables
Champion The Wonder Horse
Coronation Street

From *Local Hero* to working class hero Peter Capaldi learns Liverpool lingo with Paul Du Noyer for his new stage roll as John Lennon

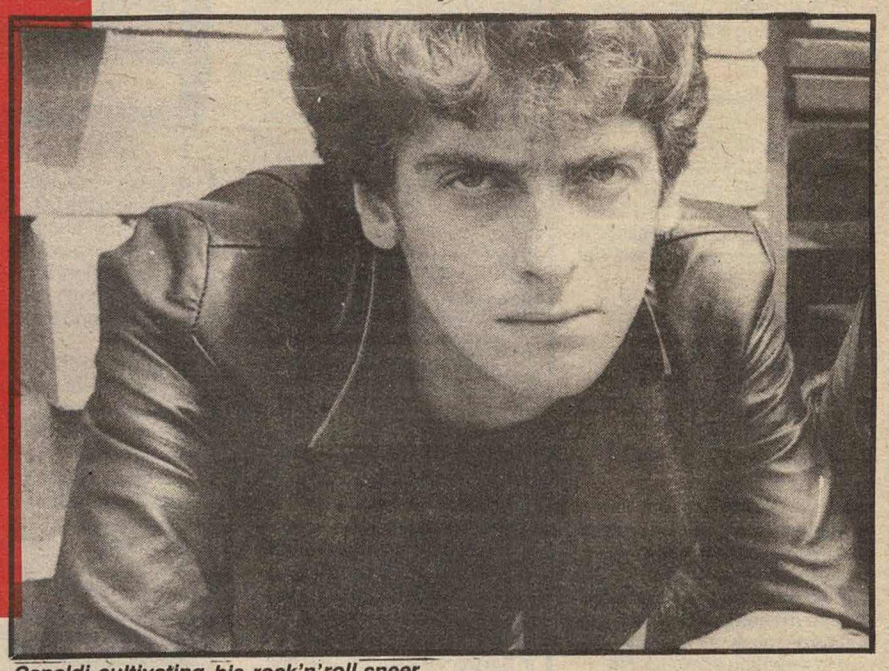
HE'S AN actor, and a good one. He's a stand-up comic (temporarily retired). He's also in a group called Big Store, part-time. Oh, and once he was a Bastard From Hell.

(The Bastards were, more precisely, from Glasgow and they were his first group. "Musically," he recalls, "we weren't that wonderful.")

But right now, right at this moment, Peter Capaldi is sitting in a pub learning to smoke a cigarette and speak in a Liverpudlian accent. I look on anxiously. When you're about to go onstage and play John Lennon, well, you can't risk setting fire to your glue-on droopy 'tache, all the while talking like a dalek with bronchitis.

Luckily, Capaldi's shaping up OK: lighting the right end, rhyming book with puke, and so on. This Lennon role (in the Young Vic Theatre's production of Willy Russell's *John Paul George Ringo And Bert*) should be another successful step in a career which got its biggest boost when Capaldi landed a leading part in Bill Forsyth's film *Local Hero*.

At 25, and still relatively inexperienced, Capaldi welcomes the chance to develop his acting into newer areas, if only as a way of testing his potential: "Because I'd played such a prat in *Local Hero*, and always done



Capaldi cultivating his rock'n'roll sneer

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● *DON'T JUST SIT THERE — EKOMÉ AND DANCE!* ●

PETER CAPALDI ACTS UP

funny things, I'd started to think I could only play people who are fools, because that's what I am and that's how people see me. But when *this* came up I thought, well, *somebody* thinks I'm capable of something else."

In *John Paul George Ringo And Bert*, he plays Lennon through from Hamburg hoodlum to Ono bag-in days — clearly a challenging contrast to the affable pillock he portrayed in *Local Hero*. It's to Bill Forsyth, though, that Capaldi knows he owes almost everything — for risking an utter unknown to star opposite the likes of Burt Lancaster.

Forsyth had first seen Capaldi at the last-ever gig played by The Dreamboys, a rock'n'roll pastiche outfit who succeeded The Bastards From Hell. An actor at heart, Capaldi had gone into music in his Glasgow Art School days as it was the quickest way of getting on a stage. Still, they did make one single, 'Bela Lugosi's Birthday' ("we got played on John Peel five times!"), before dissolving under the "degrading" pressures of trying to impress the London music business.

In between all that, and occasional work on the student drama circuit, Capaldi was attempting yet another career as a comedian. This was to culminate in support slots for Altered Images and a national tour with, of all people, Spandau Ballet: "As far as I could see, the audience was all little girls. What you had to do was change all the people in your routines, in your gags, to pop stars. You'd slag off people they would know, like Marc Almond. I mean, if there's 500 girls out there between the ages of 13 and 18 you can't go on and say 'Heyyy! I'm Lenny Bruce!' It just wouldn't work for them."

Capaldi recalls his Spandau tour as "something of a personal disaster — I was out of my depth." But what finally prompted him to shelve his comic ambitions was an appearance on the C4 chat show *Loose Talk*: "I shouldn't have done it. I did this act and it was terrible. The reaction was so bad I retired to bed for three days with depression. . . Maybe in five years I'll have learnt to perform it properly."

In fairness, I thought he wasn't bad at all. But the comic's lot, he says, is a lonely one: "And when you bomb, you really bomb, it's heartbreaking. Yet it's great that you can really get pissed and go sit in your dressing room. There's a great romance about it — the seedy dressing room, the comic who couldn't make it, the two-bit vaudeville man. Ah, great stuff!"

And so to Big Store, the occasional group he's formed with Jim and Titch, the ex-guitarist and ex-drummer with Altered Images, plus a girl singer called Tina Winters. They've already signed up with producer Martin Rushent, and done some work in his Genetic studios, but given Capaldi's other commitments the group is strictly a part-time proposition for him. The acting comes first: "I wouldn't *mind* being a pop star, but I don't *want* to be a pop star. I don't have a *need* to be a pop star." Nevertheless he hopes they'll have a record out before too long — he'd like the money.

So for the next few weeks (or longer, if things go well), Capaldi's appearing at the Young Vic in Waterloo, cultivating his rock'n'roll sneer. The object, he says, is not to try and impersonate Lennon but to bring out some sense of a man's personality. He hopes that Beatle-buffs will appreciate this, instead of quibbling on details of appearance.

"I think I'll come in for a lot of stick in this part," he frowns. "Anybody would. As long as I don't get shot. . ."

PAUL DU NOYER

One night in the depths of the ICA, as clouds of human sweat rise through the coloured lights, as fierce music makes its demands on the ear and the feet, a strange thing can be seen. It is an *NME* writer dancing on stage.

Normally only a Sex Pistol reunion, a four minute warning, or a wrong turning at the lavatories would cause this to happen, but that night I was at an Ekomé performance, and they were very good indeed. We were invited onto the stage; this was our chance to dance and our feet did not fail us.

And what, you cry, is this Ekomé thing? Ekomé, my spidercrabs, is a company of dancers, choreographers and musicians who play and perform African dance and dance music. Formed in 1976 in St Paul's, Bristol, by their artistic director Barrington Anderson, Ekomé drew both on their predominantly West Indian backgrounds and on the influx of Ghanaians into Bristol for their inspiration. (Incorporated into Ekome's show are several dances from Ghana, as well as a curious version of 'Rivers Of Babylon'.)

The whole thing comes together in a performance that almost causes the heart to run to the bars of the ribcage and see what all the excitement is. During their encore, this boy's Bic was prompted to write "fucking maelstrom" in his notes; given their tight choreography, this is something of an exaggeration, but the impression of activity, exhilaration and enjoyment given by Ekomé is the real swing.

Apart from the trad performance routine (colleges, festivals, Albert Halls), Ekomé are teaching their skills to schoolchildren: visiting schools, setting up small groups to learn their moves, and the like. In Avon, they had a Dance and Drums Festival, it seems, with over 300 children showing what they'd been taught by Ekomé; a major feat, considering what little sods children generally are.

Twelve weeks time sees the release of a 12" single called 'Panlogo Unity'; and before that, Ekomé are touring from Winchester to Humberside and more. Go and see them, you idle slobs.

DAVID QUANTICK

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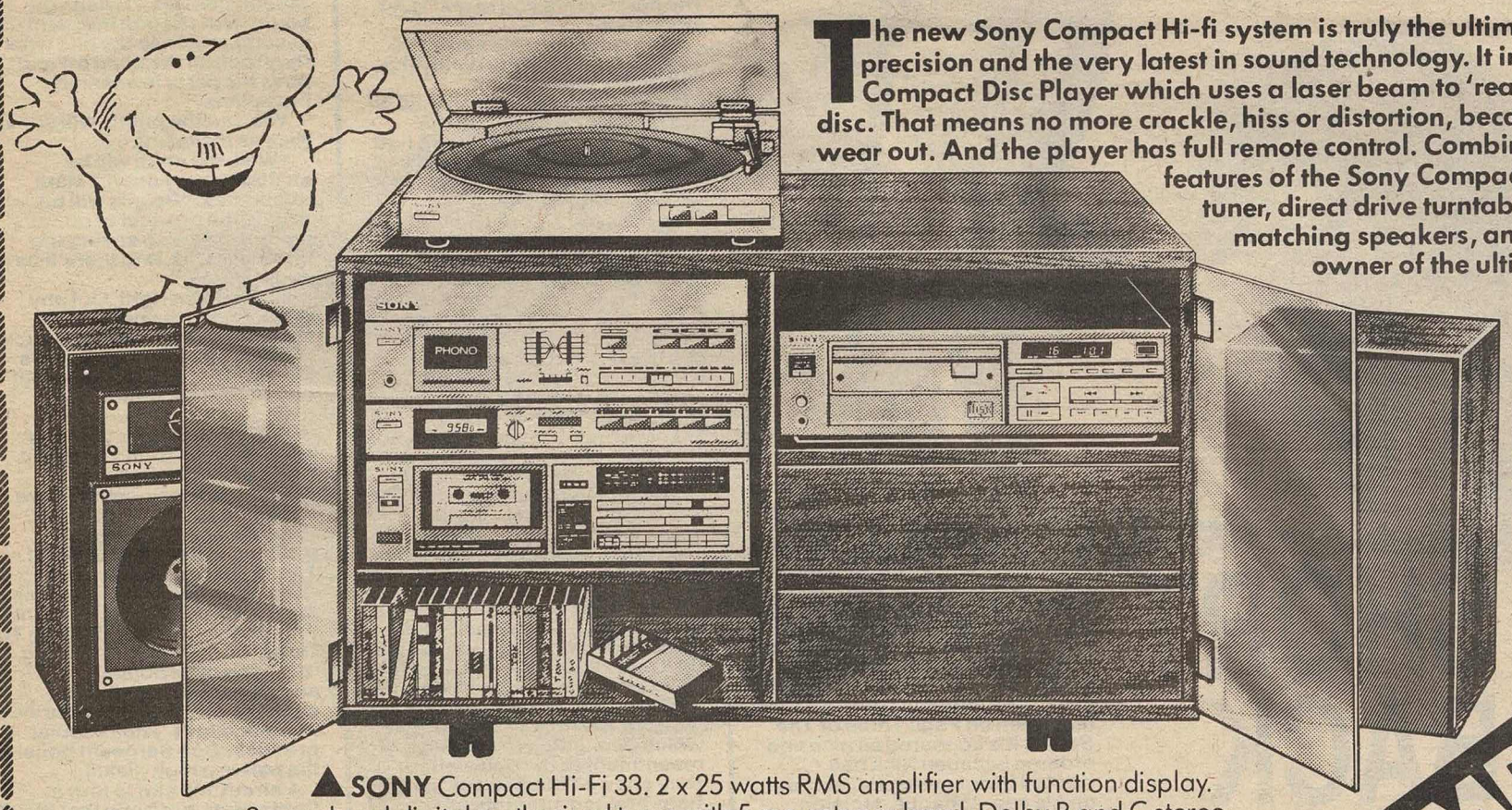

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THE TROUBLE WITH TRUBEE ● HAIRCUT 100 GO FOR A CLASSY STYLE ●

THE WORLD is full of weird and wonderful things. The Fugs' 'It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest'. Gorshon Legman's *Rationale Of The Dirty Joke*. Yma Sumac's *Legend Of The Jivaro*. The *Weekly World News* (recent cover headline: BIGFOOT STOLE MY WIFE). *Parasite in 3-D*. Dinky Donutz breakfast cereal.

And now there's John Van Zelm Trubee's not-quite smash single, 'A Blind Man's Penis'.

Los Angeles clubgoers are already aware of the anguish and humour of poet and bassist John Van Zelm Trubee, who has performed unsteadily over the last few years at various neighbourhood dives, both as a solo snarler with a fistful of loose pages crinkled in his hand, and as peripatetic bassist with such obnoxious pop combos as Zoogz Rift And His Amazing Shitheads, Debt Of Nature, Severed Head In A Bag, and his own Van Zelm And The Geeks.

Trubee is an original, a weirdo, a guy who goes too far – but unlike most of the several hundred other affected flinch-boys who bemoan their travails in Los Angeles, Trubee and his troubles are transformed from typical frustrations to an internally consistent world-view, and his resulting outpourings can be riotously funny in their painfully self-conscious adolescent agony (an agony most of us have buried but still can remember).

"The reasons I do what I do are eternal personal and business frustrations and outrage at a sick, demonic, war-mongering world of pain which constantly decrees to us: Submit or die," explains Trubee with little, if any, prompting. These outside irritants manifest themselves in the form of poems like 'Sexual Intercourse Is The Most Obscene Thing Imaginable', 'Criminal Ants From Outer Space', 'Melange Of Copulating Stooges', 'I Have Always Hated Adults', 'Jamboree Of The Pinheads', 'The World Is Run by Fat Ugly Businessmen', 'Squids From Another Galaxy', 'Goddam Society!', and 'I, A Sensitive Young Poet'.

Trubee cites neither Auden nor Frost as influences.

In fact, he doesn't even call it poetry: "I call it pseudopoetry, because even calling myself a poet is presumptuous. My ego is very tiny, so I'll call myself a pseudopoet, or a pseudo this and that, until I actually make a living doing it. I'm now just a clerk, a measly little clerk."

The result? "A lot of it came out in berserkness."

Such as 'A Blind Man's Penis', Trubee's finest moment to date. That particular masterpiece came about after Trubee read a small ad in the back pages of the weekly sleaze sheet *National Enquirer* that said: Send Your Lyrics to Nashville and Earn $20,000 in Royalties. "And I thought, this has gotta be some sort of scam," Trubee recalls.

But what the hell: "I typed up the most obnoxious lyrics I could think of off the top of my head, full of drug references. I wanted to give the appearance of being some fucked-up hippie to alienate these people."

The poem, then titled 'Peace And Love', contained such passages as *"I got high last night on LSD/My mind was beautiful, and I was free/Warts loved my nipples because they are pink/Vomit on me, baby/Yeah yeah yeah"*.

Instead of getting an angry reply telling him he was sick or crazy – "I love getting unusual things in the mail" – the Nashville company wrote back that Trubee's lyrics were "very worthy of being made into a record, complete with trained singer and rhythm section." Trubee promptly remitted $75.95 for "the full production".

In return he got a mono acetate and a stereo tape, with some guy drawling such Trubee gems as *"the zebra spilled its plastinia on Bemis/And the gelatin oozed electric marbles"* on one channel and the simpiest prerecorded country & western backup on the other. The only thing that was altered was the phrase *"Stevie Wonder's penis"*, which came back crooned repeatedly as *"a blind man's penis"*.

For years, Trubee was merely content to play the tape for friends' amusement, but last summer he gave a copy of it to Ron Stringer, guitarist with LA group the Fibonaccis, who in turned passed it along to producer Craig Leon (Ramones, Blondie), who helped Trubee get it mastered and pressed into an edition of 200.

The record quickly became a cult item among item cultists, even getting airplay (by TV ghoul-girl Vampira) on KROQ-FM in Pasadena, as well as astonished reviews in little newspapers on both coasts. Now the single has been re-pressed and is available from Paradox Mail Order, 20445 Gramercy Place, Suite 201, Torrance, California 90509 USA.

Or you can send $7 to Party Sound Tapes, 5732 Wallis Lane, Woodland Hills, California 91367 USA, for Trubee's *Electric Love Nudity Supreme* (a comprehensive, bizarre sampler of music, poetry, and recorded phone calls), which comes complete with *The Communists Are Coming to Kill Us*, a 60-page booklet. Or you can write to Trubee himself at 11438 Killion St., #4, North Hollywood, California 91601 USA, for miscellaneous surprises.

But don't expect hearts and flowers. Trubee isn't that kind of guy. "One of the things I've always hated is the way pop music always talks about love and romance and 'Baby I want you so bad' and all this neurotic bullshit," he says. "There's so many things happening in the world – there's wars, there's people getting their eyes jabbed out, there's psychedelic frenzies, there's dead rats in the gutter, there's amazing things – but it's always 'Baby we can get it together, yaw yaw yaw.'

"To be honest, I don't relate to love lyrics very much."

MATT GROENING

Trubee throws a tantrum — he's always hated adults. Pic Craig Dietz

MEASLY LITTLE CLERK TURNS

PSEUDO POET

But Trubee hasn't always been a measly little clerk. In 1976, he worked the nightshift cash register at a food store. "It was horribly depressing to go from years of school, doing my best to get good grades, and then not being able to get work, and finally getting stuck in this shitty dead-end job," Trubee says. "But instead of getting drunk or getting into drugs or acting – well, acting crazy – I started writing about how alienated I was, how fucked up a lot of social training is."

Fresh cuts — (left to right) Graham, Les and Mark. Pic Bleddyn Butcher

SHORT BACK AND SNIDES

HAIRCUT 100: the story so far... Six-piece pop-group Haircut 100 paint the nation a beaming, brassy yellow, scoring hits galore and generating some of the wildest weenybop mania since The Bay City Rollers. More, people who have long outgrown pubescent impressionability pronounce them Good, indeed Very Good — a view echoed in America whose shores they stormed late last summer.

Then rumours filter through of ructions and recording delays, until it becomes official — Nick Heyward is leaving the group! An impending court case imposed silence on Nick over the split when interviewed by *NME*, but the Fleet Street tabloids gleefully squeeze his sour grapes.

Meanwhile, Haircut 100 lay low . . . until now. Percussionist/lead singer Mark Fox, bass-player Les Nemes and guitarist Graham Jones have decided to set the record stright and look forward to new triumphs. Now read on. . .

"It really is a case of he decided to go," emphasises Mark. "Nobody will believe it now he's been on Page Three of *The Sun*. . . It's appeared all nice and ordered because Nick has wanted to put some sort of order on his spontaneous decision, and it wasn't that ordered at all. It was like real bloody chaos.

"One day he decided, My authority is going to such an extent I've got to get rid of Mark and Phil (Smith, sax and brass arrangements). "He couldn't just *do* it, 'cause it would be really asserting his power, so he had to try and convince Les and Graham that I was a complete and utter bastard. He succeeded. He dumped me and they dumped Phil. I was sitting in Arista Records, ready to do an interview, and Nick had been in there talking to the guys at the record company, and then they turned round — and it was like a funny vibe — and they said 'I'm afraid, er, Nick wants you to go. The band wants you to go.' I just stood there. . ."

Mark recounts this sorry tale with his customary urbanity. He, Phil and drummer Blair Cunningham are older and more widely experienced than the Beckenham contingent who had regarded Nick as their friend and leader. Graham and Les now appear a mite sheepish.

To cut a long story short, Phil smoothed his way back into the band, and persuaded the others to ask Mark back too, if only to finish the second album. Nick meanwhile remained awkward, insisting that his pre-eminent role in the group should be decisive. As Mark recalls: "You only had to talk about dividing anything up fairly and he'd throw a fit of temper and go on holiday.

After a while the band could no longer afford to delay the LP's completion further (vocal tracks are usually the last to be laid down) and Nick was told he *had* to go into the studio and sing. He quit the band.

AMERICA was a turning point. Nick's face was no longer the Haircuts' fortune, which was there based on club and radio play. At the same time, so rumour goes, Nick acquired a taste for the rock'n' roll lifestyle which intensified his feelings of resentment to the point where they showed themselves in his hare-brained attempts at manipulation.

Believing the Haircuts' hits were all Nick's own work (the band now regret not fighting harder for co-writers' credits), Arista stuck with the Golden Boy, leaving the other five no realistic option but to seek elsewhere, and Polydor welcomed them. The 'second album' will never see the light of day, but Nick has plundered the remaining repertoire of 'group' compositions for his solo efforts:

" 'Whistle Down The Wind' was called 'Moving Back' by a group called Moving England." (A previous incarnation of Haircut 100.) "It was actually put out on our own names," reminisces Les. "I wish you could hear the one the band did in comparison to the one where they took all the band off and gave the parts to session musicians."

Yes, but the public will still see Nick as the talent. . .

"Well, the myth will be shattered very soon," Mark fulminates. "People will be seeing the product of our labours and also seeing the product of his, and there'll be no comparison!"

He could be right. Out any minute now, the new single sounds a great summer double-header. 'Prime Time' marries Mark's mentholated soft-soul vocals replete with falsetto harmonies to a four-square dance-beat, a hook-line-and-sinker pop toon and a radiant brass arrangement that highlights sessionman Steve Sidwell's ace trumpet break, which soars and quivers, glorying in its power of flight. The 12-inch mix features a Chipmunk style nonsense rap on the insistence of Les, the band's premier funkophile. 'Two Up Too Down' on the flip is a chiming '60s-ish powerpopper supercharged with those exultant, airy brass figures we all know and love. Their regular producer Bob Sargeant polishes the pair to a high gleam.

Haircut 100 aim to tour in September, but hope that they'll be appreciated more for their musical merits than any residual pin-up appeal; "a bit up-market, a bit more classy," as Les puts it.

With the first flush of success behind them, the Haircuts have in mind a much more solid career, as befits their backgrounds of suburban upward mobility. Dull on paper, but all the indications are that we'll have lots of fun in practice.

MAT SNOW

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RIDING THE FREEWAYS OF LANGUAGE

Los Angeles is an unlikely new breeding ground for spoken words. From Charles Bukowski to Charles Dukowski of Black Flag, the troubadours of tinseltown are swarming. BARNEY HOSKYNS reports, SUSAN CARSON shoots.

Ivan E Roth – who's like a poet, man – keeps a check on Americana. Pic: Susan Carson.

Los Angeles pic: Chester Simpson

IN A LAND of images – a city where people talk as if they were languishing in a soap opera – language is something you fight for. A distinctive voice is something to shout about.

Los Angeles is not a place one easily equates with literature. Enslaved to myths of "the movies", its writers either hack out a living through screen-plays or, failing at that, try their hand at novels about how corrupt and artistically worthless it is.

The strange thing is that no-one writes about *Los Angeles*, ie the infinitely expanding mass of steel, smog, and stucco that *isn't* Hollywood. It's as if the city's 1001 suburbs dwell so completely in Hollywood's shadow – shadow of stars! – that they are inherently antithetical to literature. In fact, you learn more about Los Angeles from Ed Ruscha's block-by-block photograph of the Sunset Strip than from a Hollywood novel like Alison Lurie's *The Nowhere City*. As poet Dennis Cooper said recently, setting foot on the idea of literary Los Angeles is like being the first man to see the prairies.

Last year, however, a two-record assemblage of poets, musicians, and general oddballs was released under the title 'Voices Of The Angels'. Two hours long, and featuring nearly eighty contributors reading, raving, or simply getting things off chests, the records showed that the apparently barren landscape was in fact populated all along. It's just that no-one had bothered to make a map.

The mapmaker in question is 31 year-old Harvey Kubernik. In former lives a correspondent for *Melody Maker* and an A&R director at MCA, Kubernik long harboured a private dream to record the many stray bards of Angel City. Only in 1980, however, did he realize that to do so he'd have to put money where his mouth was.

"I was always hoping somebody would go, well, gee, Nicky Giovanni used to make records on Atlantic and weren't The Last Poets on Douglas? Let's take a chance. Then I realized tht no-one in the music industry *wants* to communicate or do spoken words. So it was part-duty, part-mission, and part-destiny for me to start a label."

The label is Freeway Records. For Kubernik, the freeway is freedom: you get on and off at will. Rather like LA – an agglomeration of what contributor Richard

Pic: Peter Anderson

Black Flag's Henry: a hard core journal.

Meltzer called "absolute nowheres" – 'Voices' has no centrepiece and flows with a freewheeling spontaneity. The hustler sleaze of Walter Lacey's 'Meatrack Man' feeds into the grotesque Malibu bigotry of Tuff Muffin's 'Beach Rebuttal'; punk scribe Shredder trips on the heels of black feminist Wanda Coleman. If the overall tenor of the record – with humour as its "mucous membrane" – is only that of Randy Newman, ie we love LA, that doesn't make its multifarious voices any less anarchic. Where Meltzer's nowheres are absolute, Kubernik's nobodies are relative.

Freeway was established "to connect and cross-pollenate off-ramp rock 'n' roll – everyone under the 213 (area code) umbrella." As the polymorphous and interracial array of voices suggests, Harvey Kubernik is fascinated by roots. "I thought, why not make a regional house for everybody? The thread that links these people is that most of them were born and raised in Southern California. So I ask people to tell me about their territories. What the records amount to is an environmental graphic, a kind of aural mural of Los Angeles. The sociogeographical factor is a constant."

THIS SUMMER sees the release of a second instalment in what Kubernik plans as a trilogy. 'English As A Second Language' further confirms the project's importance. As Michael C. Ford, author of *The World Is A Suburb Of Los Angeles* and a relative veteran of the West Coast poetry scene, sees it, "the important thing is he's got people on this record who have a luminous lack of talent, so it's not elitist. It's not just people with chops.

"The trilogy is a rebirth, it's something primordial coming up through the urban garbage. Here you've got the surf punks, the Vals, the down-home-funky-bar-blues lingo – done by white people, which is *really* far out! – you've got a little of everything. It's a wonderful amalgam of voices. The mixture of music and speech is a perfect marriage. I only hope it doesn't end in divorce."

A missing link between rap and poetry recitals, these "anthropological documentaries" are actually more personal experiences than either. The stream-of-consciousness form corresponds to the fluid, abstract nature of LA itself. Just as the freeway allows one to skirt over physical and racial barriers, so 'English As A Second Languge' is less a show than a bird's-ear view of the city: a picaresque travelogue on vinyl. While the experiences remain personal, the whole gradually turns into something greater than the sum of its poets.

Alissa Alvarez's chilling rape poem works into 'Old White Women On Vermont', a low-key, distanced vignette by The Blasters' Dave Alvin, which in turn twists perfectly into Richard Meltzer's anguished elegy to Lester Bangs, 'Goodbye Pork-Pie Cravat'.

'English As A Second Language' strikes me as quite considerably bolder in its scope than 'Voices'. Both the anger and the humour have become more intense. Highlights include the garish but tightly controlled violence of model Kim Rosenfield's 'US Pregnancy'; Black Flag's Henry Rollins reading from his journals; Steve Wynn of Dream Syndicate's marvellous pastiche of Lennon/Young/'Knockin' On Heaven's Door'; Bukowski's hilarious 'Surely That Wasn't You, Catullus, At The Race Track Bar?'; and the hysteria-laden delivery of Ivan E. Roth's 'Beach Party Post', set to a brilliant backtrack of post-Residents/Kraftwerk holocaust muzak by Ethan James.

Roth, one of the rising stars of LA's poetry renaissance, thinks it is important that someone documents what is happening. "Harvey's taking the position that each neighbourhood has its own voice. People see Los Angeles as a mass but Harvey's getting down to individuals. It's so factional here, there's so many different groups of people – the movie people, the TV people, the writers. Everyone's divided. This at least gives you the opportunity to hear what other people are doing, maybe just get a glimpse, a glimmer of their lives."

OF COURSE it's not just cliques that keep to themselves. Whole cultures fail to overlap. Again, the freeways mean you don't have to look at other peoples' neighbourhoods. As Thomas Pynchon wrote in *A Journey Into The Mind*

Pic: Susan Carson

Harvey Kubernik assembling an "aural mural" of LA.

Of Watts: "although the panoramic sense of black impoverishment is hard to miss from atop the Harbor Freeway . . . somehow it occurs to very few whites to leave at Imperial Highway and take a look. A quick look. The simplest kind of beginning." Seventeen years later, the situtation is unchanged. "Watts is a country which lies psychologically uncounted miles further than most whites seem willing to travel."

Wanda Coleman, who rates herself triple-X – she's a poet, she's a feminist, and she's a black – knows what he meant. "Watts has to erupt again", she says; "all the avenues are closed to blacks. The whole history of the past is leading to another phase of violence." But Coleman thinks of her poetry not as agitprop but as a "safety valve" to let off her anger. She sees 'Voices Of The Angels' and 'English As A Second Language', which both feature her poems, as part of a new attempt to open up dialogue between cultures.

"Until there's a solid black literary base in this country, nothing will change. Once there is, I feel sure there's gonna be a flood of black writing. Entertainment offers young blacks a route into the white world, that's all. The emphasis is always on making money."

She takes Kubernik's synthesis of music and spoken word as making poetry more accessible and says the records are unusual in showing the "under-belly" of Los Angeles. She once won an award for television (on the soap opera *Days Of Our Lives*) but gave up commercial writing when it began to kill her poetry. Now she has a volume called *Mad Dog, Black Lady* out, published by Black Sparrow (Bukowski's publisher), with another due this summer.

Other items featured on 'Second Language' are Monkees maniac Bill Inglot's eulogy to *Dragnet's* Jack Webb ("for me, Jack Webb *was* Los Angeles"); Mike Watt of The Minutemen's musical approximation to what Space Mountain at Disneyland might sound like going out of control; Jeffrey Lea Pierce's 'Blacks'; Exene of X on Percy Mayfield; Tuff Muffin's compulsively vile tirade against herpes and its victims; and, inevitably, discoursing on "supersexed rapist apes", the one and lonely Kim Fowley.

I have been able to mention perhaps a tenth of the record's contents.

"I think it's really ironic that I'm doing this," concludes Kubernik. "If you look at the cover of *Time* magazine this week, there's a bunch of freeways and the headline 'Los Angeles – Uneasy Melting Pot', and I'm sitting here taking . . . not a natives-only position but really recognising the city and the inter-weavings of the different communities here. All of a sudden there are stories about 'the new Korean voice', but what about the writers who've been here 20, 30 years? Somebody has to acknowledge the native tongues."

LOS ANGELES is not a city of roots, of depths and heights. It's a horizontal infinity. You can't put down roots or build monuments here – unless you're Simon Rodia and you erect towers made of

Wanda Coleman: "Watts has to erupt again."

trash. Above is the smog, below the earthquake. Across the street, another identical pair of police officers behind identical sunglasses. There is an infinite sameness all around.

But there is also the occasional assertion that sticks up through the haze. The Watts towers were one; perhaps Harvey Kubernik's gathering of voices is another. Even if these people are telling you nothing more than that they are alive, that is a little piece of information flickering across this void. If and when the earthquake strikes – most amateur seismologists favour the Olympics as an appropriate date – maybe somewhere sticking out of the rubble will be a copy of 'Voices Of The Angels' or 'English As A Second Language'. And it just might make some sense. For all doomed cities leave at least one significant hieroglyph.

LOOK UP

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MADNESS

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c/w Behind the 8 Ball

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STIFF RECORDS

SINGLES

BY ADRIAN THRILLS

Diggin' The New Creed: A Doctor Writes.

YOU PROBABLY don't need me to tell you that British pop in 1983 is in a pretty pitiful state. The spirit of adventure, first ignited by the Pistols and punk, that threw up so many surprises between the summers of '76 and '81 seems to have been finally snuffed out.

In its place is the restrictive new creed whereby most records are made for the principal purpose of securing a slot in the charts. Of course, there's nothing wrong in a good record gaining deserved commercial success, but when 'shifting units' becomes the major reason for making music, then something has gone seriously askew.

Nowhere is the malaise more apparent than in the singles file. Where there was once a fair chance of unearthing another bunch of classics, there is now usually just another box of dross – weekly Fodder On 45 for the closed, conservative minds in charge of the nation's airwaves.

It is too easy to lay the blame for this sad slump totally at the door of the major record labels and their ever more merciless marketing campaigns, though they must bear some of the responsibility. The reactionary nature of daytime radio and the greed of young bands anxious to get their cut of the capitalist cake – and consequently needing an instant hit single to justify their massive advances – have also played their part in making *bland* the byword of the day.

Even the initial 'new pop' crop of a couple of years ago (early Cell, Haircut, ABC, Images and Bananarama) had a relatively refreshing insolence and candour when compared with the manufactured images and copyist crap that infests the perfumed garden of the Gallup chart today.

So cliche and compromise are the liferafts of this year's mainstream, but if the 'punk' and 'dancefloor' charts that fill the back papers of ailing organs like *Sounds* and *Record Mirror* are anything to go by, then even the accepted 'alternatives' hardly present a much more encouraging spectacle. The new punk ghetto is little more than pastiche, a truly hopeless movement reversing into tomorrow up a blind alleyway of empty glam poses, mindless violence and gothic pretention. And even out on the floor, those precious instances where *the beat* is beaten and twisted into something as dynamic and essential as 'Bring It On' or 'Times Are Tight' have been getting rarer and rarer as the summer progresses.

Make no mistake, the past 12 months have probably been pop music's least inspired period for at least seven or eight years.

And yet . . . as always, there still remain isolated pockets of activity that reassert the music's importance rather than its impotence. This column might read like an obituary so far, but the headstone isn't ready to be hauled in just now.

There might not be any cumbersome mass movements – probably a blessing – or a nationwide surge of protest and positivism just yet, but there are still those who *don't* dig the new creed to the hilt and refuse to pander to the suffocating chart mentality.

At a grass roots level, a return to sanity is already underway in the form of sporadic outbursts of proud, aggressive individualism and about time too.

Going underground in 1983 doesn't entail a return to long raincoats, floppy fringes, garageland and groups who are happy once their single has been aired a couple of times on the **John Peel** show. It just means scratching below the surface to unearth labels like Newcastle's vibrant **Kitchenware** or Glasgow's promising **No Strings**, finding groups like Camden's poppy **Flips** or Hull's cool blue duo **Everything But The Girl**, charting the progress of mavericks like London's **Virginia Astley** or Liverpool's **Jayne Casey**, and being knocked sideways every now and then by the staggering one-off 12" import single thrown up by the hardcore **New York** grooveline.

Of course, there have been a couple of great records in the top ten recently in 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' and 'Double Dutch' with another surely on the way in 'Bad Day', but the national chart these days tells only a tiny part of the entire tale.

The optimistic activists and unsung heroes who compromise the rest of the picture might not yet bring about the sorely needed revision of the cynical pop values that predominate at the moment, but they do provide a vital antidote to all the plastic smiles and fake orgasms that are currently killing music.

Of this week's releases, three records stand head and soul shoes above the usual stagnant pond full of hollow gloss and glib formula, the first coming from Wearside, the second from London and the third from New York.

If you listen out for them, those proud pockets of resistance are there to be heard!

A Crucial One, Two, Three!

THE KANE GANG: Brother Brother *(Kitchenware)* One of those records that reminds you why you started listening to music in the first place, 'Brother Brother' is the first instalment of The Kane Gang's abrasive small town creed – better by far than shallow hit, hipper by far than shangri-la.

The Sunderland trio – two gritty male vocalists and one extraordinary instrumentalist – produce a tight but tough sound that brings to mind ABC back in the days before Trevor blew his not-so-funky Horn on the radical dance faction and coated their brittle brilliance in too many layers of studio gloss. Screaming and bawling in a demented assertion of their pride and resilience with shades, too, of pre-weird Pop Group, The Kane Gang are set to grab your attention and turn it once again to the noisier, currently unfashionable face of British pop.

A successful Kane Gang – and their distribution deal with London Records points to this single doing rather well – stand to show a lot of people up. Make sure that you aren't one of them.

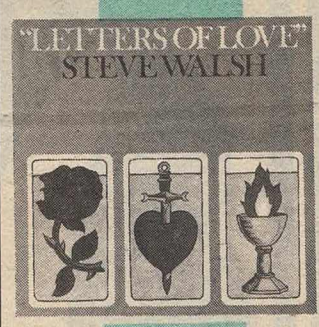
STEVE WALSH: Letters Of Love *(Innervision)* From the back pages of *Sniffin' Glue* via the ashes of Manicured Noise and a self-imposed exile amid the gospel music of Savannah, Georgia, Steve Walsh finally arrives at a terminus of sorts with an Innervision solo deal and the 'Letters Of Love'. One of the more interesting soul survivors of punk London, Steve Walsh has been virtually ignored for too long, a situation that this single – a collaboration with Jo Dworniak and Duncan Bridgeman of I-Level – should remedy.

Revealing a deftness at odds with the dominant crunch beat of most current dance music, the languid 'Letters Of Love' glides and skips where The Kane Gang bump and grind, pausing periodically for breath before gushing forward in that slow, simmering groove that British bands, with the surprising exception of Funkapolitan, usually find so hard to muster.

The regurgitation of one of funk's favourite cliches – *"so high you can't get over it, so low you can't get under it"* – is too obvious a lyrical device, but this remains a love letter that deserves to be sent further.

MONYAKA: Go Deh Yaka *(Easy Street import)* Strictly in a Brooklyn stylee, this is the sort of record that Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare have been striving to produce for about five years. While JA's two premier rhythm pals have not been entirely unsuccessful in their noble quest for the perfect fusion of hard funk and reggae, it now looks as if they have been beaten to the punch by NYC's Monyaka.

Starring a thumping bassline and a naggingly catchy chant, 'Go Deh Yaka' is neither one thing nor t'other. A blistering funk



production gives it a sense of sheer pace rare in reggae, while the deceptive rhythmic lightness of its skank backbone steers it well away from the heavy-handed rigidity of recent American dance music.

Already a turntable fixture in the better London clubs and reputedly a massive hit on New York FM radio, 'Yaka' – with the right support from Polydor who are just about to license it in the UK – could repeat the surprise late summer success enjoyed last year by Rockers Revenge.

More Pockets Of Resistance.

THE SUEDE CROCODILES: Stop The Rain *(No Strings)*
DEL AMITRI: Sense Sickness *(No Strings)* The city of Glasgow continues to be one of the more fertile fields for new firebrands with the emerging No Strings label a potential focus in much the same way as Postcard once was. Sometimes these localised collectives can cloud the issue by supporting lame ducks who might otherwise deservedly sink into obscurity, but No Strings looks to be strong both in spirit and in its level of quality control.

The Suede Crocodiles might sound like an uncomfortable pair of dual-skin shoes, but their debut single has plenty of charm and clarity in spite of the almost breakneck speed of their chiming guitars: not since The Redskins' first single have so few played so fast with such conviction.

Del Amitri, on the other hand, are closer to the smalltown psychedelia of (very) early Bunnymen, although the line *"needing Dutch courage just to speak a Chinese whisper"* rings a little bit too close for comfort to a recent Costello lyric. For those who note such things, the sleeves are pretty smart too.

FRIENDS AGAIN: Sunkissed *(Phonogram)* Scotland calling once again as Friends Again follow up their fine independent debut 'Honey At The Core' with their first single for a major, evoking perfectly a shampoo advert or the pastel shades of a warm autumn afternoon – albeit a couple of months early – with sparkling urgency and resonance. The sort of record that Nick Heyward should now be making.

HURRAH!: Hip Hip *(Kitchenware)* The suddenly hyperactive Soul Kitchen crew on the offensive for the second time this week with another single by Newcastle's foremost four-piece Hurrah! Though the bittersweet aftertaste of their heavily Orange Juice influenced debut single 'The Sun Shines Here' still lingers slightly, this year's model sees their self-consciousness being replaced by self-confidence and a stronger identity of their own! They pose the all-important question *"are you scared to get happy?"* and the answer here has to be a resounding no, although my suspicions remain aroused at some of the myths and propaganda tricks that surround the Kitchenware stable, sometimes to the extent of detracting from the records themselves.

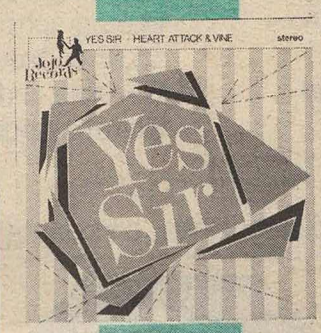
Let's not go overboard. In common with the three Scottish singles above, Hurrah! have yet to hint at the kind of greatness that The Kane Gang, Steve Walsh and Monyaka aspire to. But these releases all possess an unquenchable *spirit* that, in the current climate, is only admirable.

Tomorrow's Just Another Single. (Pts 1 & 2)

MADNESS: Wings Of A Dove *(Stiff)* Even the best of us sometimes make mistakes. Glaswegian goal prince Charlie Nicholas signed for Arsenal, I once extolled the virtues of Haysi Fantayzee and even the nutty boys occasionally put out a substandard single.

Supposedly a stab at a 'gospellish' sound, 'Wings Of A Dove' features a choir – The Pentecostal First Born Church Of The Living God – and a steel band for effect, but simply fails to stand any sort of comparison with the impeccable tracks that the Magnificent Seven hoisted from their last (and best) 'Rise And Fall' album. This 'celebratory' song starts in sprightly enough a fashion with Suggs in excellent voice, but begins to get lost about a third of the way through. In fact a cruel voice behind me in the Carnaby Street review bunker even claims to detect a hint of Modern Romance amidst all the clutter!

UB40: Red Red Wine *(Dep International)* Since making the best LP of 1980 'Signing Off', UB40 have lost their way a bit, torn between the contradiction of a militant social stance and a career in the pop business, with their music – the essential 'One In Ten' apart – following a depressing downward spiral that reached a nadir in the torpor of last year's 'UB44' set. A forthcoming album of cover versions from the golden era of rock steady and early reggae should go some way towards redressing the balance and this single is certainly respectful enough – perhaps too much so – in its treatment of the old Tony



Tribe standard. Knowing the Moseley Minstrels, the colour in the title might also have a significance somewhat deeper than that intended by one Neil Diamond when he originally penned the tune. Certainly more listenable than some of their other more recent stuff, 'Red Red Wine' is still far from a spectacular return to form.

Somebody Stop That Car.

YES SIR: Yes Sir *(Jojo)*
RENT PARTY: Rent Party *(Waterfront* Both Rent Party and Yes Sir, apart from titling their singles after the names of their band, would appear to be cruising down the same highway as the awful Roman Holliday and the only slightly superior Chevalier Brothers. All these bands will forever deny the accusations of revivalism directed at them while spending their stage careers in search of the rhythm and jump bar-room jive session of their dreams. The JoBoxers do something similar, but with three critical differences – they are ten times more credible musically, they put themselves in a far more contemporary setting and they deflate themselves with an appealing sense of cartoon caricature. While the Boxerbeat was always going places, these bands are still just jumping on the spot.

The Return Of The Short-Haired Hippy (An Ongoing Series . . . To Be Continued).

MARINE: Kiss My Knee *(Himalaya)*
TREVOR HERION: Fallen Angel (Interdisc) Two names with minor league reputations of sorts produce two thoroughly 'modern' sounding records that betray a more traditional sense of pretention with repeated play.

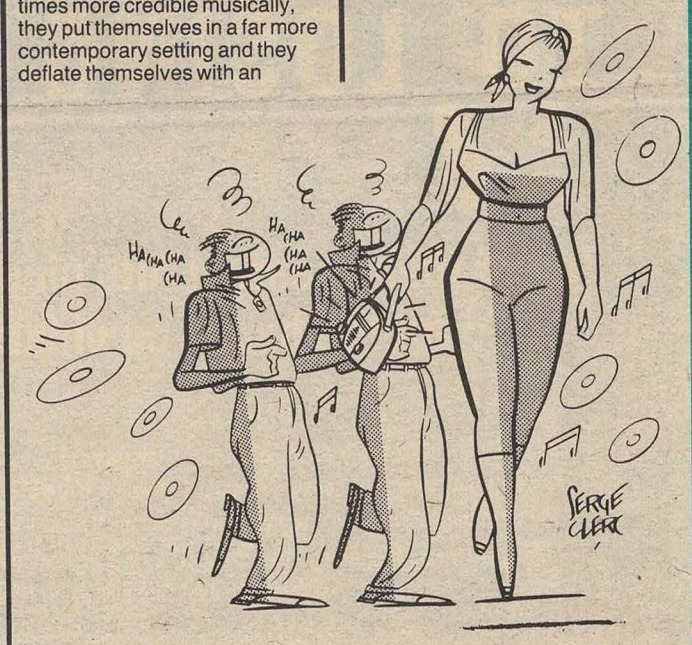
Marine is the young Belgian chap behind 1981's beguiling Crepuscule single 'Life In Reverse', the potential of which he fails dismally to live up to on the Euro-boy jazz-funk of 'Kiss My Knee'. A tangled web of slap bass, fatback drums and jerky horns, it sounds, at best, like an out-take from the Coatimundi album, at worst like some of James White's best forgotten Ze-xcesses.

Trevor Herion – a founder member of the Fallout Club with Thomas Dolby – ropes in Jimmy The Hoover producer Steve Levine and a host of slick sessioneers on his second solo single and effects a reasonable approximation of the polished tranquility of Spandau's 'True', but lacks a song half as good to go with it.

Remake, Remodel, Remix, Reissue.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE: Native Boy remix *(Innervision)*
ELVIS COSTELLO: Everyday I Write The Book remix *(F-Beat)* And so to the remixes. Animal Nightlife's third excellent single is here given the treatment by dub maestro Dennis Bovelle and is a noticeable improvement on the original. The horns, always a Bovelle forte, are made to sound suitably majestic with the whole song being given greater clarity and bite. Costello's superb 'Everyday' is given a more drastic overhauling by the Langer and Winstanley team with particular attention being paid to bringing out the complex vocal interplay of the Afrodiziak duo, although probably only the most diehard Elvis junkies are going to be prepared to invest another couple of quid on a disc they should already possess at least twice.

WILKO JOHNSON AND LEW LEWIS BAND: Bottle Up and Go *(Thunderbolt)* Not quite what the doctor ordered but pretty much what he expected. Wilkon 'n' Lew get together for an extended waxflat of Canvey Island R&B. There are two Wilko songs, a cover of Bob Dylan's 'I Wanna Be Your Lover' and even Lew's ancient old 'Caravan Man' is kick-started into some semblance of order. I never went too much on this sort of thing in the Feelgoods days, preferring, if anything, Wilko's more offbeat diversion into the Solid Senders, but if plenty of guitar, bass, drum and mouth-harp is your poison then this is for you. Greasy, but never slick. Time to bottle it up and go.



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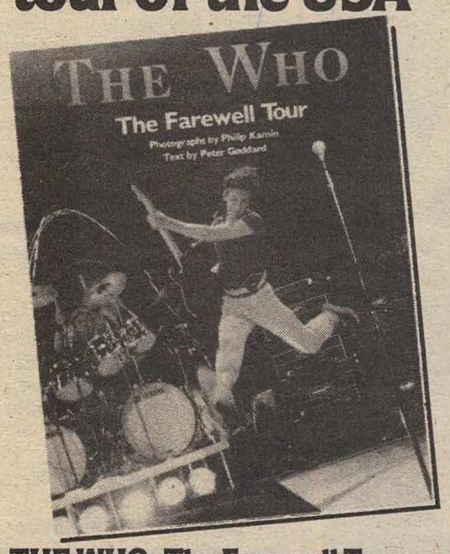

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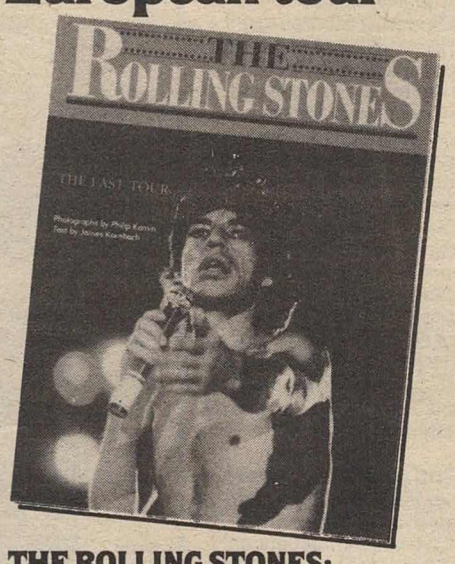

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ROCK

How The Cure ceased to exist and then scored their biggest hit: **ROBERT SMITH** explains that disintegration can be good for you, walks through a series of dumb singles and ends up inside a Glove with Severin. **RICHARD COOK** says as little as possible. **PENNIE SMITH** goes click. Stroll on!

TWENTY-FIVE and a half hours after Robert Smith is first supposed to have met me, we begin talking

For about an hour he patiently sifts through some matters which interest or confuse or – slightly – agitate him and talks them out, very quietly.

In a tired and irritable state I pare my own remarks to a minimum. There are few questions here, only topics raised and jangled for a moment. The clock ticks: tomorrow Robert must go to America, to play some old songs by The Cure.

Songs? About a year ago I would've questioned that definition.

At a time when The Song was ascendant again, The Cure made 'Pornography' and split its mother atom into fragments. The collected shrapnel, an icy tuneless roar, was laid out on a record that literally destroyed a group. A horror show evaporated to dry, matt metal noise.

Summer 1983, and a record by a new group called The Cure rattles into a Top 20 of bewildering content. Even among a clutch of improbable hits 'The Walk' strolls uneasily – an ugly trombone-synth riff splayed over a clean aerated rhythm and ridden by Smith's always melodramatic voice. An enclosed story and a companion piece to three other novelettes on the 12-inch version.

A peculiar success. Both 'The Dream' and 'The Upstairs Room' are better songs, delivered with a bubbling electric edge that remembers the singing steel sound of the first Cure records. But Smith isn't bothered over which is best. He is pleased, if careless, about the record's success.

"I don't know why people should've bought 'The Walk'. I suppose it's just what gets on the radio. I'm surprised that ten times the number of people bought 'The Walk' than did 'Charlotte Sometimes', but I don't worry about it. They're not released to compete.

"Singles are very transient things. If we didn't release another single for a few months, most of the people who bought 'The Walk' would forget about The Cure, which is good. We will do another single but it will be different, not a 'follow-up'. You just get stuck if you do that. That career thing stopped after 'Pornography'.

"The songs on the 12-inch aren't important to me in the way that 'Pornography' was. When we return to doing something that is that important, most people who bought 'The Walk' won't like it and we'll be pushed back into the corner again. But I don't mind. Depends on the size of the corner. The middle of the room is the smallest part."

HE'S A quare fellow, this Smith. A beautiful face forever tinged with puppy fat reacts sleepily to the workings of his thoughts: he will laugh unexpectedly, but not abruptly.

When you take account of what he has said, in an even voice that fritters away the spell of some *very earnest* words, you realise how problematical some simple pop music-type decisions are to him.

"'Pornography' was a collection of incidents and feelings over a long period of time, while 'The Walk' is just a single occurrence. The four songs are just isolated events, repercussions . . . and 'Pornography' seeped into me over the year after we made 'Faith'. There was loads of things put into it, from even before the time we were in a group. It was criticised for being obscure – when it wasn't at all to *me* – and everything we've done has had that selfish streak to it.

"It's difficult to explain what's important, but I'd rather listen to 'One Hundred Years' (opening track off 'Pornography') than 'The Walk'. I still prefer albums to singles. All the singles we've done are just odd things we've thought of, dumb singles . . . that's all we've done since 'Pornography', dumb singles. I've had people writing to me that we've sold out for doing that, but I don't see that at all. It's still a side of me."

A person who keeps to himself, Smith is a rather rare case, for he makes all this familiar sense of self-importance sound modest – it's the way he tells it. He's untwisted his embrace on hedonism by himself.

"I'm probably even less aware of what's going on now than I was two years ago. The only single I've bought this year has been 'Blue Monday' and the only album was Nico's. And I've only been to see the Bunnymen. I'm not a consumer at all. I don't seem to find it interesting. As I do more myself I get less interested in what other people are doing."

Then what barometer of response does he use?

"Same as most people, really. To most people music's stimulus, something that's just there in pubs or on the radio. I always try and keep myself aware that it isn't as important as I think it is – it's really easy to elevate what you're doing as more important than what's going on around you.

VS. GREENGROCERY

A giant aubergine creeps up on Robert Smith

"I just do normal things! I've got enough records to listen to. I don't need to keep hearing new ones when there's already been so many made over the last 20 years that I couldn't hear them all . . . I like listening to things that aren't contemporary, anyway.

"And speaking on the radio. Talking programmes . . . the sound of voices. Radio Moscow, Prague Radio, AFN . . . it's good to just flip from one to another. What they're talking about seems just as abstract as boy meets girl and falls in love, if they're talking about Czechoslovakia or something, because I'm not there. It's a sense of things being equal.

"Eventually I'll reach a point where I'll just stop with The Cure because the things that motivate me are diminished when they're translated into music."

AND THIS IS a point which 'Pornography' brought very close.

A bizarre record which accompanied an even more disturbing tour, 'Pornography' was all the violence and exhaustion The Cure had ever worked up channelled through an outlet of sound that couldn't cope with such purposeless emotion. Never mind the imprecise lyrics (always Smith's weak spot): this was both a raging exorcism of pop virginity and a graphic demonstration of the limits of the form.

Devoid of any rhythmic impetus, chained to drumbeats and guitar lines of spiritless presence, it was The Cure smashing into the buffers of a dead stop, almost terrifying in its emptiness, impenetrable and virtually unlistenable.

"It wasn't really violent," Smith says, interested in the topic of the record's aspirations. "It was the inability to *be* violent. It was a realisation of the shortcomings you just said – the fact that the music couldn't be violent enough to break out of those confines.

"I don't know, I'd like to do something that's musically violent. I don't think I've done anything really. 75 per cent of The Cure's stuff I've been disappointed with – I've enjoyed much more than that while we were doing it, and revitalising it live. The live atmosphere has always been better.

"On the 'Pornography' tour, when everyone realised it was going to be the end of The Cure as a band, for about five dates it became really violent for the first time. It reached the point when we came off stage and everyone was completely empty. Which was great, but which only happened when we knew we weren't going to do it any more."

Perhaps that 'liveness' was essential to The Cure of that time. I remember attending one of the dates on the tour and being favourably stunned by the fuming presence of a music that seemed too large and grippingly overwrought for a mere LP. You needed to *witness* that colossal sound.

"Yeah . . . we've just done the Elephant Fayre and it worked as an event. It was nostalgic, and that's probably the reason I didn't enjoy it at all. There's a different sort of power when I play with The Banshees.

"The Cure around the time of the 'Pornography' tour . . . everyone involved in that tour disintegrated somehow. Their characters became distended. They seemed to revert back to something really horrible inside them. There was lots of physical violence on the tour – it was like no other tour there's ever been. Afterwards I couldn't believe some of those things had happened.

"And a lot of the people on the tour haven't worked since then, through choice. The sound bloke, the lighting man . . . it was really odd. The bloke who did the monitors went psychotic.

"And afterwards we did nothing for months. All we did was make 'Let's Go To Bed', which was like going to a party. We made a record instead of getting drunk.

"It took me a couple of months to readjust. And I was really good friends with Simon, so it was like a bereavement. I went back to doing all the things I was doing before I was ever in a group. Reading. Going to the pictures."

NOW, MINUS bassist Simon Gallup, The Cure is only Smith and the faithful Lawrence Tolhurst. Phil Thornally (bass) and Andy Anderson (drums) are temporary assistants to an enterprise that has the air of a secret cottage industry.

"The quiet way of life has only started since all those excesses. But I don't really want to do anything until it becomes violent again. I should go somewhere to find it . . . I'm supposed to be going to Israel with The Banshees which will probably have some kind of effect because I don't want to go at all.

"That live area, of relating to an audience . . . if The Cure were to produce another album we'd be expected to go out and play to promote it. I could say I won't do that, but . . . you do get addicted to it. I do enjoy playing in front of an audience. I don't know why. Like at Elephant Fayre, the first thing when I went onstage was – why have all these people come to see us play?

"I don't really like live entertainment. I like it when it's accidental, when you watch people doing things and they don't know. People came up after we played and said, oh, it was really enjoyable, but I didn't want it to be! (*laughs*) It was so nostalgic, all those songs we played. Somehow I feel I've compromised it, this big leap between 'Pornography' and whatever we do next, by allowing us to play live.

"I've recognised the history of The Cure again, which I didn't want to do. I didn't want to do those songs ever again. And then by the end of the set I felt I wanted to do them over, but properly. God knows what it'll be like in America. Probably awful."

BY NOW I have Robert placed. A retiring, imperturbable muso – something of a workshop man – with an occasional taste for the spattering of fame and the rewards of self-awareness. Maybe a dash of the embittered artist, although hardly the twitching sufferer that The Cure's malodorous visual work suggests.

"I've hated the idea of having a set time for a career. Just because most bands have a very short lifetime . . . this is probably the only area of the arts where that timescale applies. Everywhere else you have to spend years before you're watchable or listenable."

Isn't that one of its virtues?

"Well, I think it's terrible. I suppose it's because I'm getting older and feeling my age (24). I used to think I'd be redundant by the time I was 25. If the me of 17 walked into this room I'd probably spit at what I've turned into.

"But just because I've done this for a few years I don't feel qualified to start in another area. Let's have a go at this! I'd rather disappear. That's why I worry about the addiction of an audience.

"I mean, people say to me, when are you going to write a book? I'd love to but I've tried to write prose for years and I know I'm just not good enough. I could never write something like Patrick White could, which is a great disappointment to me."

An admirable reserve. I'm sick of pop stars who want to be all-singing all-dancing masters of every medium, although I'm a little taken aback by Robert's admission that since he started playing with The Banshees he's had a strong urge to work in a greengrocer's shop again.

Speaking of which group . . .

"I'm just there. I'm just the guitarist with The Banshees. There's nothing formal which is probably why it's working. They get a bit fed up with me doing other things. My attitude towards The Banshees is more fragmented than theirs. I beat them at pool. They get ratty."

And the group with Severin – The Glove?

"It's done now. It's a single and an album, no more Glove. We did it with a drum machine and The Venomettes doing the string parts. Ten songs, two with me singing, six with Jeanette (Darts' choreographer) singing. We were able to moan at her 'cos we knew her.

"We were just going to do a single but when we went into the studio we ended up with 15 songs after three days. And we put them on a record. An odd record. It's an anachronism. No, it's not Severin's answer to The Creatures. Actually we had the idea around the time of 'Faith'.

"It's turned out completely different to how we imagined . . . it's a real summer album. All songs, and lots of funny instruments like kotos and dulcimers."

It sounds very indulgent, Robert.

"Immensely indulgent. But it's just there. It'll be ripped to pieces, but it would be anyway. Because it's me and Severin." He laughs.

"I don't consider The Cure as a band anyway. We don't exist at the moment. Not today."

I can't think of a better place to close. Robert and I stop talking.

"My attitude to The Banshees . . . I beat them at pool. They get ratty."

Mahone Ranger's Handbook

GAVIN MARTIN meets the punks who turned to Irish folk music and became the Pogues with the brogue

From punks to Pogues without leaving the pub. Pic Bleddyn Butcher

DURING THE '76–'77 era of Pistols punk, young Shane MacGowan was quite a well known face about town, immortalised by the gossip columns when he had the lobe wrenched from his sizeable ear by Kate Modette.

He was also, as lead singer with a wayward crew called The Nips, one of the most charming singers washed up on the punky wave. Best remembered for the cute 'Gabrielle' single, The Nips fell apart, partly trampled by the great recording contract goldrush and mostly by personal disillusionment.

"Up to a certain age I had the mistaken belief that rock music was worth the time of day and that there was money to be made in it, though there certainly wasn't in The Nips. So I thought, fuck it! Let's do something completely different, something at least vaguely based on Irish music, because I knew a lot of the songs from my mum and dad and the parties they used to have.

"Before, I'd never thought of playing it onstage, but it became obvious that everything that could be done with a standard rock format had been done, usually quite badly. We just wanted to shove music that had roots and is just generally stronger and has more real anger and emotion down the throats of a completely pap orientated pop audience."

On the opening nights of Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura the plan was put into action, though not too successfully.

"It grinded to a halt because we were always too drunk to get anything together," he candidly admits.

It was also around then that the new group got its name – Poguemahone, which is Gaelic for "kiss my hole", a last minute handle coined when they were typically inebriated before their second gig and one that stuck.

"I think it's a pretty stupid name," says Shane.

NOW, FOLLOWING an influx of more "responsible members" – Maestro Jimmy Fearnley (accordian, himself a former Nip), Andrew Ranken (drums), Caitlin O'Riordan (bass), and Country Jem Finer (banjo) – the wayward drive and spirit of Shane and Spider Stachy (tin whistle and additional singing) has been anchored to a stable and exciting musical base. Although largely still unsung, they are one of the best unrecorded groups on the London circuit.

Where a lot of groups are starting to incorporate the odd fiddle or accordian into their rocky format, Poguemahone have torn the music up by the roots and replanted it in a hothouse of twanging bluegrass banjo, the storming throb of pagan 'billy beat', impressive harmonies and an accordian that can go from wild jigs to lustrous melodies.

While benefitting from the obvious strengths and qualities of a forgotten musical heritage the Pogues also bring a refreshing attack by approaching it from their own standpoint and intuition. As Jem points out they weren't brought up in the traditional Irish environment and it would be stupid to try and sound that "authentic!"

Shane: "I can't stand The Chieftains and people like that who are completely technically brilliant, the sort of stuff that is respected in this country that makes all the real money out of Irish music."

Spider: "They neuter it; they take all the feeling out of it."

Precisely because of the staleness and uniformity that surrounds Irish folk music I'd never listened to much of it. But it's obvious listening to the Pogues, and their judicious choice of traditional music, that those old songs actually grow in poignancy and relevance as time passes, as well as having tunes that are guaranteed to brand themselves on your brain plate.

Shane: "They're timeless. They're to do with things that happen to everyone whether they're young or old. You don't have to be part of the youth subculture to relate to it, it doesn't have teen angst or anything so fuckin' stupid. It's based on strong melodies, which to me is what a song is. It isn't some pathetic attempt at a tune dressed up and synthesised by Trevor Horn and all the rest of it. You ought to be able to just sit there and sing it. I think most of our stuff has that quality."

One of their traditional numbers, 'The Band Played Waltzing Matilda' not only has one of the most moving vocals I've heard all year – a voice truly sickened by the sorrowful waste of war – but it's also a telling indictment of a tragedy which exists today.

Shane: "People are still coming back from wars in bits to a country that offers them nothing. Like The Falklands – another example of young lives being thrown down the drain because of some stupid fuckin' government's idea of territorial rights."

BUT IT would be wrong to give the impression that the Pogues are simply living off the past. At least half their set comprises originals. Was it hard to write songs that could stand up against the traditional material?

Shane: "I haven't a clue how our own songs stand up. Obviously they are not as good as Irish folk songs, but we're not an Irish folk band as such. Most of our songs are about London."

They are also a mix of life, humour and lyrical intrigue. There's 'Streams Of Whisky', a song I thought was actually traditional.

Shane: "It's a totally irresponsible and blatant defence of heavy drinking, there's no other way to describe it. I like to think it is at least poetically written. It's about meeting Brendan Behan in a dream and having him expound his philosophy on life, which is basically – fuck it!"

The demon drink also features in the instrumental 'Repeal The Licensing Laws' which, played with a gusto that suggests a topic *very* close to their hearts, proves that you may be able to take an Irishman off his native beat, but you can't take the native beat off an Irishman.

'Connemara Let's Go' is a ghost story about a guy out roaming the fields who comes across one of the mass graves where plague victims were buried.

Shane: "It's also about the way tourists – krauts and Americans – go over to Ireland and think of it as a nice little place full of donkeys and carts, and they don't understand the tragedy of its history, or that they belong to a culture that has systematically destroyed it. It's not something that I'm particularly bitter about, but I'm just saying it's happened."

While it should be clear to anyone with half a brain that what the Pogues are doing in their punchy, wholly revitalised pub folk format is worlds apart from the lavish showband revue of Dexys Midnight Fiddlers, there will be a few dullards who'll see a picture and think that they are treading familiar ground.

Shane was waiting for that suggestion.

"The difference between us and them is as big as you could imagine. I used to really like Dexys when they were doing the soul stuff. They were brilliant, absolutely great; one of the best groups I'd ever heard. But this pathetic attempt they've made to incorporate some kind of Celtic bit – with the fake wearing of dungarees and berets and growing stubble and walking round without any shoes and straw hanging out of their hair and all the rest of it – is such a fuckin' insult to the whole thing. And they go and put a song from Tom Moore – who wrote songs that were accepted in Victorian England f'r Christsake – on the back of the album.

"It's rubbish, what they've done is made a bland type of soul music with a few fiddles thrown in and they don't even play them like fiddles, they play them like orchestral instruments. It's got no relevance at all. It's pop – it's exactly what we're not doing; it's completely cyncial. It's so obviously someone just looking for a new image."

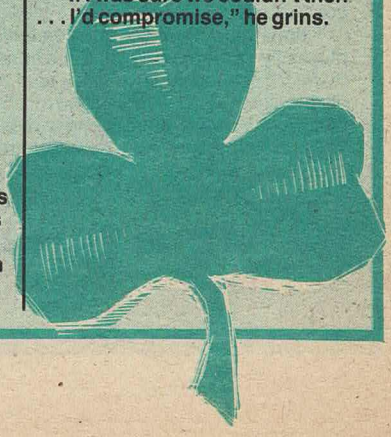
TALL AND skinny, clad in baggy suits with holes in the most awkward places and a set of teeth that makes Keith Richards' seem like an enviable piece of dentistry, Shane is a good advertisement for the sort of abject poverty the Pogues claim is their main problem.

I'd also suggest that a certain lack of disipline, probably attributable to a sizeable alcohol intake, spoils them at times and they sound more sloppy than energetic. Recently, however, they have been improving significantly and seem to have reached the right balance between control and the true heart and spirit of their music.

Their appearances are haphazard, and with no manager things tend to be disorganised and, as yet, there's been no record company patronage. (I dread to think how they'd deal with them anyway.) But they're well past the stage of just doing it for a laugh and Shane has got his sights set high.

"I want to be on *TOTP* because I want money basically, and also as many people as possible have to be subjected to this. After that it's up to them whether they like it or not. There's no way we're going to compromise the basic ideas for anybody. I think we can get on *TOTP* without compromising.

"If I was sure we couldn't then . . . I'd compromise," he grins.



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JIVE

HALO, SAILOR!

Querelle

DIRECTOR: Rainer Werner Fassbinder
STARRING: Brad Davis, Jeanne Moreau, Franco Nero, Gunther Kaufmann (Palace)

WHEN QUERELLE the sailor kisses a man on the mouth for the first time it feels like he is putting his tongue inside a head of granite, perhaps a reflection of himself. His brother is like a lover to him. His ship's lieutenant is besotted with him. He is akin to a favourite angel; and he must bring about his own downfall.

***Querelle* is the final film completed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder before his death last year. The director's admiration for Jean Genet's novel *Querelle De Brest* was based on his awed respect for Genet's imagination: he dismissed the plot of the book as "hardly worth our concern", and so is *Querelle* denuded of narrative logic and momentum.**

It is powered and illuminated instead by an independent life built of visions and physical passion, an interior, twilight world that acts as battleground for the sacred and profane. Querelle (Brad Davis) steps through the port where his ship has docked, drawn to the waterfront bar owned by Lysiane (Jeanne Moreau) and managed by the massive Nono (Gunther Kaufmann). Robert (Hanno Poschl) is Lysiane's lover, and he also turns out to be Querelle's brother. Nono plays dice with each sailor who wants a woman: if the giant wins, he first takes the loser for himself.

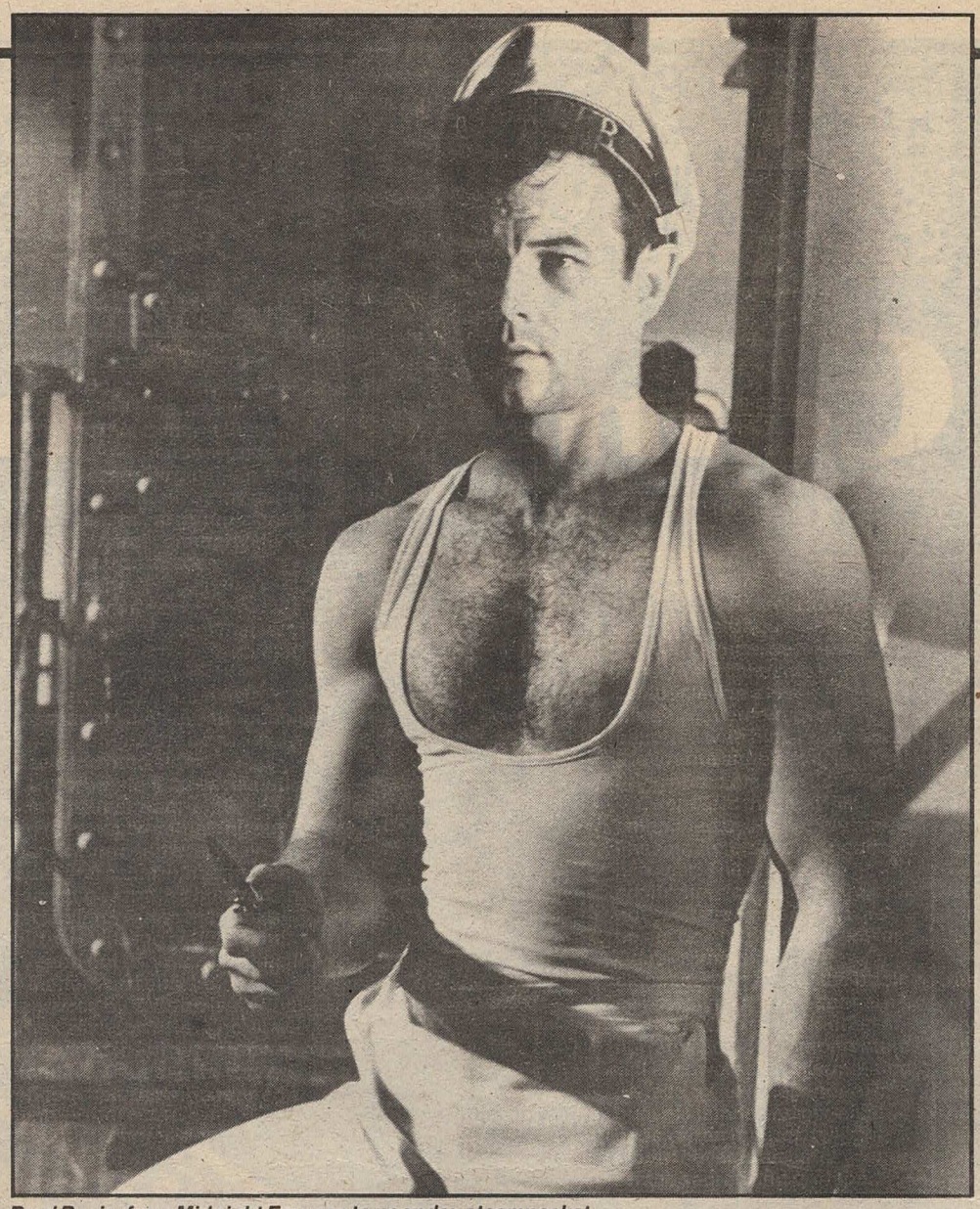
Fassbinder, aside from a couple of desultory dancers, clears the scene of women: only Moreau has a part to play, and she is left to a desolation "outside all things of beauty and consequence". Aphorisms like that are filtered mischievously through a film whose solemn underwater tempo is at odds with the director's deadpan humour. It is the most beautiful film Fassbinder ever made, one of his most serious, but there is a deftness of touch that leavens episodes that otherwise bulge with sweat, suppressed desire and, I suppose, outrage.

Certainly Fassbinder seldom explored homosexual passion with such an affecting mix of sympathy and mute anguish. Querelle loses at dice — deliberately? — to Nono, and his self-confessed initiation is a graphic testing of the audience's capacity for voyeurism. When he and Robert fight in the street, their struggle interrupted by a Calvary procession that comes from nowhere, they move with the stern grace of flamenco artists.

Perhaps the director assigns the lieutenant's role to himself, an onlooker who whispers his civilised lust for Querelle into a pocket cassette recorder. Robert and Lysiane "make love like gays". Homosexuality is spoken of with a queer revulsion, even by gays. One can never love a man, says Nono, just as Lysiane sings an old lament — *each man kills the thing he loves*. Peer Rabin's music touches the same duality, an insistent guitar melody fusing with the grand melancholy of a choral fugue.

And the love Querelle feels for a sailor who kills a sarcastic confederate in a bar-room brawl is observed and impassively detailed by the narrator of the tale as if it were some biological discrepancy. Then we realise that the man in question is a double for Robert (they are played by the same actor).

It is therefore a conundrum: a murder mystery, a puzzle on the intransigence of love and sex and the power and loyalty men have for each other, the irrelevance of women. But these are exteriors — "Any action whatsoever which happens in this world, every gesture, every look, always means something different, always appreciably more and always something greater, often sacred" (Fassbinder).



Brad Davis: from Midnight Express to noonday steampacket...

The film is about interiors, ther physical and the unspoken depths of the fleeting glance: body talk informed by a world of "remarkable mythology".

It is visually overwhelming — a small set illuminated by a constant, burnished sunset, peopled by characters that move through dock alleys and doorways at the edge of surrealism. With its obsessive streak of human wilfulness, fantastic design and sense of a cast operating in dream-like conditions — the director's players are absolutely unflinching — *Querelle* seems at first more like a Herzog than a Fassbinder film.

But as you gaze on shiny, rippling torsos and see beautiful young men wander through a tale which unfolds like a ballet the physical punch in Fassbinder's cinema takes shape again. There is nothing rarified or discreet about this imagination. The graffiti on the dockyard walls has no metaphysic import: *young man needs boys with big cocks*.

If there is a sadness about *Querelle*, in its unfinished debate between the right and wrong of love, the barbed toughness and tenderness of Fassbinder's method scores the deepest impression. It is a film dedicated to a friendship. Querelle in defeated, but there are caring hands for him. An epilogue — rich, vulgar, splendidly uncompromising — to an unresolved career.

Richard Cook

SILVER SCREEN

Heaven's Gate

DIRECTOR: Michael Cimino
STARRING: Kris Kristofferson, Isabelle Huppert, Jeff Bridges, Christopher Walken, John Hurt (NFT)

THE COMPLETE, uncut version of Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate*, clocking in at around three and a half hours, runs for a short season at the NFT, starting Saturday August 13th.

It's easy to see why the film became the biggest financial disaster in Hollywood history. Release at a time when American moviegoers were being force-fed a diet of sugar-coated "new frontier" sci-fi escapism, it lurches back into the past to offer an alternative view of How The West Was Won, or Stolen, by depicting the tribulations of immigrant pioneers engaged in bloody struggle against a Montana cattle-baron syndicate with the corrupt forces of state and army on its side: a kind of pop-anarchist reading of American history, obviously anathema to a nation which recently elected a cowboy leech as President.

Cimino tries for the kind of epic scan which worked so well in the triptych form of *The Deer Hunter*, but where that film prefaced two hours of hard, engrossing action with an equally engrossing hour of background detail (notably the wedding sequence), *Heaven's Gate* has a beautiful but deadly dull (and largely inconsequential) two-hour prelude to an hour and a half of something approximating to action, with a downbeat, anticlimactic conclusion tacked on the end.

It's a tale told in tints of brown, soft-focus for the most part, with plenty of attention given to aspects like period detail, atmosphere and cinematography (Vilmos Zsigmond, whose

A Big Mac for Drac?

BLACK COMIC VISIONS

Fade To Black

DIRECTOR: Vernon Zimmerman
STARRING: Dennis Christopher, Linda Kerridge, Mickey Rourke (GTO)

THOUGH MADE three or four years ago, and available on video for quite some time now, Vernon Zimmerman's *Fade To Black* only recently received a theatrical release in Britain.

Why this should be so is a mystery, though it's one of the few films I've seen that actually benefits from small-screen treatment, the medium being at least part of the message in this case.

A youthful film buff, Eric Binford ("I once saw three films a day for a year. I didn't miss *one*!"), works as messenger for a film distribution company by day and ploughs through endless videos by night, arriving dark-eyed and drained the next morning to plague his colleagues with queries like "What was Rick's surname in *Casablanca?*". His colleagues — who include *Diner's* charismatic Mickey Rourke — not unreasonably consider Binford (Dennis Christopher) a flake of the first order, and tell him to go stick it where it hurts when they fail his buffish interrogations.

This, however, is the least of his problems. His apoplectic boss hates him, he can only find sexual solace masturbating over pictures of Marilyn Monroe, he's besotted by a Monroe lookalike, and stranded in the midst of the shrewish slings and arrows of an outrageous wheelchair-bound aunt with whom he lives. A flake of the first order, in fact. Small wonder that he eventually snaps and sets about stiffing his enemies and detractors in the manner of his favourite films, dressing up as Dracula, The Mummy, Hopalong Cassidy and Little Caesar.

It's all good fun, done in a manner designed to poke fun at the too-much-TV-turned-my-kid-into-a-killer crew, who can find their personification in the form of the liberal cop/psychologist on Binford's tail. (Indeed, the current video nasty shock horror scare may well be the main reason for the film's release at this late date.)

Anyone searching for profundity within its frames, however, will be disappointed: the focus here is on homage and loving re-creation of some classic scenes, the best of which is the shower scene from *Psycho*, complete with high-pitched Herrmann music and a lovely bloodstained whirlpool joke. These scenes, and the numerous clips from thrillers past, make this a movie for film buffs rather than splatter fans, for people who can actually answer the question "What was Rick's surname in *Casablanca*?".

I'm buggered if I know.

Andy Gill

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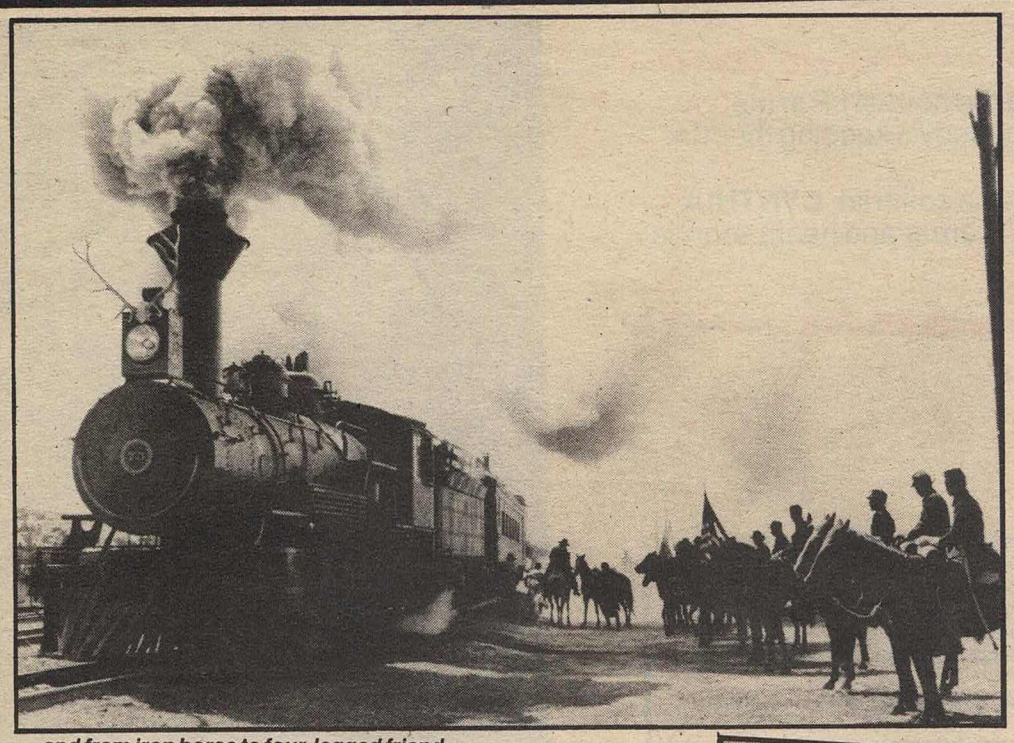

...and from iron horse to four-legged friend.

DIVINE FOLLY?

previous credits include *Close Encounters*, *Deer Hunter*, *Deliverance* and several films for Robert Altman, most notably *McCabe And Mrs Miller*, to which *Heaven's Gate* bears close — and unflattering — resemblance), but more than lacking in other areas, such as sound, continuity and narrative; Cimino seems to have forgotten his obligation to tell an interesting story, and to tell it compellingly.

Isabelle Huppert is fine as the whore with a heart of gold, but the film belongs mainly to the underrated Jeff Bridges as the local dance-hall owner, and Christopher Walken as an immigrant turned mercenary. Walken's character is the fulcrum of the film, the point around which the vying interests revolve, and he has the one line that best pulls the picture into perspective: explaining to Huppert why he's wallpapered his log cabin with old newspapers, he claims "it civilises the wilderness".

Kris Kristofferson, nominal leading man, is Kris Kristofferson, as usual, but at least he fares better than poor John Hurt, who flits in and out of the film like a drunken Greek chorus or Shakespearean fool, an over-educated, unaffiliated bourgeois whose chosen role of impartial observer leads inexorably to his doom. His character is so sketchily drawn, and so infrequently used, one can't help wondering why Cimino bothered with it in the first place.

Still, *Deer Hunter* devotees will doubtless lap up the large-scale dance sequences and immigrant rituals designed to function like that earlier film's wedding scene; here, though, there's no frame in which to set them, and very little point to their existence. It's out of such gratuitousness that the great follies of the world are born. This may well turn out to be one of the greatest.

Andy Gill

A MOSTLY tedious though unpretentious 90 minute assemblage of concert footage filmed in Jamaica during 1977/8 in lieu of performances by Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Jacob Miller, Judy Mowatt, Dennis Brown, U Roy, Junior Tucker, Althea & Donna and others, culminating in the famous One Love peace concert where Marley persuaded the mutually hostile Prime Minister Michael Manley and then opposition leader Eddie Seaga to shake hands onstage, *Heartland Reggae*, directed by one Jim Lewis, is an inconclusive and dated little film. Its single inspired moment also takes place at the One Love show and occurs when Bob Marley climaxes his shaman turn on a rendition of 'War' with a leap in the air. At this precise moment a violent flash of lightning irradiates the stage and thunder rolls ominously. For the rest we suffer seemingly endless clips of Miller and Tosh singing all their most obvious songs in sequences that reveal more of the transatlantic rock world's *idea* of reggae than the music itself.

Penny Reel

Marley with Manley (left) and Seaga (centre).

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY AUGUST 11

The Third Test, Lords. After I said that the New Zealanders would get another roasting in the Second Test they did pretty much that to our gallant lads. Seeing as Botham bowled like a lemon and half the English batsmen got themselves out we hardly deserved better. But if Willis actually pulls the side out of its usual late-summer torpor England *ought* to beat tourists of this low calibre. The main point of interest in the BBC coverage is whether Ted Dexter will be able to string a sentence together. **(BBC1/2)**

Car 54 Where Are You? Of some extra historical interest this week as the calamitous cops appear on The Jack Paar Show. **(C4)**

Bewitched. Sam turns a dinner guest into a dog. **(C4)**

Cat On A Hot Tin Roof (Richard Brooks 1958). A flood of embarrassment in Brooks' massively overblown account of an already bloated sack of Tennessee Williams grits. Burl Ives is Big Daddy surrounded by a vile family of assorted reprobates and snivelling creeps, like Paul Newman (excellent) and Elizabeth Taylor (the usual). **(BBC2)**

Books 'Em And Risk It. Another try at bringing fringe humour into middle-class homes. Various unexposed talents do their stuff by putting on a show in a TV company foyer: will these be names to watch? Jim Barclay, Arnold Brown, Jock McLog & McNikki and The Oblivion Boys. **(C4)**

FRIDAY AUGUST 12

Switch. Those upstarts introduce Paul Young, Big Country and Freeez, with videos from Herbie Hancock, Weather Girls (in which it actually does rain men. . .), Level 42 and Stray Cats. **(C4)**

My Favourite Blonde (Sidney Lanfield 1942). We can't get enough of these Bob Hope films! He's a fifth-rate vaudevillian with a trained penguin; she (Madeleine Carroll) is a British agent on the lam from Nazis. Bing turns up at some stage, of course. VHS cassettes are whirring countrywide (huh!) **(C4)**

The Untouchables. I used to know a specious nursery rhyme about Elliot Ness. Robert Stack in one of the toughest of crime series as the top prohibition gangbuster. **(LWT)**

interviews with the likes of Ronnie Spector, Lieber and Stoller, The Ramones and Albert Goldman: but tune in to see Darlene Love singing 'White Christmas' on the beach at Malibu! **(C4)**

The Last Married Couple In America (Gilbert Cates 1980). Meagre laffs in an ordinary domestic comedy with George Segal and Natalie Wood. Valerie Harper and Dom DeLuise get the best lines. **(LWT)**

The Rockford Files. Jim falls over a land swindle in his usual debonair way. One of the few US series that deserves its cult reputation. **(BBC1)**

Arsenic And Old Lace (Frank Capra 1942). Cary Grant double-takes every chance Capra gives him as his sweet old aunts do away with their houseguests. The director tore through the film in anticipation of being called up and the result is agreeably dizzy. **(C4)**

Son Of Dracula (Robert Siodmak 1943). For an actor who looked like a removal man, Lon Chaney Jr played a lot of tormented souls. Universal were getting desperate with their monsters by this time and this is a woefully tame Dracula variation. Siodmak puts in a few baroque touches to enliven matters. **(BBC2)**

House Of Frankenstein (Erle C. Kenton 1944). Karloff was too old to play the monster again, so Universal made him his creator. For a joke he also rustles up Dracula and The Wolfman. Fun, if a debasement of a series that started with some great movies. **(BBC2)**

Lorre, Alexander, Massey: Arsenic And Old Lace (Saturday, C4)

SATURDAY AUGUST 13

The Get Set Picture Show. Mr Paul Weller delivers another address to the nation's youth as today's guest. **(BBC1)**

Da Doo Rón Ron. A feature-length profile of Phil Spector that attempts to pictorialise The Wall Of Sound. Since Spector himself apparently doesn't appear it's stuck with a string of

Boris Karloff Presents: The Last Of The Somervilles. Worth catching this one — directed by Ida Lupino, of all people, and starring Boris himself in a creeper about a wealthy widow caught up in a dream world. Meatier than the Hitchcock series which is too restricted by the 30 minute format. **(C4)**

SUNDAY AUGUST 14

China Seas (Tay Garnett 1935). An amazing film. It looks like a Hollywood party, with Clark Gable as cargo ship skipper, Walace Beery as his nemesis and Jean Harlow and Ros Russell as the women vying for attention. But there's some appalling violence between the firecracked banter and the pacing approximates an oriental typhoon. Highly recommended. **(C4)**

The Yearling (Clarence Brown 1946). Claude Jarman and Gregory Peck in boy-loves-horse formula

CONTINUED PAGE 36

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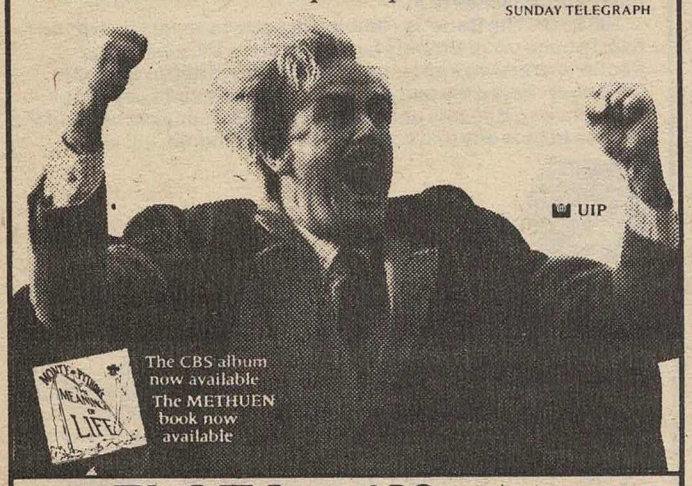

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Saturday 13
SUBWAY RIDERS 1.20, 5.00, 8.40
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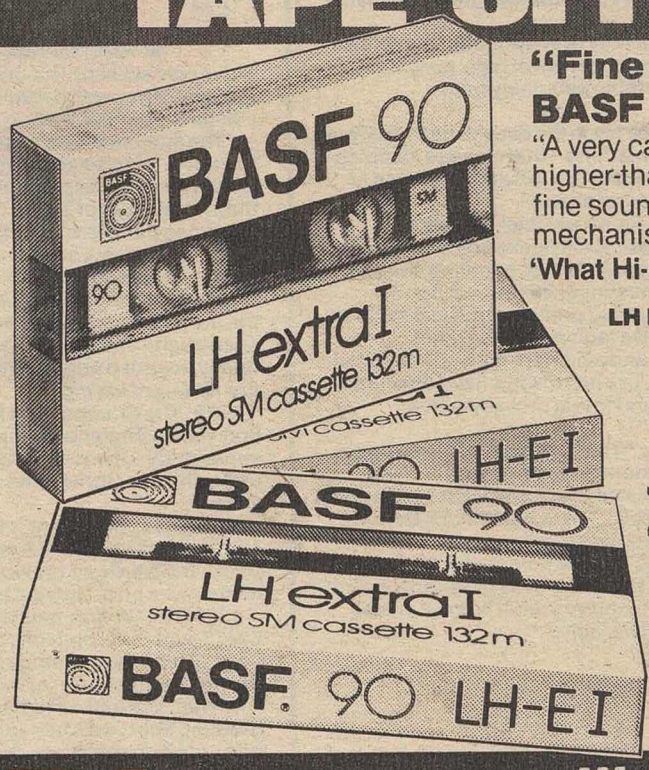

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Donna Death, of 'Geek Maggot Bingo' fame.

THE CRAMPS have the hottest LP in the underworld, but somebody's keeping them in cold storage.
As they struggle with the coffin lid, **CYNTHIA ROSE** exhumes their career and hears sounds of eternal life.

At home with Lux Interior and Ivy Rorschach.

GEEK MAGGOT BINGO is the film that trade Bible *Variety* characterised as "one geek, few maggots and no bingo". A lot they know!

Geek Maggot Bingo – made for 8,000 bucks by a guy who directed it over the phone – showcases the only extant form of truly modern inspiration: *recombination*. You know, what makes DNA make us. And you already heard about *Beach Blanket Bingo*, right?

Well, this one's introduced in trad fad fashion by a sleazy venerable (ex-host of '50s TV's Shock Theatre) who mutters the customary warnings and demonstrates how to transform a Dixie cup into a D-I-Y vomit bag. Then straight into the story: mad scientist (with conveniently slutty daughter) seeks to reanimate home-stitched corpse but runs into trouble from both a local vampiress and his 'human energy source' . . . a cowboy who has wandered in from another film entirely.

The genius of this celluloid masterpiece – which looks like it represents a $20.99 weekend investment in the presumably profitable *COUPLES $12* softporn motel-TV market – is that it admits how much all of us *already know*.

That's why its locations are painted and its 'human brain' can without comment just *be* half a cauliflower.

GMB saves time by acting on all your previous experience of horror, cowboy, soft porn and B-movies. Like: you *know* the heroine's sex life will matter sooner or later, so why not just put her into a see-through pink nightie from the start?

You've already seen the ultimate lady vampire in *Plan Nine*, right? So this one (lady wrestler Donna Death) won't have to do more than appear and look right. Plus producer Nick Zedd – also the writer and director – had this great idea of underlining the whole film with a heartbeat, so only snatches of the dialogue are audible. When these surface, they are reassuringly familiar.

Halfway through, a road sign whizzes by reading "Leave Now, It's Not Going to Get Any Better".

But it does, it does. It doesn't take buckets of baloney-ious gore, either, just ingenious twists, a great monster and a modest moral. Anyway, the idea of Richard Hell as the energy source generates suspense about the experiment's chances of success.

Geek Maggot Bingo is The Cramps' all-time favourite film.

MANY MAY be cult, but few are The Chosen. This decade on honky-turf it has to be the Velvets and The MC5, the Dolls, Stooges and Ramones. But The Cramps?

The Cramps have long been (thanks to Hollyweird lyrical humour as florid as their loungewear) a thing unto themselves; a band whose very existence midwived others from The Gun Club down to The Meteors, Stingrays – even the sober-sided quartet from Pavia, Italy (they're called Not Moving) who sent me their 'Psycho Ghoul' EP this week. *They* pronounce "ghoul" to rhyme with "howl".

The Cramps: the group who, if they ever surmount personnel problems and perennial poverty, or get out of legal purgatory, stand to show everybody something genuinely both disreputable *and* avant-garde.

Over to Lux Interior: "It bugged me in the early days that people thought we were a parody of something – that we were camping it up. That's either a misunderstanding or a misapprehension of what rockabilly, for instance, was all about."

Rockabilly couldn't *claim* a Californian chick like Ivy Rorschach or her three mid-Western sidekicks any more than they could have started drinking strychnine, handling snakes and turning concerts into tent meetings. But its tradition of emotional chaos push-push-pushing primitive musical skills to the point of pure frenzy provided a logical starting point.

"After all," says Lux, "plastic and acid were my big influences when I first met Ivy in California. I've just always liked obscure things, strange names – and once I found rockabilly I just couldn't listen to anything else."

But it *was* only a starting point. What Lux detected in all those shrieks and licks and bip-bop-booms was the place he could insert his own perceptions of disarray back into what he likes to call "the landscape of rock and roll". Lux is glad Chuck Berry wrote "great *folk* lyrics". He just hopes they aren't Art.

"Sure. Because rock and roll is a whole landscape, it takes you from here to there. And you can't look at that as great 'art'. It's not that socialised; it's an outlaw art. And you can't judge it unless you're living a rock and roll lifestyle, either."

UNLIKE THE revivalists or the pose-purists or the genuine AM radio adapters (like Creedence Clearwater Revival), The Cramps came to rockabilly without rust behind their ears. But their lust for the stagelight stunk with the rawness of punk – Interior spent a good two years attempting Iggy, cf 'New Kind Of Kick' – and with every shift of gear a little glitterdust flew.

After all, Lux and Ivy have been stepping out together for 11 years – longer than the Harry Steins – and they met in psychedelic Sacramento California whence Interior had fled from his home lair in central Ohio. Lux had appointed himself a psychedelic guru – "all you need is enough drugs" – and during the course of one ordinary working day, he picked up a hitchhiker. It was Ivy.

The cosmic couple felt the magic receding from mushrooms, however.

"Those guys who kept telling you to forget everything your parents ever told you started developing parental tendencies themselves; asking if you *still* ate meat, stuff like that".

Marc Bolan was Interior's idol.

In a 1980 interview he declared: "I saw them in Cleveland where Bolan came on weighting 300 pounds, wearing this batwing costume and beating his guitar with a whip – *Holy Shit*! I thought, *this guy is my IDOL!* Driving home, I was singing better than he had onstage, so trying to form a group started to seem natural".

Ivy was infatuated with the Dolls.

"But I never saw them – it was all from reading *Rock Scene* magazine."

In autumn of 1975 when Ivy and Lux re-located in New York, they were distressed to discover that not only were the Dolls defunct but that "they'd also been just these one-time wonder weirdos, just like Elvis was in the South". Lux took a job as sales clerk in a record shop, and resolved to confine his ambitions to lunchtime confidences.

In the way of these things, his fellow disc-sacker – one Bryan Gregory of Detroit, Michigan – had as much enthusiasm as he did. Within three days Gregory had an $85 guitar and Lux had a band. Ivy christened it late one night while she fixated on a Kinks LP cover and "tried to think of something kinky, something warped".

As any American female past puberty will tell you, "the cramps" has always been pan-US teen talk for what stiffer upper lips term "period pains".

The band's first two drummers *were* girls, starting with Gregory's sister (soubriquet Pam Bamalam) followed by one Miriam Linna. Though The Cramps auditioned at then-mecca CBGB's the day after Halloween, 1976, it took until that summer for them to settle on Nick Knox as a permanent drummer.

A native of Independence, Ohio, Knox had already succeeded Tony Fier of The Feelies in the skin seat of the *très*-trashed Electric Eels – who put out the 'Cyclotron' / 'Agitated' single on Rough Trade. His aggressive thumping had to compensate for the fact that The Cramps preferred to remain probably the first bass-less band in rockabilly history.

Since all Lux did after he stopped painting back in 1970 was "collect records, listen to records and make tapes of records to play", plus pick up on the day-to-day debris of the counterculture's collapse, there was a lot to filter into the band. And an entire bibliography of off-the-wall Cramps-worthy stuff to cover: Jimmy Seward's 'Rock On The Moon', The Sonics' 'Strychnine', Little Willie John's 'Fever', Tommy James' 'Hanky Panky', Johnny Burnette's 'Tear It Up'. The first song The Cramps ever de-constructed was 'Quick Joey Small' – its successor: 'Louie Louie'.

In 1978; a freeze-out by the Big Apple's bigheaded No Wave chic set sent The Cramps back West, but on they soldiered. And soon they were headlining to ecstatic reviews at – wait for it – Napa State Mental Hospital!!! Read on:

"The audience went berserk and it was pogo city all over again. I've never seen so much audience participation – one patient went over to the superintendant and said, These guys look like they just got out of T-Unit. T-Unit, the super later told me, is where they keep the 'lifers'. During an incisive 'What's Behind The Mask', one lively young lady jumped on Lux's back and held on for the whole song, screaming melodically into the mike. Later the same little honey grabbed the mike and made off, with Lux in hot pursuit. But the greatest thing was to see all these overweight, middle-aged women holding handbags and doing totally liberated pogos. What an audience!" – *Howie Klein's 1978 live review of the gig*

1979: The Cramps meet Miles Copeland, who bankrolls their first visit to England as support to The Police and – more importantly – the recording of 20 tracks in historic Memphis, under the directorial hand of Big Star / Box Tops star Alex Chilton.

No signed contract or release date was finalised at the time, but Copeland "demonstrated his commitment" by reissuing the tracks the band had previously recorded and pressed themselves on a 'Gravest Hits' EP.

1980: The Chilton-helmed LP makes its debut as 'Songs The Lord Taught Us', both one giant step backwards for mankind and – as Lux so hotly breathes on the album – "the hottest thing from the North to come out of the South".

Interim: Warlocked guitarist Bryan Gregory (29) de-Cramps, adopting short dark hair to join a Los Angeles-based coven. He tells LA's *NO* magazine – for whom he poses nude with a python – that he "has a great envy for Boris Karloff". Gregory doesn't make movies; he makes a record (copies of which still litter locations such as Falkirk) as Scar. He doesn't make the cover of *NO*, either; Ricky Wilder of the Mau Mau's does – with an Ajax-white one-sided pompadour.

Interlude: Julien Greinsnatch from The Mad replaces Gregory on guitar just long enough to be filmed for Miles Copeland's *URGH! A Music War*. When she too departs, the band recruit The Gun Club's Kid Congo Powers who is replaced by slide guitarist Ward Dotson.

By the time of their English tour, this consolidated lineup gets considerable critical respect. Firstly, the critics have had time to read up on the likes of Billy Lee Riley, Malcolm Yelvington, Alvis Wayne, Onie Wheeler, Sonny Burgess, Ronnie Dawson and other Carl Perkins contemporaries. And secondly, the critics must begin to concede what the fans have sensed from the first: that it's all for real.

1981: The release of 'Psychedelic Jungle' emphasises the band's image slightly at the expense of their intentions, taking into consideration the LP's wide spectrum of material and the band's approaches to it.

1983: 'Off The Bone' is climbing the charts so fast its femurs flap. I phone up 20 Cramps fans around the UK (Leeds and Scotland are real strongholds, I find). Fifteen happy listeners have never heard the early Elvis sing, so they can't say about "influences". It seems unlikely that anyone I speak to has had the chance to hear any real early rockabilly – random, but eerie.

THE CRAMPS – under real names you *won't* get from me – are now involved in a $1.1 million damages suit against Miles Copeland and his various labels, alleging they have "generally thwarted the industry growth" of the group.

The band also allege that *they* have never been paid a sum of $10,000 which they claim was promised them upon inking the original IRS pact in July of '79. They "want out of their binder and they pledge to return all money paid them by Copeland in return for their recorded masters and song copyrights," says their

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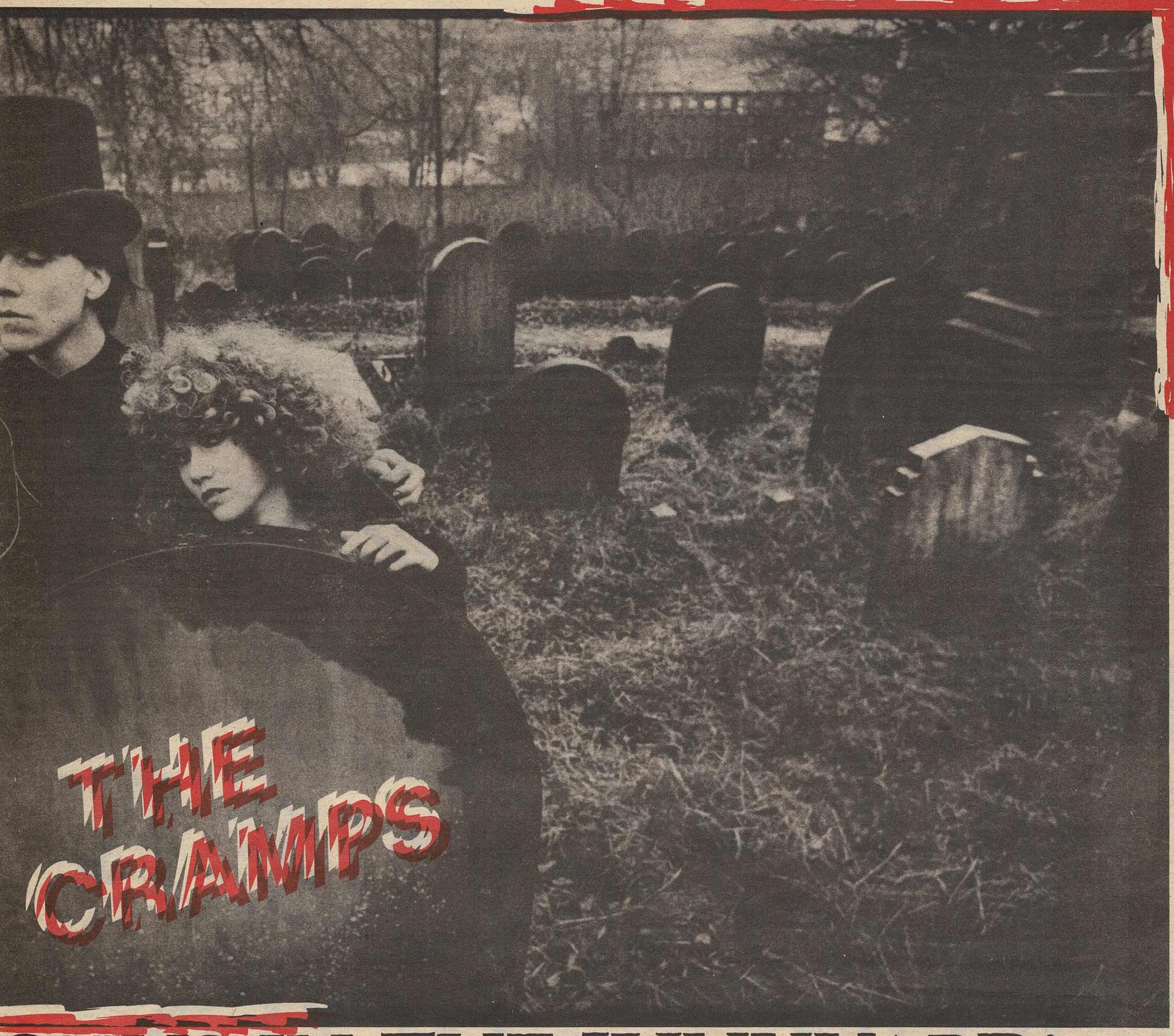

Photo by Anton Corbijn

GUNS IN THE JUNKYARD!

lawyer Jay Jenkins.

Sound like the Bruce Springsteen saga? Touch of the Tom Petty tribulations? The contentions of finer print (failure to deliver artwork for approval, to supply copies of the fully executed contract, plus "erroneous and fradulent deduction from record royalties") do have a familiar ring.

Copeland, of course, isn't just a faceless conglomerate; he's made news even in America's staid *Wall Street Journal*, who profiled him 18 months after he started IRS in a piece titled "How The Weird Can Get Started In Recording".

Quick: "In picking bands, Mr Copeland says he only signs acts he personally likes; the likelihood that they will become pop stars is a secondary consideration. Such as: The Cramps."

At this point, 'Songs The Lord Taught Us' had shipped 50,000 and the just-released 'Psychedelic Jungle' had sold out an initial pressing of 45,000. Under the crosshead "Police Precedent", *Journal* staff writer Laurel Leff reported that IRS "is succeeding because it controls costs . . . it refuses to advance large sums and typically spends about $20,000 to produce an album while a major company might spend $100,000. Rather than depend on radio . . . IRS sends it acts on nationwide tours . . . While on the road artists bunk two to a room, travel by car and exist on meagre stipends.

"Not all IRS acts," Leff concluded the piece, "have the bizarre appeal of The Cramps . . . For example, an all-female group called The Go Gos recently signed with IRS", Mr Copeland promised to 'spend more than usual' on *their* debut album and 'push'.

"'They're cute little girls,'" he adds to Leff, "'so that should help'."

Funny. The cute little girls – now probably the largest earning all-female act in rock history – currently have their own lawsuit pending against Miles Copeland.

'Off The Bone' converts may well be perplexed by all this confusion; certainly Cramps fan Graham Humphries is – and he designed the LP's 3-D sleeve.

"I'm such a fan," he says now. "I listen to their stuff so often, it's really bad knowing I couldn't do anything for them. I was told they had OK'd the whole project – I thought it was just the release of back catalogue material. I was just hoping they'd *like* the sleeve".

Ivy commented scathingly to French journalist Philippe Garnier that, "Copeland just thinks we're so hard-pressed, without a nickel, without any resources. Without a nickel – it's so true! But without any resource; we still have our fans and our friends *and* our gigs are still financially productive."

The Cramps have also managed to pull together the album *they* want to release next. "We even mixed it ourselves – it's exclusively new material."

ONE OF the LP's high spots is the theme from *Faster, Pussycat – Kill! Kill!*, Russ Meyer's legendary dominatrixes-in-the-desert B-flick from the go-go era.

The band have asked Meyer (currently filming in Brazil) to contribute the liner notes. If he does, he'll have to consider Cramped renditions of 'Psychotic Reaction', the dark sermon of 'Sinner', Lux's already-notorious 'The Call Of The Wighat' (one of the single funniest tracks I've ever heard), 'I Ain't Nothin' But A Gore Hound' (a tribute to fans of Herschell Gordon Lewis films), The Standells' 'Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White' and the psychedelic crash, sing and singe sting of 'Five Years Ahead Of My Time' (familiarised by the 3rd Bardos).

The *piece de resistance* is bound to be 'You've Got Good Taste'. A ditty so *ob*-scene (to borrow a phrase from Officer Renko) that it might well become the 'Louie Louie' of an outspoken generation. So far, the LP is entitled 'Real Men's Guts Versus The Smell Of Female' and – at the very least – it's gonna reinstate the great nightgown-stealing traditions of the earliest Jerry Lee Lewis.

When will *you* hear it? Just stay tuned. Particularly during the small hours; by the light of the bright full moon shall you know them! Geeks. Maggots. *BINGO!*

FURTHER INFO:
Geek Maggot Bingo will show a special screening August 20 at London's Scala Cinema, along with a sneak preview of *The Big Meat Eater*.

The Cramps' official link with their fans is The Legion of the Cramped, run by Lindsay Hutton from 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, FK3 OHJ Scotland UK. Hutton is presently compiling an authorised history of the band in one volume and edits their regular newsletter, *Rockin' Bones.*

CRAMPS AT YOUR HOUSE: A Discography
The Cramps' legal limbo has created a ferocious marketplace for their wares; they are one of the most bootlegged bands around just now but most artefacts fail to cough up a real idea of their sound. Musts to avoid are 'The Transylvanian Tapes' and an Italian EP.

Of more genuine interest is the 7" 'Bananamen' (Ace) out last week, which presents three songs 'made popular by The Cramps'. Cited to a phoney band, the three tracks actually include 'The Crusher' by original purveyors The Novas of Minneapolis, The Phantom's 'Love Me' and The Trashmen doing 'Surfin' Bird'. The *real* mystery remains the real name of Minnesota wrestler The Crusher, in homage to whom the original ditty was penned. The fake band's supposedly funny names derive from The Cramps' own, coupled with the fact that The Trashmen and Novas' singles debuted on the Hava Banana label in Minneapolis. It's released here by Big Beat – who if they love The Cramps' "trash" so much, shouldn't capitalise on their legal limbo.

Singles: (7") 'The Way I Walk / Surfin' Bird' (Vengeance)
'Human Fly / Domino' (Vengeance)
'Garbageman / Fever' (Illegal)
'Drug Train' 7" EP: 'Drug Train / Love Me / Can't Hardly Stand It' (IRS)
12": 'The Crusher / Save It / New Kind of Kick' (IRS)
'Gravest Hits' 12" EP: Contains the four Vengeance tracks plus 'Lonesome Town' (Illegal)
LPs: 'SongsThe Lord Taught Us' (Illegal)
'Psychedelic Jungle' (IRS)
'Off The Bone' (Illegal)

Many thanks to Lindsay Hutton, the Scala Cinema, Phillipe Garnier / *Rock And Folk* Magazine, and Mrs E. L. Rose for their help.

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MARC AND THE MAMBAS

Torment And Toreros

(Some Bizzare)

THE INTENTION of Some Bizzare is to subvert reality; its medium is the marvellous, and its method fantasy — and what we have here is the furthest extension of that method. Featuring the two most underrated Bizzaros, Jim Foetus and Matt Johnson, in supporting roles, 'Torment And Toreros' is a lurid melodrama with a star stretched to the limit in its centre.

Here Marc Almond has taken his furthest flight to the edge of obsession and the result is a record at times supremely characteristic and occasionally exaggerated to the point of caricature. It's an ambitious and ambivalent venture where Judy Garland meets Jean Genet and Liza Minelli sings the Marquis de Sade. As noted elsewhere it's a furiously inflamed work sung with a histrionic passion and arranged with a clinical sense of overstatement. It sets angst soaring into uncharted regions of the absurd and, in bursts, it's brilliant — but never simply.

Considering that its inspiration is the heat of Spain, it's surprising at first to discover just how *cold* so much of this passion is. Apart from the final side, ironically the most lyrically desolate, there's little of the warmth that characterises Dave Ball's masterful arrangements. What *is* captured is Almond's tremendous ability to utilise nostalgia as a positive weapon, to subvert adulation into iconoclasm. As Syd Barrett and Lou Reed stood above the first Mambas album, so here it's Scott Walker and Eartha Kitt who shadow the proceedings (Eartha Kitt??). Nevertheless there's never the haze of glorification that surrounds so many similar projects, perhaps because Marc's own vision is so intensely personal. He succeeds in giving the music a sense of exploration, a frantic clawing for something indefinable.

Hippy hippy snake. Pic Peter Anderson

MARCY PYTHON'S FLYING BULLSHIT

The versions of 'In My Room', 'Blue Monday' and Jaques Brel's 'The Bulls', indicate further his development as an interpretive singer — Brel particularly is bloody difficult to cover with any credibility. Marc was straining last time round on 'If You Go Away' but this time he's got it right, layering just enough languid cynicism on the scenario to make it work.

It's on his own songs, though, that this collection hits its highs and lows. The dark blue and beautiful 'First Time' performs the miracle of not only following but surpassing 'In My Room'. A theme of tenderness livid with cruelty and disillusion, it sets a theme of dying innocence which extends across the second side, through the further histrionics of 'Lesion' and the sour themes of 'My Former Self' and 'Once Was', perhaps as a reflection of a jading view of the pop process.

In contrast with this simplicity is the overblown melodrama of 'Catch A Fallen Star' and 'The Animal In You'. In the former, a whisky-soured continuation of the themes of 'Frustration' and 'Kitchen Sink Drama', it works; in the latter, the most personal song on the entire LP, the credibility is strained just a twist too far as the lyrical content is sunk in a bog of bombast.

It's only on the fourth side that the irony develops to a level of consistency as The Venomettes strings sweep into the melodic void with a flush of relief on the Almond/Severin composition 'Torment', followed by 'A Million Manias', stamped with the percussive brilliance of Jim Foetus. By this time the permanent question is beginning to rear — just how serious is this man? You begin to wonder whether he's *really* cracking up as he sings, *"A thousand wailing souls reach out for bits of me to pin up as morbid mementos in their rooms"*.

Finally the ironic joyfulness of Rogers and Hammerstein's 'Beat Out That Rhythm On The Drum' fails to conceal that *nothing* has been resolved. It's not just the creation but the artist that often seems to stretch too far. This is not an easy record to listen to but, in days of such musical conservatism, the daring to be out of tune and out of time is something to be valued. Just one worry; where does the fantasy end and the reality begin?

Don Watson

THE SOUND BETWEEN SNAP AND POP!

CABARET VOLTAIRE

The Crackdown *(Some Bizzare)*

ALREADY IT'S generally accepted that Cabaret Vee's newest LP — their first under a Some Bizzare/Virgin tie-in and their 128th overall, by my count — represents the group's great lunge forward, commercially at least, towards the pop mainstream.

The mainstream . . . what a giddy torrent of talent that term suggests — a crashing splash of hydro-electric wealth generation, sweeping its passengers over unfathomable rapids, around the bend, up the creek and outa sight.

Unfortunately, to be realistic, pop's mainstream isn't anything so breathtaking any more. More of an everyday industrial canal, old prams and dead dogs, drifting nowhere in particular. We line the banks and we wait, and we wait, and pretend not to notice the smell.

Matters can only be improved by CV's arrival. While 'The Crackdown' is in no way a betrayal of the group's long-standing virtues — they've refined them, not abandoned them — the record's an essential progression which should render them accessible to a huge new audience. If, as the signs suggest, Cabaret Voltaire's new music earns them a rightful spot in the commercial sun, then the charts will be a richer and more real place for their presence.

Actually, it would be easy to over-state the extent of musical change here. The bigger factor at work may be their acquiring the promotional/distributive clout of Stevo and Virgin. The music itself, as I've said, is merely a modification of much that they've pioneered before. Only it's now been honed to a sharpness, focussed to a clarity that leaves no doubt as to their intentions.

What they've done is preserved the rhythmic spine so evident in almost everything they've done before, but fleshed it out with the structures of conventional pop. Stephen Mallinder's singing blends the feel of pressure rising by degrees to desperation point, with the breathless attack of disco dancefloor excitement. The synthetic layers built by collaborator Richard Kirk, and the percussive urgency lent by guest player Alan Fish, combine with violent grace.

It's clear enough by now that this decade's most fruitful exchange is between the schools of Anglo-European electronics and black American soul. (Just as importantly, it's becoming obvious that the exchange is going both ways.) Cabaret Voltaire's current output (and the limited edition 12" of looser, more experimental work from the 'Doublevision' video reminds us that they're still prepared to explore more than one avenue) represents this fusion at its finest, its most potent. They've frozen the funk element — to something ruthless and single-minded — while taking the supposedly 'cold' electric approach and pushing it up to boiling point.

It's taken long enough: how odd it was to realise that their *Switch* appearance the other week was Cabaret Voltaire's TV debut. But there's no reason why 'Animation' and possibly 'Why Kill Time (When You Can Kill Yourself)' shouldn't shoot their name before the 45-buying masses. Not every track has the scalding intensity of those two — at times the vision gets a touch *too* concentrated — but there's more than enough in 'The Crackdown' to make your pulse quicken.

Paul Du Noyer

ANOTHER SATURNINE NIGHT

Alan looking Vega. Pic Joe Stevens

ALAN VEGA

Saturn Strip *(Elektra)*

1981 SAW Alan Vega located on 'Collision Drive'; now he's hanging out on 'Saturn Strip'. His first two solo albums came packaged in sombre silver-greys; this, his third, portrays Vega as local neighbourhood threat, thumbs hooked in belt-loops, posed heroically against a lurid pink neon backdrop. And the contents match the sleeve. The bare mutant-billy bones of post-Suicide Vega have been fleshed out with a richly iridescent sheen courtesy of producer Ric (Cars) Ocasek — his first vinyl collaboration with Vega since Suicide's classic second LP from 1980. And the result? Vega's best long-player yet, and a prime contender for this year's laurels.

Kicking off, 'Saturn Drive' updates the urban paranioa of Suicide's 'Harlem'. Ocasek adds layer upon layer of ominously middle-distance keyboards as Vega's increasingly rabid vocal pushes us over the edge into an abyss of terror, only to be jerked back by 'Video Babe', the technological successor to his 1980 French hit 'Jukebox Babe'. Here his customary 'billy shoulder-shrug encounters a dash of ? And The Mysterians' Farfisa. Indeed, the mutated country/rockabilly of his previous solo excursions remains only on 'Video Babe' and the ersatz urban hoedown of 'Kid Congo' — neat variations on a formula in which diminishing returns had begun to set in.

Vega's slobbering redneck persona re-emerges on a musically tame but ironically mordant reading of Errol Brown's Hot Chocolate hit 'Every 1's A Winner'. *"Lemme tell ya,"* he buttonholes us in drunkenly gung-ho style, *"I don't care what your colour is/I don't care what your sex is/ Just a buncha bad excuses"*.

Truth, justice and the Amerikan way is a perennial source of vitriolic inspiration for Vega, who's spent his entire career on the outside spitting in. 'Wipeout Beat' bears strong resemblance to Iggy's 'Houston Is Hot Tonight' from the underrated 'Party' LP, a record whose schizophrenically uptempo/downbeat ambience 'Saturn Strip' shares. Ocasek's ruthless Keefchords stomp over a synth throb as Vega continues the theme of 'Ghost Rider' and 'Viet Vet': *"I left my eyes in some Asian sun/I left my eyes in an American war yesterday"*. The horror, the horror.

'Angel' is a throwaway; a jingle motif repeated endlessly over the brisk, breathless bounce of such latterday Stones rockers as 'Respectable' cuts no ice in this company. Much more substantial is the weirdly touching Ramonic ballad, 'Goodbye Darling'. Vega quavers *"There's a lotta lonely days/Lonely days ahead"* in poignant contrast to Ocasek's cheerfully rinky-dink keyboards. Still in sentimental mood, Vega croons another of those prayers/paeans to his loved one in 'Je T'Adore'. Though not as manic as 'I Believe' nor as moving as Suicide's 'Dream Baby Dream', it still tugs the heartstrings.

Which leaves 'American Dreamer'. Vega turns in an at first smoothly seductive vocal fading into an insanely terrifying performance over beat muzak backing of blithely unstoppable motorik'n'roll drumming and circular cheap melody. A classic.

To quote that song — *"Don't be a Jersey citizen/This is it/Go for it"*.

Mat Snow

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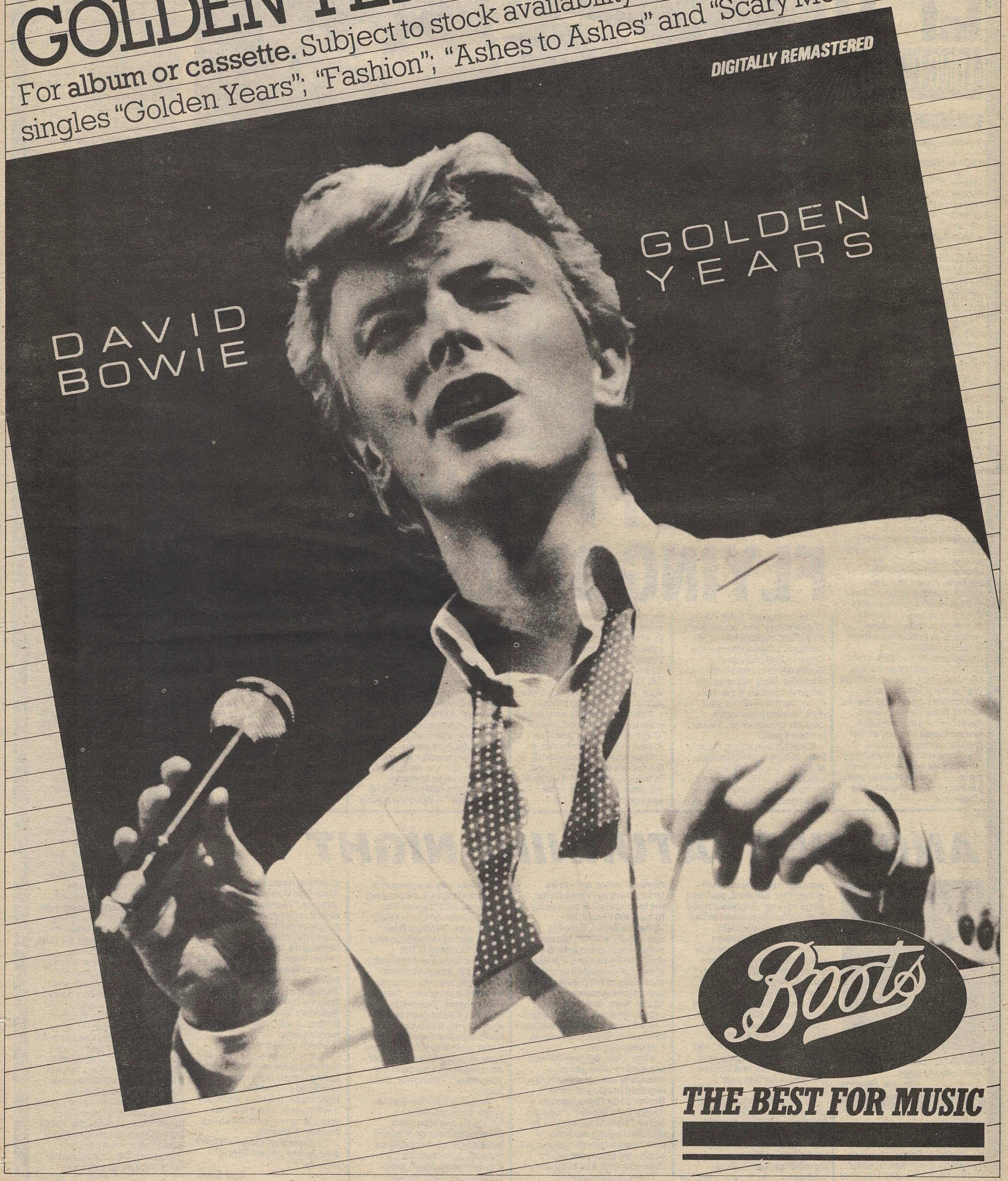


Boots

THE BEST FOR MUSIC

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT!

O. V. WRIGHT
Gone For Good (*Charly*)
FATS DOMINO
Reelin' And Rockin' (*Charly*)
LLOYD PRICE
Mr Personality Revisited (*Charly*)

THREE MORE records from the label that is gradually amassing the classiest back catalogue in the country. The O. V. Wright record is the real gem here, rescuing a veritable bounty of the great Southern soulster's essential performances from the collectors' market and giving them the posterity they richly deserve.

Before this record, the late Mr Wright was a mystery to me. After it, his voice had practically burned a hole through the centre of my heart. His was one of the chilling vocal présences, chilling in its emotional accuracy, chilling in the overwhelming power it could summon.

Like so much Southern Soul, his requiems for broken hearts or life's losers seem steeped in the bitter experience of centuries. To hear O. V. Wright sing 'Gone For Good' is to hear the voice that has been crying since the first slave arrived in the cotton fields. It's more than mere tradition, it is the sound of lifetimes of pain and sorrow, the sound of a people battered and downtrodden at every turn. The singer's personal turmoil serves to highlight the depth of feeling even further.

His early recordings on side one ('65–'67) are fluid and haunting, utilising a delicate female chorus and arrangements that stick close to Wright's Memphis gospel roots. He places the same faith in the power of his performance as he must have when singing praises to de Lawd in a travelling gospel troupe. Every song is haunted by dreadful bluesy spectres and Wright lays himself completely naked. Such an absolute expression of grief is far from depressing; the effect is the opposite as it displays complete mastery over the wounds inflicted.

On side two the pace hots up, the instrumentation fills out and Willie 'Hi Al Green' Mitchell takes the controls. The mode here is more unrestrained than the sparse sensual arrangements that were to make Green and Mitchell famous. More in line with the latter's solo work the throbbing bass, fat horn sound and cantering hot drums are matched by the gritty edge in Wright's vocals.

But while the music may depart from the soaring simplicity of his early work, the lucidity and potency of his voice remained to the final, torrid 'Drowning On Dry Land'. Hounded in his later years by illness, Wright died forgotten in place unknown in 1980. A sad end for a man who specialised in sad, moving songs.

The other two discs, by prime piano playing exponents of New Orleans R&B, set their sights a good deal lower but are packed with much footsure stuff. Fats is featured playing material that post-dates his Imperial 'golden era'. Not being a diligent student of that period, the alleged lack of purity in these later recordings didn't come as a particularly heart-rending blow to me. But I'll give you ten that even a severely perforated eardrum will be able to hear the difference between 'Love Me' where Fats tries to squeeze akwardly into a string laden ballad format and 'Heartbreak Hill' where he's snug in the rich rollicking New Orleans heritage that is his mainstay.

When The Fatman made it big (arf, arf) in the early '50s, A&R men converged on New Orleans to find a successor – and Lloyd Price fitted the bill. Blessed with a nifty cat-gut twinset where most folks have a larynx, Price was one of the foremost rock 'n' roll singers. His crazed power and control acted as an influence on the young John Lennon (a fact he acknowledged by covering two Price compositions on his album 'Rock 'n' Roll'), his style was brash, rasping exuberance.

The Charly album is a duplicate of the comprehensive ABC 'Collection' of a few years back. I presume that this is no longer available, in which case 'Mr Personality Revisited' is an ideal purchase for the first time buyer.

But it's to O. V. Wright I'm doffing my hat tonight, and as the stylus goes down one more time he sings: *"I'd rather be blind, crippled and crazy/Or somewhere pushing up the daisies. . ."* 'Gone For Good' by O.V. Wright on Charly records, another extraordinary album of lost soul.

Gavin Martin

O. V. Wright takes the chair.

JOSEY WALES
The Outlaw (*Greensleeves*)

THE WIT of Josey Wales, his renegade skank, fanciful biography, facility of lyric and pungent tongue. Such the debut from one of the reggae line's most discussed upcoming toasters.

Told in certain terms are topics of women, dance, hardship, violence, authority, the good sensimillia and fixation with footwear of Clarke's manufacture.

Here is his description of events on 'It A Fi Burn', yet a further cut of the 'Full Up' rhythm dealing unsurprisingly with the communal distribution of a chalice: *"In a the dance early one Friday night/Me and me brethren just a burn ganja pipe/Peep out a road and then me sight a bright light/Babylon a come in a him red, black and white."*

The subsequent raid is carried out with guns drawn to the conclusion *"one of them say to I Josey Wales/Gimme some ganga or you gon a jail/Me just dip in a me pocket for some Rizla . . ."*

An even more virulent invective is 'Let Go Mi Hand' – an item on the gateman theme, also the subject of similar lyrics of recent records by Ranking Dread, Charlie Chaplin and The Maytones – detailing his visit to a dance in Clarendon and violent exchange with the man at the door: *"One box me give him in a him blasted face/Money scatter out all over the place . . ."*

He takes licence with Johnny Osbourne's 'Do It Again' for discussion on his pulling power as DJ at dances in Ochi, Clarendon, Portland and Stadium on 'Jam It Again', which is especially distinguished for its couplet *"me say me ram another dance near Gully Ranking/A pure Friars man, a few top ranking,"* transposes also The Melodians' 'Everybody's Bawling' into 'Asking For Love', and on 'Beg You Come Home' relates his fruitless search throughout Cornwall, Middlesex, Surrey, St Margaret's Bay, Green Bay, Mo' Bay, Annato Bay . . . 'Music Diseases' is his comment on published articles first given voice by Michigan and Smiley.

His is abrasive brag, even hyperbole, but the tale is honest. Then to live outside the law you must be.

Penny Reel

LIGHTNING STRIKES

UK DECAY
A Night For Celebration Cassette (*UK Decay Records*)
THIS IS the last will and testament of UK Decay, a recording of their final live gig at Hammersmith's Klub Foot.

"*A night for celebration/ a night to unwind/ the night when Doctor Jekyll pushes Mister Hyde from behind.*" These lyrics just about sum it up and hearing the damn thing is enough to send shivers down my spine, set my heart racing etc. I don't want to go subjectively over the top or anything but I used to follow this group all round the country and this cassette brings back all those memories.

Are you positive, punk? Yes? Well this group had it all – shattering guitar, an excellent front-man and intelligent lyrics. But above all they had a *feeling* about them, a certain magic that made being present at one of their events a joy.

"It may be sad but the best is yet to come," says the singer Abbo. Yes, change is important, especially in view of the daunting advent of scores of pale, gothic, imitations and in this respect the demise of UK Decay is the end of an era.

Richard North

HONOUR BLACKMAN WITH PATRICK MCNEE
Everything I've Got *(Cherry Red)*

IF JULIE Andrews slept rough for a couple of weeks she'd end up singing like this risqué leather-clad ex-Avenger.

'Everything. . .' is a collection of 13 mono recordings from 1964 with appropriate arrangements. Check this — "*Darling je vous aime beaucoup/Je ne sait pas what to do*". Other couplets spread liberally over both sides shouldn't have been steam-cleaned out of the barrel.

Mildly amusing at noon on a sunny Saturday — a dart board for the rest of the week.

Regine Moylett

ROBERT DUVALL & VARIOUS ARTISTS
Tender Mercies (*Liberty*)
IN WHICH actor Duvall gets to wear a big cowboy hat and sings a couple of mellow country numbers. Music from the motion picture, this: much laid-back acoustical crooning. Duvall's vocal efforts stand comparison with the regular singers featured (Charlie Craig, Lane Brody, Craig Bickhardt), but the material's merely pleasant at best. Great hat, though.

Paul Du Noyer

MIDNIGHT OIL
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 (*CBS*)
LIFE IS full of disappointments. One day you're up . . . the next you're listening to Midnight Oil.

David Quantick

ROBIN TROWER
Back It Up (*Chrysalis*)
PAUNCH RAUNCH! Teamed again with vocalist James Dewar, rockin' Robin ambles through another episode of 1971 Revisited — blues boom bom-ba-bom woah yeah mama — covered in just-like-Jimi axe scratches. Tastefully boring stuff.

Paul Du Noyer

BELT UP!

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Flashdance (*Casablanca*)

IN MORE ways than one, this is a real snatch and grab effort, and it won't yield another hit single to equal Irene Cara's superb rendition of the title track.

Donna Summer's punchy 'Romeo' is the best of the bunch — all 'supervised' by Phil Ramone, although actually all he did was help co-write one track and produce three more out of the total (ten).

Giorgio Moroder wrote four numbers and produced five, however — including a very funny one-off parody of Rod Stewart called 'Seduce Me Tonight' by Cycle 5.

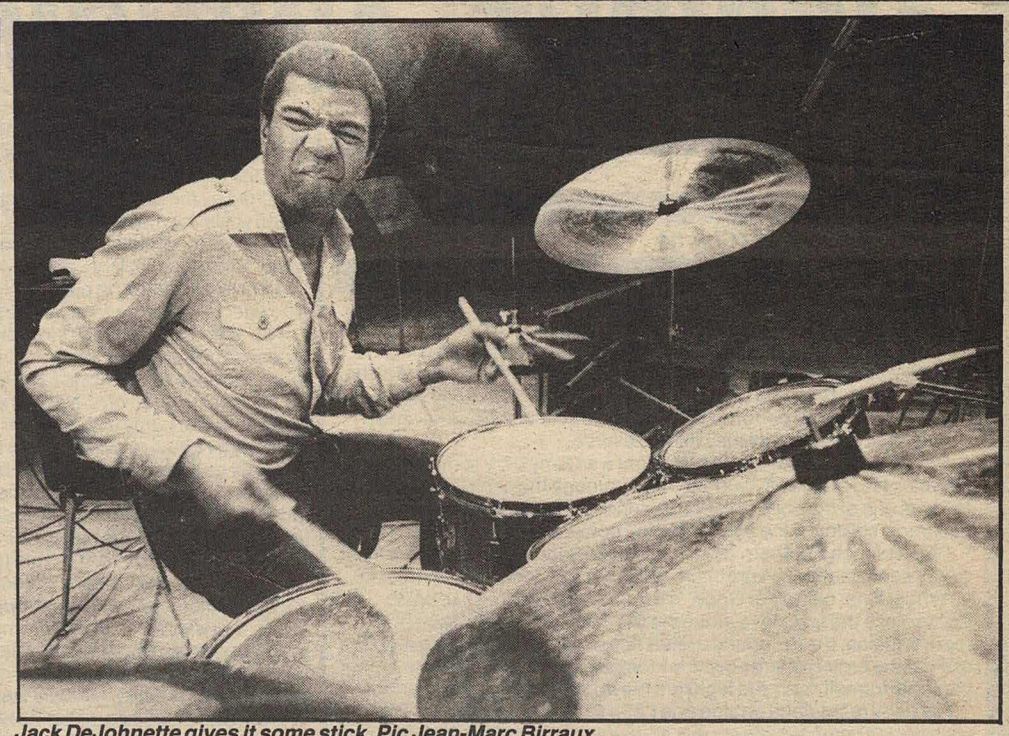
The whole package sounds just like what it is: female Big Belters (Kim Carnes, Laura Branigan, Karen Kamon, Shandi) wrapping their vocal chords, and, metaphorically, their legs round everything of the opposite sex within hearing range.

Like the film, it's a lot of energy and sweat shed on the altar of sheer fantasy. Thanks to the relentless rigours of the rhythm machine, an aerobics-conscious pace prevails throughout — upholstered in sigh-style plush by a million synthesisers (minus any synthesis).

But the primary impetus seems the same as in the film: a Victorian slant on self-improvement. Voices arch, stretch and strain just like your body instinctively starts to but the extent of any end ambition is Kim Carnes' promise (waist-deep in corn) that she'll 'Be Home Where the Heart Is'.

Just as long, that is, as traffic's not blocked on the way back from the gym.

Cynthia Rose



Jack DeJohnette gives it some stick. Pic Jean-Marc Birraux

JOURNEY-MEN

THE RECORDS for ECM which **Jack DeJohnette** has made as leader present as a whole a voyage from the rockier areas of '70s jazz metres to a shoreline where free blowing informs every popular cast the drummer chooses.

'Inflation Blues' (ECM) is the latest episode in an ongoing journey without end. Baikida Carroll's trumpet guests beside the reeds of Chico Freeman and John Purcell and Rufus Reid's bass for a programme whose smooth surfaces hide a few ruffled feathers. In fact, form is disintegrating in DeJohnette's writing. 'The Islands' is plastic, nearly weightless, sheets of splashing colour that five different reeds fill in apparently at random, while 'Slowdown' starts from

nowhere and perversely picks up speed in an especially grouchy crossfire of horn breaks.

'Infaltion Blues' itself is NY reggae, pale beside B. B. King's hogsnorting track. The strength is on side one, where the lengthy 'Starburst' and 'Ebony' reside. 'Ebony' sounds like an old Oliver Nelson theme, delicious changes, summery improvisations, gazelle rhythms, very spruce and insidious.

Andrew Cyrille's records as guvnor are more personal. His group Maono works as a private scorching of his African heritage, sprawling compositions that resemble dustbowls of scrub and sand dotted with sunspots of emotion. Unexpected, then, to find 'The Navigator' (Soul Note import) such a lushly romantic session. It's rare to find a piano in Cyrille's group and Sonelius Smith is an uncommon player — alert and unsparing and drenched

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If you like cheap vodka, you probably like your music on the rough side.

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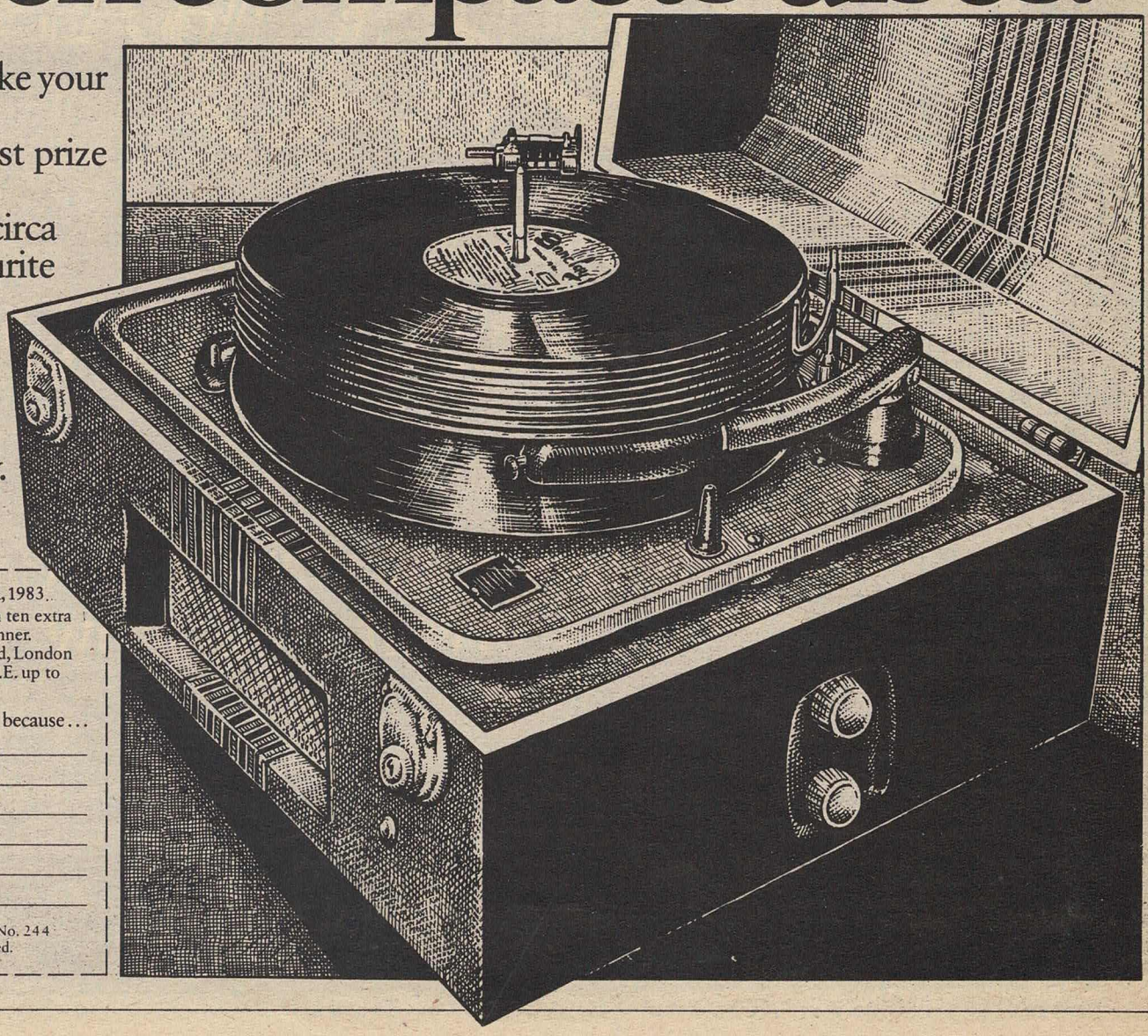
A genuine autochange record player, circa 1960. You can sit and listen to your favourite records clunking down on each other and compacting happily together.

If you win, celebrate with some really cheap vodka.

You'll find it really nice and scratchy. Just like your records.



ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS

ONLY THOSE OVER 18 MAY ENTER. CLOSING DATE 31st OCTOBER, 1983.

Answer the questions and complete the unfinished sentence in no more than ten extra words in an apt, original and amusing way. This will be used to determine the winner.

Send entries, on official entry forms to Smirnoff, PO Box 462, Eccleston Road, London W13 0RH. Enclose 3 flattened cheap vodka caps (or £1 coin) with each. Send S.A.E. up to 6 weeks after closing date for winner and results.

1. Roughly how many records are in the Top Ten each week?
2. What does the old proverb say you have to take with the smooth?
3. Do you know roughly how old you are?

1.____ 2.____

3.____

I am pretty stingy with vodka because...

____

____

Name____

Address____

____

I am 18 or over (Signature)____

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in the lyric blues.

In response, Ted Daniel (a Maono veteran) uncovers his secret heart and a trumpet tone that feels like a heatwave. I keep returning to the smoke and candles of 'So That Life Can Endure. . . P.S. With Love', a ballad side Maono have never previously revealed, but 'The Navigator' and 'The Music In Us' run it close — hear how flecks of sorrow are gradually erased by joy in the title song, and the way the hornman sharpens his tone to mark the changes. The production is superb with everything at once spaced out and candidly intimate.

Romance also scents the air in **Tal Farlow's** 'Autumn In New York' (Verve), a reissue of one of his first records, cut one November day in 1954. The original notes tell how he used to be embarrassed about not being able to play fast enough. . . well, guitar hero talk is nothing new. And 'Cherokee' and a rollicking 'Strike Up The Band' are speedball renditions without a slip.

Otherwise the gentle sign painter scampers cheerfully through a string of blushing melodies: not many have sounded as if they *enjoyed* their instruments so much as Farlow, and you can almost see that huge grin and giant's fingers tugging at the electric strings. 'Autumn In New York' and 'Little Girl Blue' are lovingly treated, as a man might pat a favourite dog; 'And She Remembers Me' is an original a little reminiscent of 'Old Devil Moon' which somebody should revive.

From the same source comes **Gerry Mulligan**'s 1960 big band date 'A Concert In Jazz' (Verve), although this is sauce of an altogether more pungent and multi-textured variety. The first ten minutes establish an atmosphere the remainder struggles to follow — George Russell's overpowering score of 'All About Rosie', a three-part thematic fantasy on a children's song the composer remembered from his youth. That the orchestra actually plays it through is achievement enough; that Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer dig witty solos out of the structure is bemusing. Everything from a scholar's blues to digital bebop is squeezed in by Russell, and if he's again proven the neglected genius of jazz writing Mulligan's patient realisation demands a reunion of this pairing.

Otherwise there are two stealthy Gary McFarland scores in 'Weep' and 'Chuggin'' and a feature for Mulligan's baritone sax in his own 'Summer's Over' (the song Judy Holliday wrote a lyric for). Gerry plays a ballad with a sort of reluctant tenderness, handkerchief firmly in pocket, and the result is nicely moony.

The most indispensable reissue of the moment is 'Carl's Blues' (Contemporary important) from **The Curtis Counce Group**. Bassist Counce led this combo of maverick West Coasters through four staggering records of which this is the last, named for pianist Carl Perkins who died before it was released. The vintage is 1957–8, the players almost beyond criticism: these were virtuoso cats who shrugged off obvious hellraising and tearjerking and went, face down, for the guts of the music itself.

There's a feeling of shoulder-to-shoulder service in the name of unknown craftsmen about the unflashy yet completely unique treatments of standards, 'I Can't Get Started' (Harold Land's tenor is *sooooo* effortlessly nimble here) and 'Love Walked In'; trumpeter Jack Sheldon lanconically whistles at his 'Pink Lady'; the rhythm section (Frank Butler on drums — a wizard and a half) plays itself to a stop.

A word on Carl Perkins: like Elmo Hope, Herbie Nichols and Hampton Hawes, a spirit known only to himself. Perkins made just a few records and they entrap a wistful privation, an esteemed melancholy that needs to be remembered. Although 'Carl's Blues' isn't his best showcase certain blue moments tell of that talent.

Richard Cook

WHEN WORDS COLLIDE!

ANNE CLARK

Changing Places (*Red Flame*)

I SUPPOSE the rise of the serious poet was inevitable. With so many frustrated Eliots trying to cram their soul-searching compositions into catchy Top 20 pop songs, the move away had to be made.

The problem remains that poetry by itself is hardly viable in the musical world even on the rare occasions that it's good, and placing it against a backdrop of music always evokes an impenetrable coldness.

Anne Clark's debut EP 'The Sitting Room' fell somewhat into this trap. Stark and perceptive, the songs were nevertheless self-consuming in their gloom and introspection. On this, her first full length LP, the group who provided backing on the EP have been replaced by David Harrow on the first side and Vini Reilly on the second.

Clark's monotone does have its strengths. It infuses a caustic sarcasm into 'Wallies' — *"so this is where the future lies, in a beer gut belly and an open fly . . . teaching each other to be men by spewing in the street."*

However, for most of the songs, the old pitfalls remain. Reciting poetry straight over music means the two never integrate, and, unless the contrast is intentional or the words strong enough to be self-sufficient, the atmosphere is too static and formal to permeate.

Certainly there are places where the mood works. On 'Echos Remain (For Ever)', Reilly's gorgeous shifting guitar work sets off the melancholy of the words, conjuring forth the twilight world of memories and regrets. Similarly, the reality of shattered illusions come to life in the contrast between Reilly's fragile melodies and Clark's dulled vocals on 'All Night Party'.

But when the words stand unframed by music of any great calibre, the impact fails to deliver. Any step towards painting anguish through pensive words is a step towards self-parody — titles like 'Poets Turmoil Number 364' speak for themselves. Anne Clark is obviously a poet of considerable talent — she'd do well to shake off old trappings and delve into new terrain.

Leyla Sanai

Anne Clark sits this one out. Pic David Corio

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IF IT ISN'T SMOOTH IT ISN'T SMIRNOFF

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1. The compact disc system is a spin-off from which? (a) the space programme, (b) the laser video, (c) the satellite TV programme.
2. Silk is very smooth. Which of these is another word for artificial silk? (a) Satin, (b) Rayon, (c) Argon.
3. Mix Smirnoff with orange juice and Galliano and you have which? (a) a screwdriver, (b) a taxi driver, (c) a Harvey Wallbanger.

1. ☐ 2. ☐ 3. ☐

Smirnoff is top of the charts because...

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TOUR NEWS

AUTUMN TOUR AND NEW LP

IMAGINE THIS!

IMAGINATION will play two dozen late-autumn British concerts, as part of a six-month world tour, which starts in October and runs through to next March — taking in Europe, North Africa, America, Japan and Australia. The band have just finished recording a new LP, as the follow-up to their three previous gold albums, and this will be released in September as a prelude to the tour — together with a new single, their last eight having all achieved chart success.

Four of their UK dates have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are Chippenham Goldiggers (15 November), Crawley Leisure Centre (16), Margate Winter Gardens (17), Birmingham Odeon (19), Cardiff St. David's Hall (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Liverpool Empire (23), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (25), Brighton Centre (26), Southampton Gaumont (27), Oxford Apollo (28), Ipswich Gaumont (29 and 30), Middlebrough Town Hall (2 December), Newcastle City Hall (3), Glasgow Tiffany's (4), Manchester Apollo (55) Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (6) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10).

SHAKATAK, whose UK tours grow more extensive every year, will be playing over 40 dates in their 1983 autumn schedule — and the first 33 confirmed venues are announced this week, with the remainder to follow shortly. It will be their first outing to feature new vocalist Norma Lewis, who was recently co-opted into the line-up to join the other girl singer Gill Seward. The group will have a new single and album relesed to coincide with the opening of their itinerary, for which finalised dates are:

Great Yarmouth ABC (16 Septeber), Ipswich Gaumont (17), Hastings White Rock Pavilion (19), Skegness Ambassy Centre (21), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (23), Southport New Theatre (24), Harrogate Centre (25), Middlesbrough Town Hall (26), Glasgow Tiffany's (27), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Edinburgh Playhouse (29), Kendall Leisure Centre (30), New Brighton Floral Pavilion (October 2), Scarborough Futurist (3), Blackburn King George's Hall (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Southampton Gaumont (7), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (8), Plymouth Theatre Royal (9), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Cardiff St. David's Hall (12), Brighton Dome (17), Oxford Apollo (14) Peterborough Cresset (15), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (16), Chatham Central Hall (17), London Hammersmith Odeon (21), Basildon Festival Hall (22), Croydon Fairfield Hall (23), Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion (24), Guildford Civic Hall (25), Northampton Derngate Centre (26) and Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (27).

THE EVERLY BROTHERS reunion concerts at London's Albert Hall, exclusively predicted by *NME* some eight months ago, will now take place on 22 and 23 September. The concerts, promoted by Terry Slater and Mel Bush, are to be televised, after which the brothers — who haven't played a gig together in 10 years — go into the studios to cut an album. Tickets for the concerts are priced £15.00, £12.50, £10.00 and £7.50 and go on sale at the RAH box office on 22 August.

***YAKETY YAK*, the musical show featuring Leiber and Stoller songs, which has until recently been playing London's West End, this week begins a tour that runs through until mid-October. Featuring The Darts, the show opens at Southsea Kings Theatre on 11 August and runs till the 13th, before moving on to play: Birmingham Hippodrome (15—20), Manchester Palace (22—27) Bristol Hippodrome (August 29 — September 3), Belfast Grand Opera House (5—10), Norwich Theatre Royal (26—October 1), Sunderland Empire (10—15) and Liverpool Empire (17—22).**

A CERTAIN RATIO play a rare London date when they headline at the Lyceum Ballroom in The Strand on Sunday, 21 August. Orchestre Jazira are also on the bill, and there's one other act still to be confirmed. Promoters are Head Music, and tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £3.50.

Imagination heat up the night. Pic Kevin Cummins

SHAKATAK ▲ DEATH CULT ▼ SPEAR OF DESTINY ▼ MONOCHROME SET ▼ RESPOND POSSE ▼

DEATH AND DESTINY ON THE ROAD

Death at sea. Pic Peter Anderson

DEATH CULT, the band formed from the remnants of Southern Death Cult have lined-up a full UK tour and now play: Bristol Trinity Hall (8 September), Birmingham Tin Can Club (9), Retford Porterhouse (10), Glasgow Night Moves (12), Newcastle — venue to be confirmed (13), Leeds Warehouse (14), Sheffield Limit Club (15) plus the already announced gig at London's Brixton Ace on 17 September.

SPEAR OF DESTINY have finalised their new line-up and the band is now formed by Kirk Brandon and Stan Stammers, plus John Lenard, formerly Theatre Of Hate saxman, Neil Pyzer, who recently played sax and organ with Howard DeVoto, and Dolphin Taylor who's drummed with the Tom Robinson Band and Stiff Little Fingers. SOD, who go into a studio to work on a new single in a couple of weeks, play their only London date this side of Christmas at Camden Electric Ballroom on 15 September.

THE MONOCHROME SET headline this Saturday (13) at Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre, supported by Doctor & The Medics. This is the final night of the Phoenix Arts Rock Week, and other acts appearing at the same venue are The Sinatras (tonight, Thursday) and Alien supported by Chrome Molly (Friday).

THE RESPOND POSSEE tour, originally planned for September, is to be moved forward, with 24 August as a probable starting date, though no venue has been announced as yet. The features acts signed to Paul Weller's Respond label and includes Tracie plus her back-up band, The Soul Squad, A-Craze, The Questions and Main T Possee, Vaughn Toulouse's band.

QUASAR — the progressive rock band who, as previously reported, now feature new lead singer Sue Robinson — have extended their current tour into October to take in newly confirmed gigs at Perth Plough Rock Club (29 September), Glasgow The Venue (30), Birmingham Golden Eagle (5 October), Worcester Waterside Club (6) and Hereford Market Tavern (7).

***HOLD TIGHT!* — Granada TV's new show currently being networked on Tuesdays — is filming some more programmes for the series this month at Europe's biggest leisure park, Alton Towers in Staffordshire. Those appearing include The Truth (today, Thursday); Toyah and Bucks Fizz (16 August); and Nick Heyward, Ralph McTell and Buster Bloodvessel (17). There's another show on 18 August, for which acts haven't yet been booked. All are afternoon recordings.**

NASHVILLE TEENS, Wayne Fontana, Ricky Valance and The Karl Denver Trio are among the '60s heroes appearing at the first Caroline Revival Night, which is to be held at the London on Thursday, 18 Augusts, from 7.30 pm to 1 am.

COOK DA BOOKS, the highly rated Scouse outfit, have lined up a couple of London dates to coincide with the release of their third single 'I Wouldn't Want To Knock It'. The band appear at the Marquee on 19 August and at the Titanic Club on 24 August. Further London dates are being finalised and a full-scale UK tour is also being negotiated.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & Double Trouble have been booked for the Reading Festival, joining the Saturday line-up on 27 August, as replacement for American group Survivor, who withdrew last week. Vaughan is the guitarist who, on the eve of David Bowie's world tour, left his backing band — and opinions vary as to whether he was sacked, or quit because he wasn't given his own solo spot. In any event, he's been whipping up a storm working with his own band in the States, where one critic acclaimed him as "the new Bruce Springsteen".

MATT FRETTON has been added as special guest on Depeche Mode's forthcoming British tour. Fretton, who toured with Mode before he gained a Chrysalis contract, has a new single out on that label on 26 August. Titled 'Dance It Up', the B-side features an acappella version of the same number performed by Fretton with Fourteen Carat Soul.

EINSTURZENDE NEUBATEN have pulled out of their gig with Cabaret Voltaire at Liverpool's Royal Court Theatre this Friday (12). But we have Stevo's word that they *will* be appearing at Manchester Hacienda (17 August), Leeds Warehouse (18) and London Acklam Hall (19).

Meanwhile, Cabaret Voltaire themselves have nixed their hometown date at Sheffield's Top Rank on Sunday (14). It's expected that they'll slot in a couple of smaller gigs in the city when their current tour comes to an end.

THE DAMNED are to headline a one day punk festival at Knebworth this Saturday (13), other acts on the bill being Anti-Nowhere League, The Meteors, War Dance, Blue Condition and Screaming Lobsters. The gig will get underway at 11 am and run through until 8 pm, tickets for the event being set at £5.00.

GLORIA GAYNOR, who grabbed the Number One spot in the UK charts during 1979 with 'I Will Survive', is lined-up for a British tour that includes the following dates:

Chatham Central Hall (15 September), Lewisham Civic Hall (16), Southport Theatre (17), Northampton Derngate Centre (18), Middlesbrough Town Hall (19), Cardiff New Theatre (20), Barnstaple Queens Hall (21), Southampton Guildhil (22), Hatfield Forum (23), Ashton-Under-Lyme Tameside Theatre (24), Worthing Pavilion (26), Ashford, Kent, Stour Centre (30) and Slough Thames Hall (2 October). More dates are to be announced shortly.

EXPLOITED, GBH, Toy Dolls, Abrasive Wheels, DOS and Chelsea, who are billed as 'very special guests', will be playing a gig at Carlisle's Market Hall on 10 September. Tickets are priced £3.50 (on presentation of UB40 only), £4.50 on the door or £4.00 in advance from Pink Panther Records, Carlisle or, for postal applications only, from The Centre For The Unemployed, 1 Victoria Place, Carlisle, Cumbria. All cheques should be made payable to CMC Management.

GARY BYRD, the Motown rapper who recently came over to promote his 'The Crown' single returns to this country in September, when he will be appearing in concert with The Commodores.

RECORD NEWS

NEW NOUVEAUX ● KINKS ● GIRLSCHOOL

POPCORN EDITION

NEW EDITION, who scored a Number One hit in June with 'Candy Girl', have their follow-up issued by London Records this week. It's called 'Popcorn Love' and it's taken from their upcoming album which, not suprisingly, is titled 'Candy Girl'. The 12-inch format features an extended mix of the A-side and an extra instrumental track.

● **Classix Nouveaux** release their first single for a year next Monday (15) — titled 'For Ever And A Day', it comes in both seven-inch and 12-inch versions, and it's on EMI. It sees the band teaming up for the first time with producer Alex Sadkin, best known for his work with Grace Jones — he flew to London specially to produce the band's new album, from which the single is taken, and is now in Australia working on Duran Duran's upcoming LP. It also features a 14-pice string section arranged by Ann Dudley, noted for her work on ABC's 'Lexicon Of Love' album.

During the past year, Classix have been touring the world, visiting such off-beat places as Iceland, Thailand, Poland, India and Malta. Now temporarily back home, the band are planning a British tour for the autumn to coincide with the release of the LP, this time with an extended seven-piece line-up. Then they're off on their travels again.

● **The Kinks'** single 'Come Dancing' was originally released in the UK before Christmas, but got lost in the seasonal rat-race. But it's since became their biggest-ever success in the States and, having recently featured on the US section of ***Top Of The Pops*** there's renewed interest in the UK, so Arista are reissuing it this week. The B-side is 'Noise', and both tracks are Ray Davies compositions and productions.

● **Girlschool** release a new single this week. Titled '1-2-3-4- Rock And Roll', the record was produced by Ritchie Cordell and Glen Kolotkin, producers to such as Joan Jett and The Ramones, and is available in both seven-inch and 12-inch versions. The band are currently recording an album that's scheduled for worldwide release in October.

● **Rowan Atkinson,** who recently altered the course of history in BBC1s *The Black Adder*, is now on a nationwide tour. And to coincide, Asista are re-releasing the live album which he recorded on his last UK tour. The title is 'Live In Belfast'.

● **Edwin Starr,** the former Motown stalwart who's now based in Germany, returns, with a new single on the Calibre label (licensed in the UK through PRT). Titled 'Smooth' and coupled with an instrumental version of the same number, it's out this week.

● **Gonzalez** have completely remixed their track 'Closer To You', a previous disco hit, and reissue it this weekend on the Tooti Frooti label (through PRT). Featuring vocalist Janice Hoyte, it's available in 12-inch form only, and the B-side is 'Get It'.

● **Edgar Froese,** leader of Tangerine Dream, compensates for the lack of material from his band by releasing a new solo album. The Virgin LP is called 'Pinnacles', and the A-side is devoted solely to the 22-minute title track, with three further tracks on the flip side. It's issued next Monday (15).

● **Rainbow,** who'll be touring here early next month, have a couple of new Polydor releases to coincide with their outing. The single 'Street Of Dreams'/'Anybody There' is issued on 19 August, with a bonus live version of 'Power' on the 12-inch format. Their album 'Bent Out Of Shape', from which the A-side of the single is taken, follows in early September.

● **The Truth** release the follow-up to their recent hit 'Confusion' on Formation Records (through WEA) on 19 August. It's a self-penned song and one of their stage favorites called 'A Step In The Right Direction, with 'Beat Generation' as the B-side. They're at present being lined up for a string of British dates, details to be announced shortly.

● **Rod Stewart's** follow-up to his chart-topping 'Baby Jane' is another track lifted from his gold album 'Body Wishes' — his own composition 'What Am I Gonna Do'. The B-side is 'Dancin' Alone', also from the LP, while the B-side has the bonus of a live version of his international hit 'Sailing'. It's released by Warners on 19 August.

● **The Maisonettes,** best known for last year's Top Ten hit 'Heartbreak Avenue', have a new double A-side single issued this weekend by Ready, Steady, Go! It couples 'This Affair' with 'Say It Again', and there's an extra version of the former title on the 12-incher. The group are now putting the finishing touches to their album 'Maisonettes For Sale', due for autumn release.

● **Al Jarreau** has an album of some of his earlier material released next month by the Magnum Music Group, via its Blue Moon label. 'Ain't No Sunshine', it will sell at the special price of £2.99. It features song by, and in the style of, Bill Withers.

● **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts** have a new single released next week on their own Blackheart label, through MCA. It's called 'Fake Friends' and it's taken from their new album which, appropriately, is titled 'Album'. The B-side is 'Nitetime', and both tracks were co-produced by Joan.

● **The Creatures'** hit single 'Right Now' is available, from this week, in 12-inch format. In addition to the regular seven-inch versions of the A-side and 'Weathercade', it contains two bonus tracks from the 'Feast' album — 'Festival Of Colours' and 'Dancing On Glass'. It's on The Banshees' Wonderland label, through Polydor.

David — still dancing

BOWIE'S NEW 'LOVE'

DAVID BOWIE has a new single issued by EMI America on 22 August, the third to be lifted from his smash hit album 'Let's Dance' — it's called 'Modern Love', and it comes in both seven-inch and 12-inch formats. The most interesting apsect of this single is that the coupling is a live version of the same song, recorded during his recent tour.

TEST DEPT. are the latest singing to Some Bizzare. ("Well, that's the end of them", says label boss Stevo, presumably tongue in cheek). They're about to go into the studio to record their first single, which will be produced by Cabaret Voltaire. And they're planning some live dates around the country in September.

CHARLY RECORDS are to release a number of black music goodies on 26 August. Best of the bunch is the 16 track 'Look Out! . . . Louis Jordan', culled from Jordan's US Decca sides, while other essential albums are Swamp Dogg's 'Unmuzzled', T. Bone Walker's 'The Natural Blues', The Dells' 'Rockin' On Bandstand' and 'Jump Children' a 16 track compilation of material by The Orioles, The Moonglows and The Flamingos. Also released on the same date are 'Ride That Train Tonight' an album by singing drummer Matt Lucas, rockin'n'roller once famed for his involvement with Xaviera 'Happy Hooker' Hollander, and 'Rockin'n'Roll Stage Show', a reissue of Bill Haley's first live album.

CLOCK DVA, who released their album 'Advantage' earlier this year, are now bringing out a remixed version of one of the tracks as a seven-inch and 12-inch single — titled 'Breakdown', it was produced by Hugh Jones and features a new horn section. It's coupled with their version of the Velvet Underground classic 'The Black Angel's Song'. It's issued by Polydor tomorrow (Friday).

THE ROLLING STONES have a budget-price album issued this month by IMS, the import branch of Polygram — titled 'Music For The Millions', it comprises material from their first two albums. The label also releases LPs by two jazz-blues giants who died recently — 'Mud In Your Ear' by MUDDY WATERS (recorded 1973) and 'Earl Meets Sweets And Jaws' by EARL HINES, recorded live in 1978 and featuring trumpeter Harry 'Sweets' Edison and saxist Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis.

SAXA, the veteran sax player with the seemingly defunct Beat, teams up with Birmingham band Barley Wine on a new single to be issued at the end of this month. It is 'That Train'/'Heavy Manners' on West Bromwich label Black Vinyl Records, distributed by PRT.

● The now-defunct **Throbbing Gristle** have an LP called 'Editions Frankfurt — Berlin' issued this week by Illuminated Records and recorded live in those two cities, and it will be followed later in the year by the group's previously unreleased soundtrack to the Derek Jarman movie *In The Shadow Of The Sun*. From the same label comes the album 'Burnin' The Ice' by Berlin-based band **Die Haut**, which was recorded with Birthday Party vocalist **Nick Cave**.

● Whaam Records are releasing the first in a series of what they call '60s-influenced drug-crazed psychotic paraphernalia" compilations. Titled 'All For Art . . . And Art For All!!', it features **Page Boys, Direct Hits, TV Pesonalities, Doctor & The Medics** and **The Laughing Apple**, among others. Anyone with interesting tapes suitable for further albums is invited to send them to Dan, 9 Poynders Court, Poynders Road, Clapham, London SW4.

● **Cook Da Books** release their new single 'I Wouldn't Want To Knock It' on 15 August. It's the last in their trilogy of Liverpool-orientated songs, the previous two having been 'Piggie In The Middle' and 'Low Profile'. The two B-side tracks are 'Up In Smoke' and 'In Da Papers', and it's on their own Kiteland label (through IDS). The band are currently finalising a full-scale autumn tour.

● Reading label Matinee Music are reissuing the **Larry Miller** debut album 'Right, Chaps!' to tie in with the group's nationwide club tour starting this month. It's available at the reduced price of £3.50 from the company at 132 Oxford Road, Reading, Berks — and it will be on sale at just £2 at London Marquee Club, when the band headline there on 9 September.

● **Junior Walker** performs 'Love Hangover', **Martha and The Vandellas** sing 'Tracks Of My Tears' and **Diana Ross** tackles 'For Once In My Life' on an album titled 'Motown Superstars Sing Motown Superstars' a mid-price compilation released this week. Several of the tracks on the album have never previously appeared in the UK.

● A **Joe Jackson** single titled 'Cosmopolitan' comes your way courtesy of A&M on 19 August. Never previously available it stems from the soundtrack of the film *Mike's Murder*, likely to be screened here in a couple of months time.

● **Dreams** — the newly shortened name for Sweet Dreams, who represented the UK in this years's Eurovision Song Contest — have their second Ariola single released this week in both seven-inch and 12-inch formats. It's called '17 Electric (Look Out)', and it's yet another of those singles with an instrumental version on the flip side.

● **The Scene,** a band with a sizeable following on the London circuit, have signed a one-off deal with Diamond Records for the release of their new single. It couples 'Looking For Love' and 'Let Me Know', and it's out this week.

● The 12-incher 'It's Raining Men' by **The Weather Girls** is being reissued tomorrow (Friday) by CBS — because, they say, it's a brilliant single which was sadly ignored by the masses last time. And to give it an extra boost, the video of the track is also being screened tomorrow — in Channel Four's *The Switch*.

● **Viva Lula,** formerly Uropa Lula, have their single 'Dad Sings The Blues'/'Surely Three Must Be Some Mistake' issued this week by Arista. It's also available in 12-inch form, with an extended mix of the A-side.

SHAKIN' STEVENS ▼

SHAKIN' STEVENS headlines a major mid-autumn tour, taking in 29 concerts at 25 leading venues, and culminating in two London shows at the Hammersmith Odeon. His current single 'It's Late' is at present riding high in the charts, but new material will be released by Epic to coincide with his outing, which is promoted by Danny Betesh for Kennedy Street Enterprises. His itinerary comprises:

Blackpool Opera House (21 October), Scarborough Futurist (22), Liverpool Empire (23), Harrogate Centre (24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Aberdeen Capitol (27 and 28), Glasgow Apollo (29), Manchester Apollo (31), Sheffield City Hall (1 November), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Oxford Apollo (3), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (5), Bristol Hippodrome (6), Gloucester Leisure Centre (7), Cardiff St. David's Hall (8 and 9), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (10), Portsmouth Guildhall (11), Brighton Centre (12), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (13 and 14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Llandudno Astra Theatre (16), Ipswich Gaumont (18), Boston Haven Theatre (19) and London Hammersmith Odeon (20 and 21).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues and usual agents, and prices are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Harrogate); £7.50 and £6 (Llandudno and Boston); £6.50, £6 and £5.50 (Bournemouth); and £5.50 (Gloucester); £6, and £5 and £4 (Aberdeen, Oxford, Bristol, Cardiff, Ipswich and Hammersmith); and £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (all other venues).

WHITESNAKE are planning a British tour in December, and details are expected to be announced within the next few weeks. After their headlining appearance in the Castle Donington event on 20 August, they'll be topping further open-air shows throughout Europe, prior to returning to Germany to complete their new album 'Slide It In' — the LP is set for November release and two of the already completed tracks, 'Guilty O Love' and 'Gambler' have just been issued as a single.

THE MICHAEL SCHENKER Group, who recently added keyboardist Andy Nye to their line-up, commence a British tour on 10 October, when they play Nottingham's Royal Crescent Hall. Other dates are: Manchester Apollo (11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Oxford Apollo (15), Preston Guildhall (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Cardiff St David's Hall (19), Bristol Colston Hall (21), London Hammersmith Odeon (22 and 23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Sheffield City Hall (26), Leicester De Montford Hall (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Edinburgh Playhouse (30), Glasgow Apollo (31) and Newcastle City Hall (2 November). Tickets for all venues go on sale this week and are priced £5.00, £4.50 and £4.00, available from the venue box offices and usual agents. MSG, whose new album, 'Built To Destroy', is released by Chrysalis on 2 September, will be supported on the tour by Wildlife, a band headed by Simon Kirke, ex-Bad Company.

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ON PAGE 49

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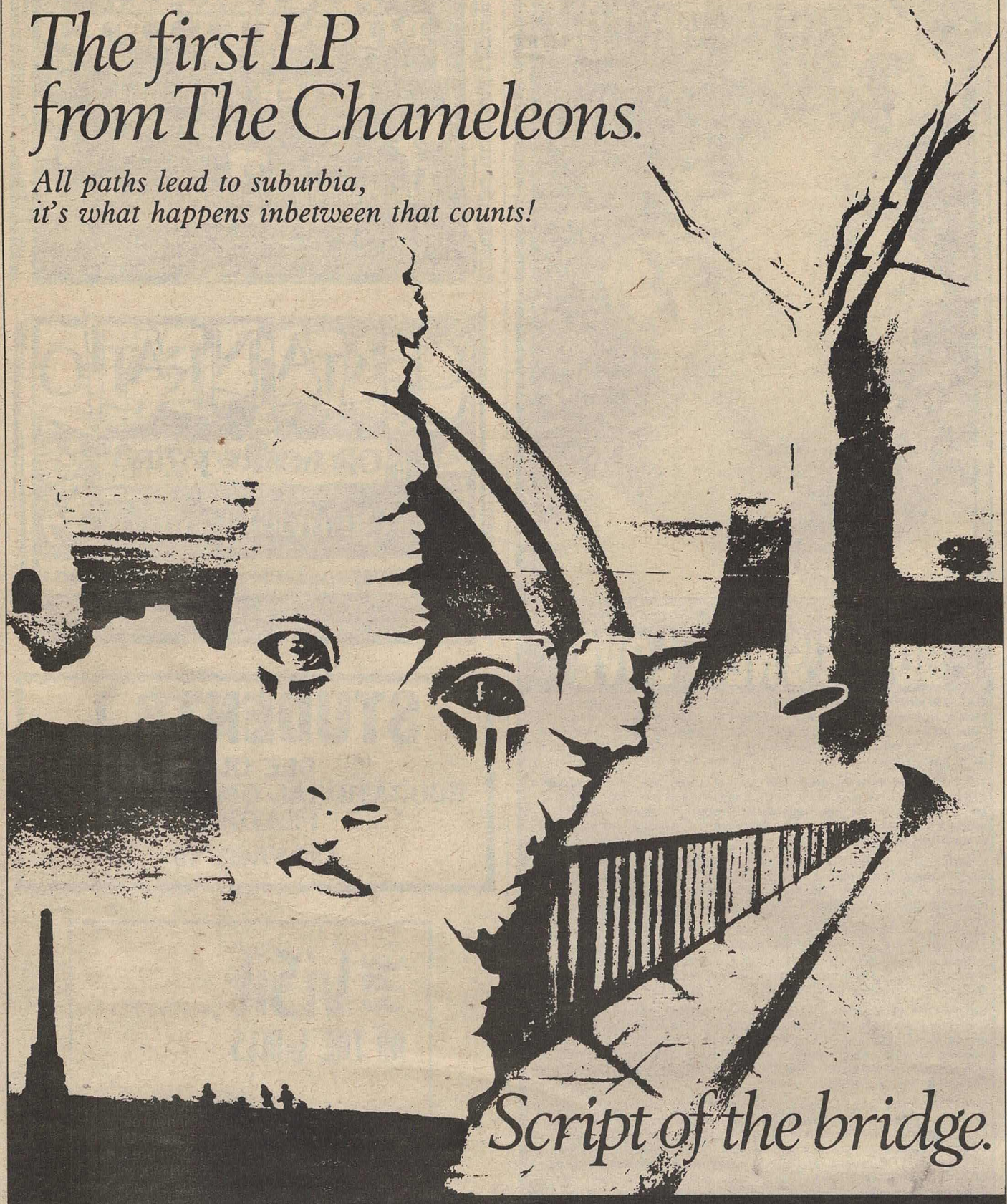

Script of the bridge.

STATIK

STAT LP17

August 14th LONDON Marquee
17th MANCHESTER Jillys
19th LIVERPOOL The System
26th LONDON Dingwalls

ON THE BOX

FROM PAGE 25

(actually it's a fawn). Expensively done. **(BBC2)**

The Group (Sidney Lumet 1966). Lumet's skilful work made this an actresses' movie of some distinction — played impeccably by Joan Hackett, Candice Bergen, Jessica Walter, Shirley Knight and Elizabeth Hatman — although the original vitriol in this study of a grads' reunion is wrongly disseminated among pointed character studies. Should make interesting comparison with Robert Altman's soon-released *Jimmy Dean.* **(BBC2)**

A Fine Romance. I can't help it, but this tidy and genteel comedy makes me laugh. Judi Dench and Michael Williams in more scenes from a courtship. **(C4)**

Invisible Agent (Edward L. Marin 1942). Loopy wartime spy meller has Jon Hall donning the cloak of invisibility — how do I think of this stuff? Peter Lorre appears as fiendish Japanese agent Rocky Rococo. **(C4)**

MONDAY AUGUST 15

Ear To The Ground. The problems of being a young athlete explained. The athletes in the *NME* football 'team' might do well to tune in . **(C4)**

The Bigamist (Ida Lupino 1953). It must be Ida Lupino week. She directs and stars as a wife who discovers husband Edmond O'Brien's other marriage to Joan Fontaine. Precisely observed and a woman's picture of exact intelligence. **(C4)**

TUESDAY AUGUST 16

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Believe it or not, this one's called *Where You Been, Fassbinder?* "Hey, I've been directing films about gays destroying each other in the ruins of post-war Germany!" **(C4)**

The Don Is Dead (Richard Fleischer 1973). Fleischer's blunt energy makes this *Godfather* rip-off seem smarter than it is. Anthony Quinn, Frederick Forrest and Robert Forster are the Mafia men struggling for the boss's seat. The backdrop of a heartless Las Vagas distracts from the more obvious cliches. **(BBC1)**

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 17

The Kentuckian (Burt Lancaster 1955). A rare shot at direction by Lancaster, but he did surprisingly well with this faintly comic tale of frontier heroics in the 1820s. Lancaster and son set out for Texas but have to plough through a welter of trouble. John McIntyre and Diana Lynn support. Akin to Nicholson's amusing *Goin' South.* **(BBC1)**

Opinions. Mike Brearley talks about confidence and sport. The footballers had better watch this too. It seems a pity that the most erudite cricketer of recent times isn't doing proper commentating, though. **(C4)**

Richard Cook

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

Those were hard times we were raised in . . . the Brixton concert last All Fools day starring Errol Dunkley, along with Toyan, Michael Prophet, Alton Ellis, Ranking Trevor, Little John, Billy Boyo and Trinity is now released as a double LP entitled 'Live At The Ace' by Tottenham imprint Body Music in lieu of 21 titles . . . **it did not do to gnash your teeth**. . . meanwhile, Alton Ellis emerges on the same label with his latest solo set 'A New Day', an eight track recording laid at Channel One and voiced in London at Easy Street, with backing vocals by Blackstones. It contains Mr Skabeana's recent hit 'Love On Top' plus yet further rendition of 'Why Birds' . . . **my soldier's metre ill became confessions** . . . also new on Body Music is a dub excursion with Roots Radics invigorating 'Roots Splashdown' for producer Nkrumah Jah Thomas . . . **lamentations** . . . latest pre include: African Star, 'You Too Rude' (Sounds Of Muzik); Donald Jackson, 'Give Me Your Love' (Black Tone); Wayne Wade, 'Try Again'/'More Roses' (WKS); Edi Fitzroy, 'Love The People Want' (Musical Ambassador); Brent Dowe, 'Fancy Dress' (Crazy Joe) . . . **grief** . . . every Wednesday in style and fashion at Willow Club, Amhurst Road, N16 — 8pm to 1am — sound like Gemi-Magic with three the hard way mike MC: Daddy Tony, Papa *B* and Pepper Gussy + (Danny) Casanova with various DJs. Ladies free before 10pm . . . **but today I am sad as I think of you** . . . on Friday at the PSV Club, Clayburn Road (off Royce Road). Hulme in Manchester live onstage Captain Sinbad and Ranking Trevor. Sounds by Marvic from Leeds plus Bushman International . . . **I long for you** . . . a grand supper dance and fashion show is held this Saturday at the Tottenham Hotspur banqueting suite, 748 High Road, N17 — 8pm till 2am — with music by Count Brooks Hi-Fi. Tickets: 01-808 3926 . . . **and am no worse for that** . . . and at the New Ambassador Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1 on Saturday is held a sizzling sports and beachwear party — 8pm to 2am — with music by Killer Joe plus PA by Simplicity singing their new single 'Let's Rock'. Tickets £4 on 01-249 4937. . . **but still no pain comes through** . . . early session every Sunday — 7pm to 11 — at the Flowerpot Pub, St Ann's Road, Tottenham, N15 with resident sounds by Fatman Hi-Power and Java Hi-Fi Adm: £2 . . . **the thumping rhythm** . . . on show at the Africa Centre Gallery, 38 King Street, WC2 Monday to Friday, 10am to 5.30pm until September 2 are the paintings of Moyo Okediji from Oshogbo, Nigeria. . . **of my ironclad verse**. . .

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7.30 pm – Midnight
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La Coçina provides the food
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Upstairs part of the Haçienda closed Monday Nights
Wednesday 17th August
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SATURDAY 27th AUGUST
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MARILLION
SUZI QUATRO
MAGNUM
From Ireland
MAMA'S BOYS
HEAVY PETTIN'
LEE AARON
FORTUNE
CRAZY ANGEL
SPECIAL GUESTS from USA
STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE
SPECIAL GUESTS ANVIL from Canada

SUNDAY 28th AUGUST
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SPECIAL GUESTS from USA
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STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL
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IN CONCERT WITH
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
BASKING SHARKS- RADIATION
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RADAR ANGELS
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY 11th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bournemouth The Academy: **Animal Nightlife**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Cheriton White Lion: **No Surrender**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Gents (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester St. Mary's Arts Centre: **The Orphans of Babylon/Foolish Empires/Irrelevant Time**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Major Setback Band**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Derby Smithy's Wine Bar: **Duo Nova**
Dunfermline Northern Roadhouse: **Sophisticated Boom Boom**
Durness Village Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Jack Bruce & Friends/Blues 'N' Trouble**
Ferryhill King's Head: **Free-Zone**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Er-Kallors**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Jason Bonham's Air-Race**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **School Report**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **David Essex**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Yes Sir**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Smiths**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Seducer/Honour Among Thieves**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Chris Biscoe-Danilo Terenzi Group**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Republic**
London Camden Dingwalls: **A.P.B./Baby Go Boom**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Virgin Prunes/Sisters Of Mercy**
London Camden Palace (midnight): **Sisters Of Mercy**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Carol Grimes Band & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Eric Bogosian (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Heartbeats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kahuna Dream/Ghost/Ozzie Ozell/Cubic Wise**
London Fulham King's Head: **Career In Commerce/The Chase**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Pyewackett**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Misfits/The Gallery**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Dance Hall Style**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Jungle (at The Sunset): **The NoGoodniks**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Steve Ross (until August 20)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Blue Moon Boys**
London Marquese Club: **Beki Bondage's Ligotage**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Fufu & Lightsoup**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The London Cowboys**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Norman Britton Big Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lafertin/Tommy Whittle Trio**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.40pm): **Biting Tongues**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Armoury Show/Eyeless In Gaza**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Little Sister/Laughing Sam's Dice**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Le Lu-Lu's**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **The Bouncing Czechs**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Andy Watson Quartet**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Andalusian Dog/In Easter House/The Fog**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Heretic**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **4 Minute Warning**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Meteors**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Lords Of The New Church**
Southport Follies: **Quasar**
South Shields Banwells Club: **The Nerve**
Sunderland The Mayfair: **The Toy Dolls**
Wakefield Heppy's Club: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Maelstrom**
Wokingham Angie's: **Between The Sheets**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Worcester Waterside Club: **I.Q./Tamarisk**

FRIDAY 12th

Bath Moles Club: **The Europeans**
Birmingham The Hummingbird: **The Medium Wave Band/Beshara**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Lords Of The New Church**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Ken Ellis**
Brighton Alhambra: **Time Begins**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Meteors/Bone Orchard/The Fresh Fish Band**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Yes Sir**
Chester Angels: **The Action Transfers**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cropredy (Oxon) Open-Air: **Richard Thompson Big Band/Eavesdropper/Jon Benns**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's: **The Nerve**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Questions/A Craze**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **David Essex**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **The Chameleons**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Equalizers/Freak Electric**
Glasgow The Venue: **Chasar**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Airbridge**
Harrow The Roxborough: **The B'Zukas**
Hereford Port Hall: **Forrest**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Stax**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **A.P.B.**
Liverpool Royal Court Theate: **Cabaret Voltaire**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Dirty Strangers/The Downbeats**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Red Cloud**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack/The Snatch**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Omega Tribe/Youth In Asia/Burning Rhythm**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rhino Edwards**
Lodon Fulham Greyhound: **The Mob/The Alternative/D&V**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Otway Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Head Of State**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Time Dance/Nick Tochic/To Be Continued**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Sunwind Music**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Passions**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Hot House**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Inmates**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lafertin/Hot Club Of London**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.45pm): **Jah Warrior**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jazz Sluts**
London W.11 Portobello Theatre (Coalville Arms): **Attila The Stockbroker/Wet Paint Theatre/Little Dave/Swift Nick**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Divine Inspiration**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Peech Boys**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Ex-Directory**
Melton Mowbray Barketone Sports Club: **Fallen Angels/East Park/Assassin**
Oxford Old Fire Station Arts Cente: **Esmond Selwyn/Don Rendell Quartet**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Reading Horse & Barge Bar: **Warm Snorkel**
Salisbury Fisherton Conservative Club: **The Press**
Stromness (Orkney) Academy Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Reactors**

SATURDAY 13th

Andover Country Bumpkin: **Forrest**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **The Meteors**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Other Side Of The Fence**
Bradford University (from noon): **The Three Johns/The Spectre/Toyz/Skeletal Family/Fatal Charm/Seething Wells/Little Brother etc.**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Birds With Ears/C & H Productions**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Ghost Shirts/Desperate Dan & The Defectors**
Cheriton White Lion: **The Record Players**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **Sunglasses After Dark**
Cropredy (Oxon) Open-Air: **Fairport Convention/The Albion Band/Arizona Smoke Revue/Vin Garbutt/Blowzabella/Maxi & Mitch**
Croydon The Cartoons: **Little Sister**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Supercharge**
Edinburgh Traverse Theate: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
Hertford Woolpack Club: **Gothique**
Kirkwall Orkney Arts Theate: **Boys Of The Lough**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Goodnight Forever**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Loughborough Hotel: **Soul Assistants/Giggly Pillows/Household Names/Pedro**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Musawa & The Bushmasters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Frank Chickens/The Impossible Dreamers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finchley Rd. Castle Club: **Montage Real Estate**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers/Reset**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Stax Bodene & The Horizontals/Red Brick Houses**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Opposition/Item 5**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Time Dance**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Blackbottom Stompers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band (lunchtime)/New Era Band (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lafertin/Danny Moss Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Tottenham Mecca Ballroom: **The Nerve**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **New Vaudeville Band**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **TV Personalities/The Committee/Jasmine Minks/Belinda Blanchard**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Ozzie & The Zappas**
Milton Keynes Peartree Cente: **English Rogues**
Newcastle City Hall: **David Essex**
Newcastle (Cowgate) Ord Arms: **The Equalizers/New Kicks**
New Malden Manor Park Pavilion: **Here & Now/The Trudy**
Norwich Theatre Royal (Studio Theatre): **Low Profile**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Retford Porterhouse: **Saracen**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton (Shirley) The Crown: **The Press**
Stamford Scotgate: **Rendezvous**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Larry Miller**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues with Johnny Mars**

SUNDAY 14th

Ashford The Crusader: **The Allykats**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Ed's U Win (lunchtime)/The Drivers (evening)**
Dublin Phoenix Park: **U2/Eurythmics/Simple Minds/Steel Pulse**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Trevor Burton Band**
Eastbourne Diplocks: **The Press**
Folkestone White Lion: **Maroondogs**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **The Questions/A Craze**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **David Essex**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ian Hunt & Jay Stapley's Living Daylites**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Common Bandstand (lunchtime): **Blowzabella**
London Clapham Common Bubble Theatre: **The Republic**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **G.I. Orange/The Repto Sexuals**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Websters**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Rae James Quintet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers/Gaz's Sound**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park (3pm): **Arizona Smoke Revue**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Red Beans & Rice (lunchtime)/Ruby Turner Band (evening)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Peter Neighbour Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Dynamite Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Mike Smith Big Band (lunchtime)/West End Stompers (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fapy Lafertin/Denny Wright**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Alternative/Anti Sect**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Fufu & Lightsoup**
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Sid Burns & The D.A.'s**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Cambridge City Jass Band**
London W.C.1 (Chenies Street) Drill Hall: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Mexborough Northgate Disco: **The Nerve**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Larry Miller**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Normal Bias/The Stand**
Peterborough The Gladstone: **Rendezvous**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Toni Bunnell/Dave Hughes**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Sutton Secombe Centre: **Juvessance**
Weymouth Pavilion: **Chas & Dave**
Wokingham Angie's: **Red Beans & Rice**

MONDAY 15th

Birmingham The Hummingbird: **The Mad Professor/Ranking Anne**
Brighton Dome: **Chas & Dave**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Barflies**
Harrogate The Centre: **David Essex**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Cabaret Voltaire**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Frank Slob & The Slobettes/Double Indemnity/Emotional Spies**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Honor Hefferman & Group (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Quasar**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scorched Earth/Peacock Parade**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Snobwind/The Vinegarettes/Winter Trees/Adventures In Colour**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Eko Eko/The Souvenirs**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Sun Wind**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Charts**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.45pm): **The Dial Tones**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **The Pop Stars**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Forrest (until Wednesday)**
Worcester Waterside Club: **Rendezvous**

TUESDAY 16th

Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Silver Sovereign**
Billingham Swan Hotel: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trick Of The Light**
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
Hanley Odeon: **David Essex**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Seducer**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **The Volcanoes/P.S.O.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Passion Puppets**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Bonanza Bros**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Swerve**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tim Haines Heartwave**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Icemon/Bantus**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Our Heroes**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Fufu & Lightsoup**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **E-Types**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Questions/A Craze**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ian Bellamy/Dave Suttle Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southbank Purcell Room: **Dick Gaughan/Cilla Fisher & Artie Trezise/Alistair Anderson**
London W.1 (Dean St) The Pipeline at Gossips: **Silent Rights**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Martin Simpson**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
St. Margaret's (Dover) Red Lion: **No Surrender**

WEDNESDAY 17th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **30 Footers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Tickles (1 in 12 Club): **Daktari/Mr. Soft**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hotshots**
Derby The Birdhouse: **The Link-Men**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Reset**
Leeds Brannigans: **Tenpole Tudor/The Crash**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Junk/Ghost**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Death Cult**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Blue Rhythm Boys**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Yip Yip Coyote/El Trains**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Laughing Sam's Dice/Red Guitars**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hearts A Gas/Mercenary Skank**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Rockets**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.1 The Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London N.15 The Fox: **Animals, Birds & Reptiles**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **L'Age D'Or**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Pegg's Cocktail Cowboys**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John R.T. Davies Band**
London Southbank Purcell Room: **Alistair Anderson/Liam O'Flynn**
London Southgate Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Poor Boys**
London W.1 (Fouberts Place) The Batcave: **Alien Sex Fiend**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yes Sir**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Einsturzende Neubauten**
Manchester Jillies: **The Chameleons**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Scarab**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **David Essex**
Nottingham Rock City: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Rendezvous**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Chas & Dave (until Friday)**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Solitaire: **The Meteors**
Wakefield Hellfire Club: **Under Two Flags**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **English Rogues**

Cabs tour: the ayes have it

CABARET VOLTAIRE are not the most regular of tourists, so this week is really something of an occasion, because they're making one of their rare sorties – and you won't be surprised to learn that it coincides with the release of their new album, titled 'The Crackdown'. Initial dates are at Manchester (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Sheffield (Sunday), Leeds (Monday) and Nottingham (Wednesday) . . . THE QUESTIONS and A CRAZE are the double headers of a mini-Respond package which, appropriately, undertakes a mini-tour with dates at Dudley (Friday), Glasgow (Sunday) and London 100 Club (Tuesday) . . . Also going on the road are CHAS & DAVE, who open their 'Bucket & Spade' tour at Weymouth on Sunday. FAIRPORT CONVENTION's fourth annual reunion, at Cropredy (near Banbury) in Oxfordshire, is the main outdoor event – with RICHARD THOMPSON's all-star big band headlining on Friday evening, and Fairport themselves appearing in the day-long Saturday show. Interesting one-off shows in London include THE VIRGIN PRUNES (Electric Ballroom), the debut of Beki Bondage's new band LIGOTAGE (Marquee) and Richard Jobson fronting THE ARMOURY SHOW (The Venue), all on Thursday. Also, THE PASSIONS play their first London gig for a year at the Marquee (Friday), and the DEATH CULT are at Brixton Ace (Wednesday).

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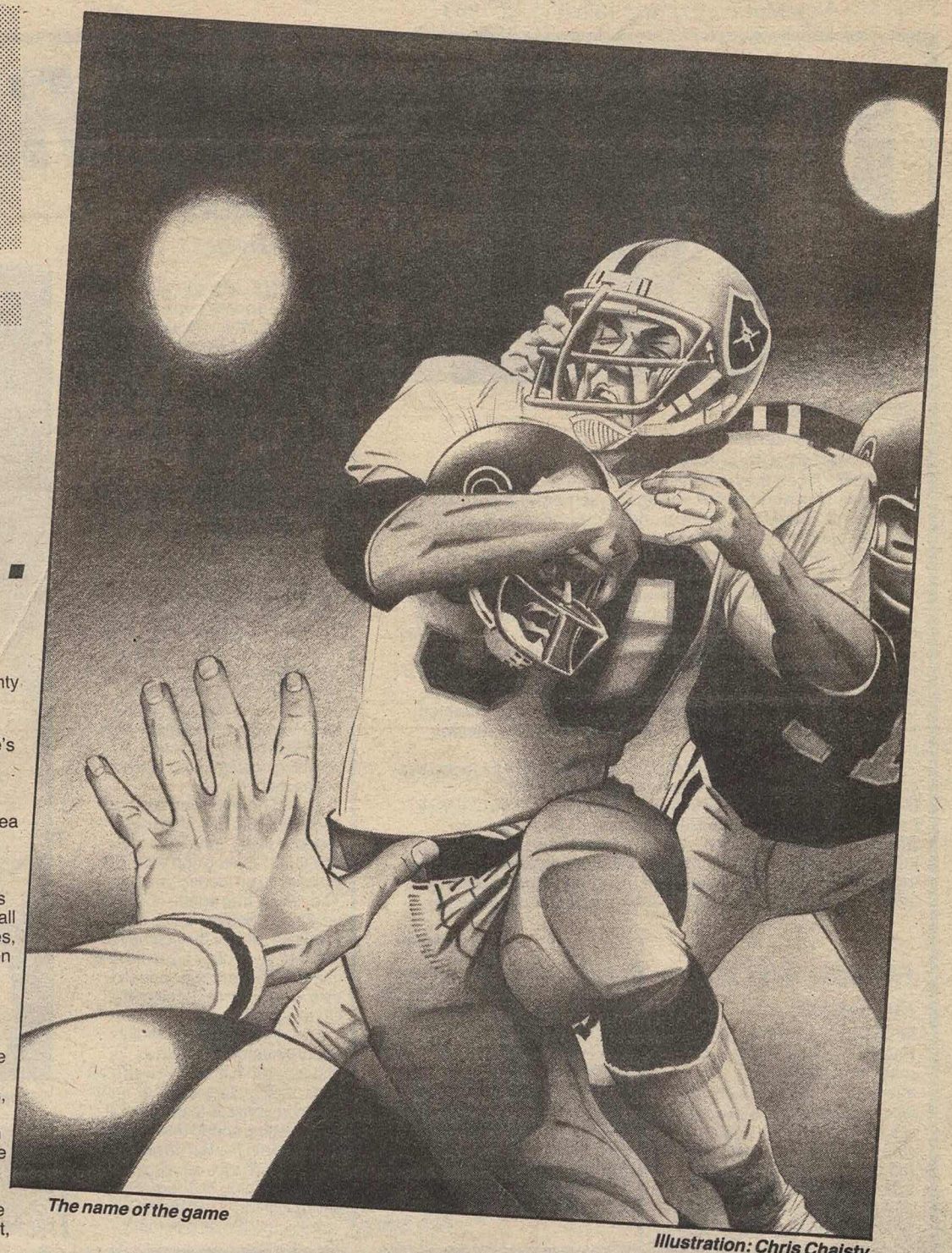
LIVE

OVERPAID, OVERSIZED...



The name of the game

Illustration: Chris Chaisty

THE GLOBAL CUP: MINNESOTA VIKINGS vs ST LOUIS CARDINALS

Wembley Stadium

THE FINAL SCORE, of course, was academic.

Long before the final second slipped silently into decimal oblivion, the Vikings had the match sewn up; a 70 yard punt-return touchdown by Rufus Bess midway through the fourth quarter merely capping a display of all-round superiority which left the Cardinals' defense in tatters and their sassy quintet of cheerleaders wilting. Even legendary names like Ottis Anderson and Joe Bostic in the Cardinal's offense squad couldn't compensate for the poor performance of quarterbacks Neil Lomax and Rusty Lisch, both of whom seemed intent on giving away possession whenever the Cardinals came within spitting distance of the Vikings' end zone, a rare occurence to begin with.

At least, that's the way it seemed to me.

On a much deeper level, too, the final score was academic. The level is the one where International Promotions Ltd coughed up a sum well into seven figures to stage the first top-class American Football game on British soil, to see whether an inherently xenophobic nation could stomach the complexities of an alien pastime *and make it pay.* In the event, only 32,847 paying customers turned up — a great deal of them American expatriates and GI Jones from Air Force bases, judging by the vocals on display. By my reckoning, that leaves IPL with a hefty loss, even allowing for American TV sales. This may well turn out to be the *only* top-class American Football game staged in ths country . . .

As a spectacle, this match left something to be desired after the bunting and breast-beating of the Superbowl. Outside the confines of the TV screen, the opposing teams of cheerleaders seemed dwarfed by the occasion, little muppets vainly straining for attention against the onfield battle; the Vikings' cheerleaders showed early on the difficulty they have in actually spelling "VIKINGS" – though, to be fair, I don't suppose an IQ test forms an important part of the audition for the job.

The game itself, too, suffers in comparison to the televised version. The stop / start rhythms of the play (which lasts an hour, but somehow stretches out to three and a half) lend themselves perfectly to TV telescoping: Pro Ball is one of the few sports that actually profits from the box treatment, being the ultimate physical strategy game (sort of chess on legs), the deep appreciation of which depends on endless action replays from every conceivable angle unearthing dummy runs and feints of pre-planned brilliance. Isolated from such hindsight each play flashes past in a blur of bone-crunching, apparently chaotic violence which, as soon as it's started, stops. There's plenty of time spare to eat, drink and be distracted.

Things are complicated considerably by the seemingly inexhaustible supply of players: there's an offense team (11 players, each with two replacements), a defense team (ditto), a special kicking squad, several "specialists" of functions mysterious, and quite probably a team to make tea at half-time. How on earth a gridiron footballer becomes a star is beyond me, unless, like John Riggins in this year's Superbowl, he does the whole thing almost single-handed. The real stars are the quarterbacks – the guys who throw the ball so far, and fast, and accurately – and the coaches, sideline Karpovs pitting wits and wills for hours on end.

If American Football were ever introduced to Britain on a sizeable scale, it could help the unemployment problem no end. Besides the dozens of players on the field and lounging at the side (67 for the Cardinals, 73 for the Vikins — is this fair?), there's several dozen more tacticians, cheerleaders, referees, linesmen, markers and more necessary before a ball is kicked or a groin kneed. Those searching for some insight into the American character need look no further than these numbers, or this violence, or the band playing the *Thunderbirds* theme at the end of the first quarter, but only the witless would dwell on it, just as only the witless would complain about a piece of grass (I think the phrase is "hallowed turf") being used for something new.

Like all games which encapsulate a national character, it has its own language, which is not the same as saying it has its own rules; the cheerleaders form part of this language, as does the padding that the players wear, the sheer enormity of the event, and so on. And whereas a foul is defined within the rules, what strange grammar determines the way in which it's signalled, the curiously effeminate insult of flinging a yellow hankie at the offending player? Your guess, as they say, is probaby twice as good as mine . . .

It's little things like this that separate the adherents from the observers. In the Wembley press box – a glorious view, for sure – it was possible to contrast the bemused fascination of the British press with the knowledgeable comments of their US counterparts, who come prepared with opera glasses for detailed observation; even I have to admit there's something deeply romantic about a cigar-chewing Matthau lookalike chomping off phrases like "That Dils sure telegraphs his passes, huh?"

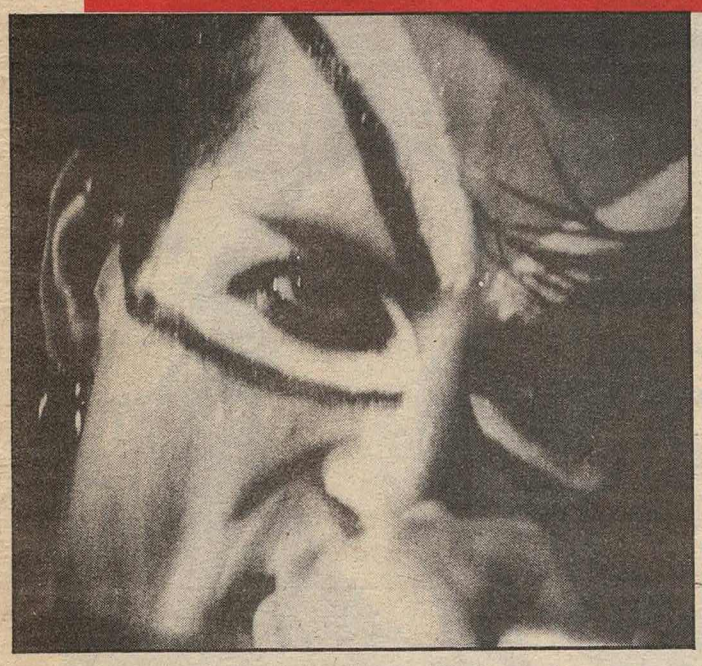
So what am I left with from this unique occasion? A few game-play memories like Rufus Bess' punt-return touchdown, a batch of great American names like Craig Puki, Randy Love (is there any other kind?) and Tootie Robbins (now how do you suppose a fellow gets a name like *that*?), an extremely expensive souvenir programme, and a ream of sheets of detailed play summaries which some kind person kept dropping on the hacks' desks every half-hour or so, relieving one of the onerous duty of actually taking notes on the game. (This could, I suggest, be easily adapted for pop concerts, leaving reviewers free to languish in the bar whilst some poor soul typed out essential information like "Le Bon sang 'Planet Earth', turned back on audience, farted".)

The final score, for those that care. was Minnesota Vikings 28, St Louis Cardinals 10. And International Promotions Ltd minus a few hundred grand.

Way to go!

Andy Gill

. . . AND OVER HERE!



Andi *Pic: Lawrence Watson*

HOT HEAD OR COOL JERK?

SEX GANG CHILDREN

London Marquee

HOW REFRESHING! At the end of a hot night at the rocking Marquee, what better than a quick drenching to cool down a hot-headed heathen such as your scribe, and how nice of Sex Gang Children to oblige with a pint of water. Slosh! Shame half of it went over their own press agent.

There I was, about to thank them when I detected an irate little voice somewhere around navel level. Looking down I saw little Andi skipping around in a great state of agitation, looking as if he'd tightened his hair bun a touch too tightly.

"Are you Don Watson?" he asked, stabbing a finger in my direction. "That's me!" I replied, dripping in a vaguely amused fashion. "Get out of here!" he ordered ludicrously as The Marquee cleared. It had actually not occurred to me to stay in the place overnight, "We don't want your sort of scum around here," continued agitated Andi leaving me wondering just why they employ said soaked press agent to pester scum like me into attending their miserable little events. "We don't want you to write about us. Don't write anything!" – Well, if you say so lads, I mean I'm only here to please.

Then, as quick as they'd come, the brave Sex Gang worriors had beetled off into the crowd, leaving a largely bemused collection of fans looking at this soaking figure. "Don't write anything about this is your review," one of them implored. "This is nothing to do with what they do on stage," one girl continued, begging my indulgence for the childish behaviour of her heroes. I ask you, would I allow such pathetic personal threats interfere with my impression of a gig — you bet I bloody would!

Actually I'd thought they were rather good. As I was just telling a fan before the noble gang appeared they were competent but unimaginative. There was no insight in their performance, no semblance of wit, but a supremely efficient, perfectly tuned rock machine. Sex Gang Children perform their function superbly, that being to provide sufficient doses of energy and a solid enough beat to have minor hysteria to, and generally keep people entertained until the next vanguard comes along.

Above all, this band are brilliant for the "chicken wardance", the tribal dance that starts with a static stamping and develops to a manic elbow flashing thrashing, stopping at the end of every song only to pick up again on the next drum tide.

When it comes to originality, though, the fans I spoke to didn't seem to disagree with me when I concluded that there wasn't a lot. All it came down to was a difference of opinion in just who it was that Sex Gang were imitating. I started with the Sex Pistols, they started with The Ants and we reached a compromise somewhere in the region of Killing Joke.

My great grouse, though, was that Sex Gang Children fail to realise the whole *stupidity* of this process. To me that's an essential precondition of the worthwhile rock band from The Birthday Party to The Sisters Of Mercy. Christ, even Killing Joke

So we get this clumsy revue type event and a band with a severe identity problem. Their fans still clamour for the rockism they've made their rallying standard, but the Gang have gone off the whole idea. Result — instability, and in a position of instability what better than to establish a common enemy, and so — SLOSH! — they take their escape in giving me a soaking. Pathetic, boys, pathetic.

The supposed strength they project is just an illusion, underneath they're just an insecure bunch incapable of entering into a reasoned argument. If you've got any sense, boys, I'd love to see you display it, otherwise it's just going to be a great pleasure watching you sink into obscurity.

Don Watson

LIVE

SUNSET GUN

Glasgow The Venue

ONCE THEY were the only two good things about The Jazzateers. Then they were the vocal edge on Bourgie Bourgie. And *then*, with nothing but a song in their hearts and some second-hand dresses, Deirdre and Louise became Sunset Gun and went out into the big, wide world.

Deirdre and Louise have one outstanding attribute — the only one they need. They can sing. Oh boy, can they sing! Coming from the city so far infamous for the vocal mumblings, moanings and twitterings of Collins, Claire and Kerr etc it is a delightful surprise to see two girls with decidedly more '*chant*' than '*euse*'. Louise has a high, clear voice with a pure tone which moves into piercing on some of the higher notes. Puts a tingle down the spine. It's complemented by Deirdre's rather huskier harmonies in songs which they describe as classics with a proud smile, parading their musical taste and flexing their vocal muscle.

The weary, weary world of the cover version fixes a jaded eye on their backing band, Red October, who are both inappropriate and clumsy in their versions of songs like Nick Lowe's "Peace, Love And Understanding" and The Love Affair's "Everlasting Love". I'd put a hex on the bass guitarist just for starters. The great shame is that these girls don't write their own songs, a handicap even if they show good taste in other people's and execute them with devastating accuracy.

Andrea Miller

PASSION PUPPETS

Sunset Club

IMAGINE BEING a member of the Passion Puppets. All those rehearsals on Saturday afternoons not to mention all those new styles to assimilate.

However, despite all these music biz distractions they still manage to remain reasonably true to their roots, side two of 'Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars' to the precise. All that mime! The singer must be worn out after the gig, probably too tired even to reap the rewards of the adoring fans afterwards. (A lot of their friends seemed to be at the Sunset Club tonight.)

Of course, some songs were better than others — probably a single in there somewhere. (Yes, that right, 'Like Dust' — out on Stiff, in your shops now) And they didn't miss a note throughout, even during grimaces.

Abe Smith

POP RENEES

THE GYMSLIPS

Brixton Fridge

THE GYMSLIPS are most definitely a punky pop band. And punky pop, when it was bad, was very, very bad. But when it was good, it was — GABBA GABBA HEY!

Welcome to the dive . . . In the half-empty murk of the Fridge, three denim-clad figures silently take the stage. A fourth spends about teh minutes trying to plug in a synthesiser; as it turns out, this instrument is hugely inaudible for the rest of the set. The Gymslips (guitar, bass, drums and silent synth) hit that first chord.

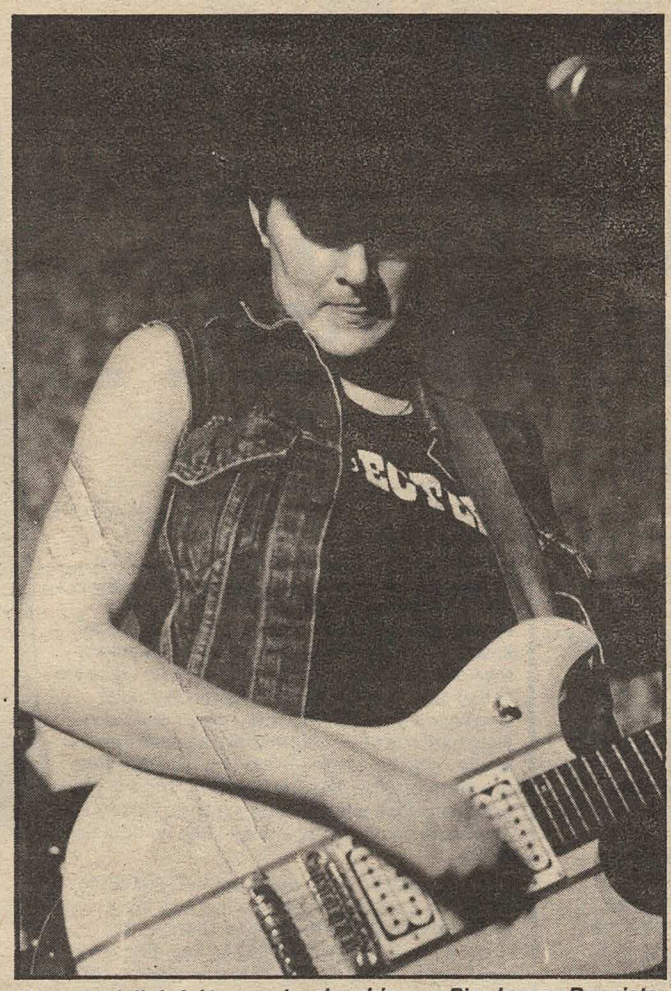
Tonight a ghost walks the earth and it's wearing a Rezillos T-shirt. Tonight I am inspired to do the Mud Walk (but nobody notices). Tonight I was taken back to a time when every chord was a new experience . . . tonight (I can't keep this up much longer). The Gymslips nearly burst out laughing onstage, and who can blame them?

True, The Gymslips were let down by a murky sound that reduced every song from their delightful LP 'Rocking With The Renees' to an identichord bop. They were, true again, not on for very long (though maybe it just felt that way). But for the first half of their set, and a little bit at the end, this was the best pop concert I ever went to (and I've seen the Undertones!)

They plagiarise beautifully — every influence blended in impeccably — and stir it with their bass, their guitars and their tight-lipped keyboards to produce a pop-rivetting sound that would make Martin Fry turn in his videotack. In their songs you can hear something of Sham 69, without Jimmy Pursey's lousy voice, lousy slogans or lousy singing; you can hear Blondie doing 'Picture This' so fast you'd think Kim Wilde had shot her brother and returned to the path of righteousness; but most of all you can hear the best original sound in town (and I've seen Gary Glitter!)

Was it the nicest thing that ever happened to me? No, but Pete Shelley doesn't happen every day (and I've seen the Buzzcocks!)

David Quantick



The most delightful tongue in showbiz *Pic: Jeremy Bannister*

RUDDY THOMAS
BOB ANDY

London Dominion

A FULSOME reception and polished performance crowns this appearance by Ruddy Thomas before a full house at Tottenham Court Road last Saturday. Following his previous visits to this country in a support role to Dennis Brown, the singer steps into his own here with an act that has them crowding the aisles in approbation.

His music is not quite to my own taste — Ruddy Thomas is very much a ladies man as the majority of females in the audience testifies — and here tonight chiefly to witness the return to stage of Bob Andy after more than five years' self enforced exile.

The wait is hardly worth it. Looking uncomfortable and wrought, he performs a handful of songs, including his latest single 'Honey' and the remainder 'Songbook' material — ie 'Feeling Soul', 'Life', 'I'm Going Home' and 'True Experience' — while the band generates muddy accompaniment and even the lighting engineer fails to provide proper focus. A disappointment.

By contrast, Ruddy Thomas dispels fears of further mishap. Dressed in a white suit and possessing an urbane microphone manner, he renders 'Come Back To Paradise', 'Just One Moment Away', 'Mercy Mercy Me' and the popular 'Nice And Easy', while his band which features guitarist Earl Smith, the extrovert bass antics of Rikky Barnett and a horn section led by Deadly Headley, swings crisply.

Following 'Deja Vu' and 'I'm So Lonely', he is joined by Susan Cadogan for their duet 'You Make Me Feel Brand New', concludes with 'Every Day Is Just A Holiday', 'Loving Pauper' as encore, 'Key To The World'.

This last brings down the house, and as the lights go up we file out into the West End night and are soon swallowed up in the soft parade.

Penny Reel

IT SURE BEATS BONKING

TEENAGE LOVE CULT! Beneath the shiny world of pop lurks a steamy, seamy, sordid teenage cult. Gathering in the bowels of the rotting metropolis, a secret sect indulges its fevered fantasies. These twisted teens have turned their back on simple pleasures — love bites, one night stands and parliamentary democracy — and dabble instead with dark, ungodly forces, fire extinguishers and bales of hay.

We uncover this squalid underworld — the sex, the filth, the degradation. Pictures by Lawrence Watson. *A LIVE! PHOTO SPECIAL.*

Above: *SECRET! "King" Kurt orchestrates sinister masonic salutes.*
Below: *SICK "Eddie" simulates sex in a straw-doggy stylee.*
Top right: *SPOTTY! "Cult" King Kurt – victim of a backstreet tattoo artist.*

Above: *SAUCY! The climax of the ritual. King "Kurt" brings on the rubber punishment cap.*
Top left: SHAPELY! "Eddie" Tenpole shows a leg.

TENPOLE TUDOR
KING KURT

Brixton Ace

WELL IT beats rucking . . .

Playing to an audience covered in slime, and ready for more, King Kurt blew the lid off the Ace. The aptly named Smeggy, frontman and vocalist, blasted onstage belching fire, his body covered in turps like a strange tattoo. The band burst into a Cramps style number, sort of snot-a-billy. Smeggy bitched and camped his way around the stage, arms and legs jerking everywhere . . .

Between songs, his witty repartee (eg "You poofs, poofs, poofs") kept everyone on their toes. The set encompassed a calypso-style song where Smegs turned a fire extinguisher on the audience, who promptly grabbed it and soaked him. Back to serious business and a bit of a sing-and-wave-along, with fireworks exploding and the fridge standing ominously onstage bursting into flames. The sax, three guitars, drums and singer all became engulfed in smoke, as the band lurched into a number which showcased an Al Jolson vocal and Smeggy chucking dead rabbits and chicks into the crowd . . .

Oh and girls, Bauhaus and Roman Holliday may not wear socks, but Smegs doesn't wear underpants (which he proved with an intimidating full-frontal.)

After that, Tenpole had to play knowing that the highpoint of the evening was already settled. Eddie pranced onstage to the strains of French accordian music, and the group launched into the wildest ceilidh music I've ever heard – an accordion, fiddle, three guitars and drummer all playing punk meets Hank Williams meets The Chieftains at top speed . . .

Luckily, I'd already been blown too far apart by the fab King Kurt to care.

Lindsay Shapero

NME's 2ND ANNUAL PHOTO COMPETITION SPONSORED BY PHOTOMARKETS AND OLYMPUS

PICTURE THIS

Quite simply – this is your last opportunity to become rich and famous for this is the *third* and *final* week of *NME*'s 2nd Annual Photography Competition. Those sure-shot who've checked out the previous two edition's of *NME* are already well on the case, but for those late-arrivals here's the winning scam. read *all* the rules carefully, submit (no more than three) entries of *the kind of photographs you'd expect to see within the boundaries of NME's familiar pictorial content – music or related youth culture subjects*, mail them off as instructed and special hand-picked, keen-eyed, house-trained professional experts will select the ultimate top of the shots.

The panel of judges will include: *NME's* own Pennie Smith, Neil Spencer (Editor, *NME*), Barry Taylor (Managing Direct of Olympus Cameras), Geoff Ash (Public Relations for Olympus), Barry Young (Managing Director of Photomarkets (UK) Ltd) and Roy Carr (*NME*).

1st PRIZE:
An Olympus OM-30 50/1.8 SLP (£175)
£150 worth of additional Olympus photographic equipment
An Olympus X-01 Pearlcorder Microcassette (£55)

2ND PRIZE:
An Olympus OM-20 50/1.8 SLR (£145)

3RD PRIZE:
An Olympus OM-10 50/1.8 SLR (£110)

4TH PRIZE:
An Olympus XA 35mm Compact (£75)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Entry to this competition does *not* automatically grant photographers official *NME* privileges to obtain photo passes for any concerts held at any venues either here or abroad. Furthermore, *New Musical Express* cannot, under any circumstances, obtain any official photo passes on behalf of any would-be competition entrants.

If for any reason, an entrant takes any photographs during a public performance without first obtaining permission from either the artist or the promoter, then *NME* cannot be held in any way responsible for any cameras, equipment or film impounded as a result. Neither correspondence or telephone conversation will be entered into concerning the aforementioned subject.

– The Editor

A study of mane cropping Bunnymen style. Picture cropping courtesy of Anton Corbijn.

RULES OF ENTRY

1) The competition is open only to *amateur* photographers — those who *don't* make their living as photographers.
2) All entries must be submitted in the form of 10" x 8" black & white prints. *No* Polaroids, colour transparencies, contact sheets or negatives will be considered.
3) Entries are only valid if accompanied by an official entry form which *must* be fixed to the back of each print submitted. A maximum of three prints from each entrant is allowed.
4) We regret we are unable to return entries. *NME* reserve the right to keep any entry photographs that might be suitable for publication on their files for up to six months. If used, payment will be made at our usual rates.
5) Whilst every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post or elsewhere.
6) Copyright remains the property of the entrant but *New Musical Express*, Photomarkets (UK) Ltd and Olympus Optical (UK) Ltd reserve the right to reproduce any entry at the usual rates of payment. If an entry has won a prize, no fee will be paid.
7) The decision of the judge is final and no correspondence can be entered into during and after the competition.
8) The competition closes on 7 September, 1983 and *no* entries will be accepted after that date.
9) All entries must *not* have been published or offered for publication elsewhere or entered in any other current competition.
10) This competition is open to all readers in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printers of *NME*, Photomarkets (UK) Ltd and Olympus Opticals (UK) Ltd. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of *NME*.

All entries must be mailed to:
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LIVE

10 PENCE PARIAHS

Pop-up fruitcake, Jaz *Pic: Bleddyn Butcher*

KILLING JOKE
Sheffield Leadmill

THE FRUITCAKE herald of the apocalypse is screaming at me again. I've seen him before in the marketplaces of a thousand biblical epics, a Breville among the pop-ups, doing a slick trade in HELLFIRE AND DAMNATION while schmaltzy, stand-up christians are being showered with granite at the next pulpit.

But this time he looks meaner. As if he means it. Loosely disguised as a swarthy, grinning idiot, he's obviously understudied Jack Nicholson's caricatures: the wicked leer through nicotine stained molars is a dead giveaway. He paints his face black and climbs the scaffolding. He has to appear deranged, y'see? It's in all the films.

He'd look prettier in pink. But bloody stupid.

Unlike his predecessors in the role, this year's resident heretic has both friends and history on his side. Once he was at the helm of four steely-eyed horsemen of the apocalypse. Breathing brimstone and charting with a treacly invocation to 'Follow The Leaders', the would-be seditionary succeeded in doing nothing more monumental or unpredictable than collapsing in a heap of paranoia.

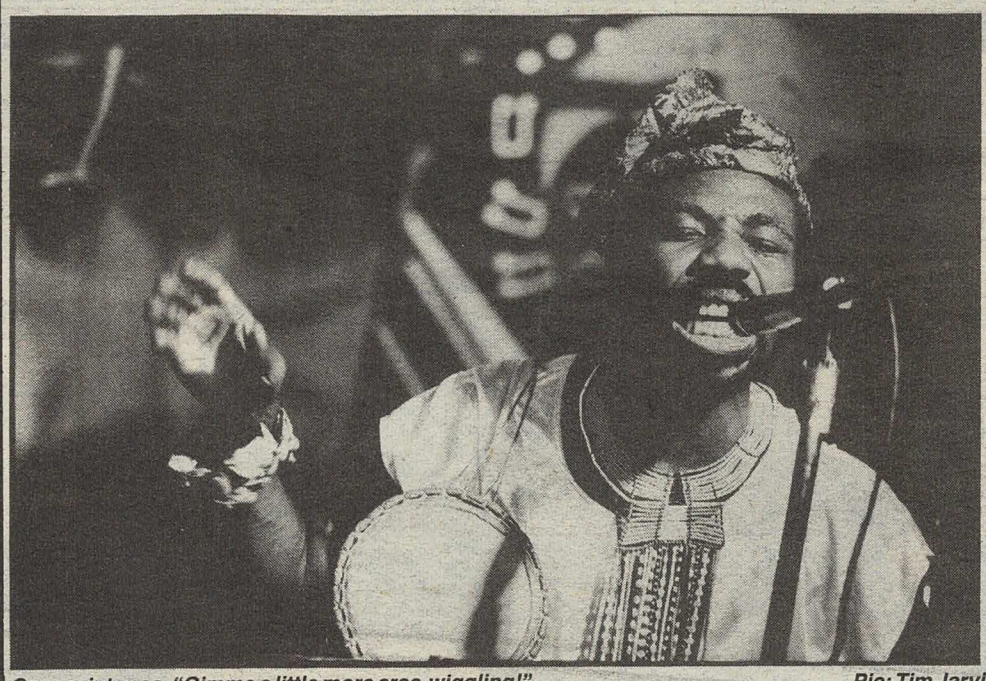
Flipped on his own hoax ("That's the killing joke, you morons"), he even suggested that I should get my ethereal spirit down and with it, out on the psychic ley-lines of Iceland. I put ten pence in his hat and laughed.

But now he's back, with two of the horsemen still in tow and the fire dances are burning black. The collective onslaught of Gregorian incantations and blood rush, infernal chaos, is nothing if not vast and impressive.

This one is actually trying to frighten me; I don't think he'd go away if I put 50p in his hat. But do I jump out of my skin? No, of course not. The End may be pretty bloody nigh, but the actor in the marketplace is still only crying wolf.

I smile sweetly for him. There may be a career in this for Jaz Coleman, I think to myself.

Amrik Rai



Gasper intones, "Gimme a little more arse-wiggling!" *Pic: Tim Jarvis*

DRUM SUPA

GASPER LAWAL BAND
Kennington The Cricketers

IN THE tropical heatwave of Afro-beat addiction it is unjust that Gasper Lawal should remain in the shade.

While his fellow countryman King Sunny Ade takes the kudos, Lawal the pioneer receives relatively little attention. He came over here in the '60s to bring Nigerian rhythym to the natives, and now finds the spotlight turned on his mother-country. Perhaps his involvement with Stills, the Stones and Barbara Streisand a decade ago is now counting against him.

Nevertheless, persons with a taste for percussive genius should not miss this outfit, particularly if interested in the visual trappings of the Afriki sound. Clad in brilliant robes and satin tea-cosy headgear, the Gasper Lawal band performed with enthusiasm, energy and the contagious element of enjoyment.

The hour-long set was short by the standards of King Sunny's three hour stint at Hammersmith Palais, but The Cricketers was hardly a suitable venue. African music is a participatory culture, as recently pointed out by Katy Zeserson in *NME*, and given the cramp conditions and R&B/Country Rock reputation of The Cricketers, the Gasper Lawal Band stood to be disappointed if they expected the audience to indulge in the necessary arse-wiggling. Only three white rastas found space to be visibly transported to their place in the African sun.

The rest of us were left to admire the superb musicianship of these six percussionists, who played a remarkable array of instruments – bongos, congas, marimbas, rattles, horns, bells etc – led by Gasper on talking drums. But why is one of the great percussionists of modern times missing out on the mainstream of a movement he's encouraged for a decade? Will Sunny Adé fade and fall in the autumn and the Afro-beat return from whence it came? Let's hope not.

Eye's open for Gasper Lawal at a venue where there's room to move your butt. A fine sight, an entertaining night, with a master of African percussion.

Drums? He can make 'em talk.

Len Brown

BUDDY KNOX
Putney Half Moon

A GREY haired Texan with animal laughter, playing country-tinged R'n'B similar to that of his long-gone friend Buddy Holly, can only have been born in a town called Happy, and he was. He's Buddy Knox, and he didn't go the way of the other Buddy, or their Texas contemporary and rival, Roy Orbison.

But they played together, got drunk together, and borrowed each other's tunes as well as purloining other people's. Knox plays Orbison's 'Rockhouse', Clyde McPhatter's 'Lovey Dovey', Ruth Brown's 'Somebody Touched Me', and The Five Kings' 'Ling Ting Tong'. He interrupts to recollect notable nights spent recording in Clovis, New Mexico, and temporarily we relive a mythical state of pop history when, casually and carelessly, the musical influences of other (mainly black) people found their way into the melting pot of sweltering, southern record studios, welcomed by open armed, twinkling eyed entrepreneurs.

Yet happy-go-lucky Knox wasn't really lucky enough to get very far from Happy, until recently. His biggest records were the novelty 'Hula Love' – "all about a boy and girl who elope in a canoe, HAHAHA!" – and the irrepressible 'Party Doll', the ultimate theme for a teenage redneck on the lookout for nothing more than a plastic inflatable, *"to run his fingers through her ha-a-ar"*.

'Party Doll' T-shirts and modern consumer habits have altered the meaning, of course. It's cornier now and more country than rock. But the country element has reawakened neglected interest in singers like Knox, who spent his youth performing in casual barroom circumstances not unlike the Half Moon.

He knocks out his songs and his relaxed, modest biography comes to life, his few mistakes knocking out the audience.

And when they're happy, so's Buddy.

Bob Dickinson

PRINT

The Merry Blackbirds – precursors of SA pop.

AZANIA A GO GO!

SHERYL GARRATT looks at the mixed history of South African pop

MUSIC IN THE MIX: THE STORY OF SOUTH AFRICAN POPULAR MUSIC
by Muff Anderson *(Ravan Press, £9.95)*

A FEW weeks before I wrote this — on 18 July — Nelson Mandela celebrated his 65th birthday in a South African prison. The leader of the African National Congress (ANC) has spent over a third of his life locked away for no other reason than that he is black and refuses to accept he is inferior, that he has opposed the apartheid system.

This is the background against which Anderson 's book is written, a political climate that is impossible to ignore because it warps and twists every aspect of South African life including, of course, the music. Musicians whose work becomes too 'political' risk trouble from the security police, while the radio and TV is largely in the control of the extreme right Broederband organisation which practises ruthless political censorship, pumping out bland lyrics and propaganda. There are separate stations for 'black' and 'white' music, and laws against racially mixed bands or audiences.

Many of the more talented performers such as Miriam Makeba, Dollar Brand, Hugh Masekela, or London residents Dudu Pukwana and Julian Bahula are in exile, while others such as The Dark City Sisters disappeared into poverty.

Anderson obviously knows her subject thoroughly and covers everything from traditional African to musicals such as *Ipi Tombi*, white folk, Afrikaans pop, the Mbaqanga music of the townships, jazz and gospel, all with an unobtrusive but clear political insight.

Perhaps it was this wide range of material which made the book so disappointingly insubstantial. The only in-depth interviews were with three white producers who had little of interest to say, while we were left with only tantalizing snatches of conversation with Hugh Masekela, and brief mentions of resistance songs, kwela (penny whistle music), or my favourite African vocalist Miriam Makeba, leaving me constantly wanting to know more.

That said, there are some gems here: the description of Bapsfontein, a South African Disneyland where whites can act out their C & W fantasies in the middle of the veld, or Cliff Richard's pathetic attempt to explain why he tours the country in spite of the boycott (". . why are we talking about politics? It's an abstract thing that hangs over countries and has no meaning. I'd rather talk about God.")

Anderson is also aware of the contractions involved: are the people who try to preserve traditional music helping the reactionaries to enforce their policy of tribalism (restricting blacks to their 'homelands')? How far should musicians compromise? The most moving example is that of the singer Moghamad Zayn Safidin Adam, who was forced to remain in SA after his return from England, where he had been photographed watching an anti-apartheid demo.

He eventually freed himself by consenting to play in a black and white minstrel-type 'Coon Carnival': "I sold my principles for a passport", he admits. And who could blame him? "Change doesn't come by writing songs," concludes the author, "You have to fashion the revolution with people, and if you fashion it with the people, the songs will come by themselves."

Hopefully soon.

(Music in The Mix is available in the UK from Third World Publications, 151 Stratford Road, Birmingham 11)

SMALL PRINT

ASTRAL WEAK

PAOLO HEWITT gives short shrift to a new book on Mr Mystic

VAN MORRISON: THE MYSTIC'S MUSIC
by Howard A. DeWitt *(Horizon Books, US import)*

THEY SAY you can't judge a book by its cover but 'they' in this instance are wrong.

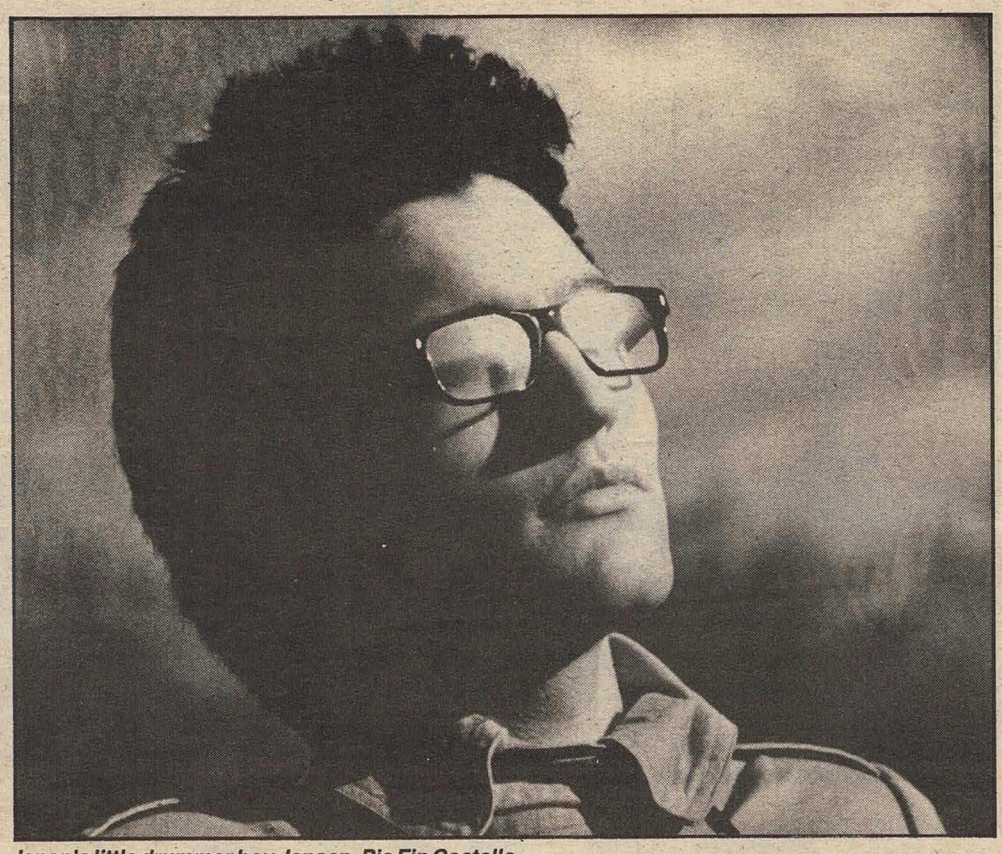
Aiming to evoke the use of the word 'mystic' in the title, the cover design harks back to classic '60s psychedelia and falls flat on its face. Similarly the script inside proves to be a below routine resume of Morrison's career that sheds no new light or shade on the man's intents or ambitions but follows a well worn path in assessing his work.

The author, a Professor Of History no less, has an obvious love for Morrison's music but his writing fails to get anywhere near capturing the elusive spirit that is at the centre of Van's best work.

He even quotes a WEA press release in the discography (having not heard, at time of writing, Morrison's last LP) to describe 'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart'. In fact the best thing about this whole venture is the discography which is comprehensive if nothing else. Apart from that, the shoddy photos, sickly graphics and insubstantial words would lead one to suggest that a more suitable title would indeed be the name of Morrison's last LP.

TOOTS
TOOTS HIBBERT'S New Solo Single
SPIRITUAL HEALING
Produced by
CHRIS BLACKWELL
and SLY DUNBAR
ISLAND

WORKERS PLAYTIME



Japan's little drummer boy Jansen. Pic Fin Costello

STEVE JANSEN, recently returned from a tour with Ippu Do in Japan, is currently writing his own material as well as laying the foundations with David Sylvain for the singer's forthcoming solo album. Recording proper will start later this month at Berlin's Hansa-by-the-wall studio.

In the meantime, Jansen charts the modern drummer's quest for the ideal sound amongst a sea of plastic, wood, memory chips and tape samples.

Interview by TONY BACON

Over Japan's history the drum sounds have always been different, they've always varied, even from track to track on an album. So it made sense that if there was a drum kit where you could vary the sound quite simply, it would be worth using.

I first used the Simmons electronic drum kit on the Japan tour last, towards the end of 1980, beginning of 1981. I'd heard about them, and they sounded interesting and seemed to cover all the aspects of an acoustic kit with variations. When I got the kit I was impressed — the drum sounded authentic and within one concert you could change, say, the snare sound four times. It suited what I wanted to do on that tour.

At first I found it really difficult to play a surface that is so hard — my fingers swelled up, I was hitting them too hard. Once I got used to that . . . it was a dream at soundchecks, plug in and that was it. It was very tiring on the hands, and because the stick would bounce back it was difficult to get sensitivity. It took about three or four weeks, really, to get used to it. Rehearsals for that tour were the hardest — I kept thinking "Am I getting used to it? Am I going to have to stop and change?"

The sound guy's main criticism of the Simmons on that tour was the bass drum end, not enough punch there. That worried me a bit because that was important. The other sounds seemed OK — we recorded one of the shows on that tour, and we released I think 'The Art Of Parties' as a B-side to 'Ghosts', the single. Once the kit was worked on in the studio for that track, the snare and so on sounded all right.

My biggest problem with the Simmons on stage was that I had two monitor speakers behind me, and it blew one of them every night. I think it was mainly the bass drum, because I couldn't hear it enough. I don't use monitors any more anyway, with my acoustic drums now I just use headphones. It probably would have made more sense to use headphones with the Simmons, although I don't think headphones could have handled it, it would have just come out as a fuzz.

I didn't use the Simmons in the studio with Japan — the sounds you can get with an acoustic kit in the studio are I think more variable then the Simmons. The Simmons is most useful for live effect.

I never used the factory presets which came with the Simmons. I used, for example, one reasonably ordinary snare sound, one that was more cracky and toppy, and one quite sustained and deep. With the bass drum, I used one a little longer and boomy, the other a bit more cutting. There's not a lot of variety on the control box, it's quite limited to a few frequencies and some sustain control. But the Simmons is the best synthetic drum around.

I don't think there's a replacement *yet* for acoustic drums. The Simmons is very easy to use, it just lacks feel for me. If you try to play sometimes with aggression, sometimes gentle, or any sensitive playing, you can't really get it from a Simmons. That's what I missed, and why I had to go back to acoustic.

Tama are virtually the only drums I've ever used. I haven't tried much else. I've only heard other people. I don't suppose there can be much difference between one drum kit and another, especially when they're in the studio — drums sound much the same when they're miked up.

At the moment my Tama kit consists of four hanging toms, 6", 8", 13" and 14", and a floor tom, bass drum, and snare. I have three Chinese cymbals and two crash cymbals — I use Chinese cymbals because they don't sustain much and have the kind of effect of a synthetic sound. The crashes I have out of necessity for certain songs, I don't really like to use cymbals. I like the gaps in drumming more than the playing — cymbals take up too much room.

The first time I worked with the Linn drum machine was on 'Tin Drum', the only time we ever used it was for the bass drum on 'Still Life In Mobile Homes' because it needed to be very hard and pushy, and I wanted to do it in stages. Live, I played it all. The next time I used the Linn was on David and Sakamoto's 'Bamboo Houses' single. I used it manually, rather than programming it. There's a feel that I love on the B-side of that, played with my fingers! That was great, I really was pleased with those tracks.

I've used Hideki Matsutake's PCM machine with Ippu Do. I used it not to programme the whole thing but to do bits and pieces. You use it in the studio by making different samples of snare drum sounds or bass drum sounds, for example, on tape. Then you programme it into the machine — it's totally variable time-wise, no limitations — and that all makes it more advanced than any other programmable drum machine.

I get my inspiration to play from hearing a vocal, that's why David and I have always worked together: he gets a lot of inspiration from hearing drums. That's why the basis of his solo album is just me and him.

I've been playing keyboards for a couple of years now, too, and on 'Tin Drum', for example, I played most of the 'timing' keyboards, things that needed timing, as well as the marimba solo on 'Ghosts'. Now that I'm writing on my own, I'm having to learn harmonies, melodies, chord changes and all that.

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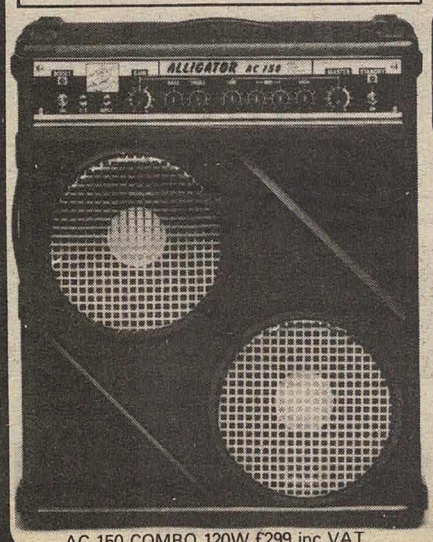

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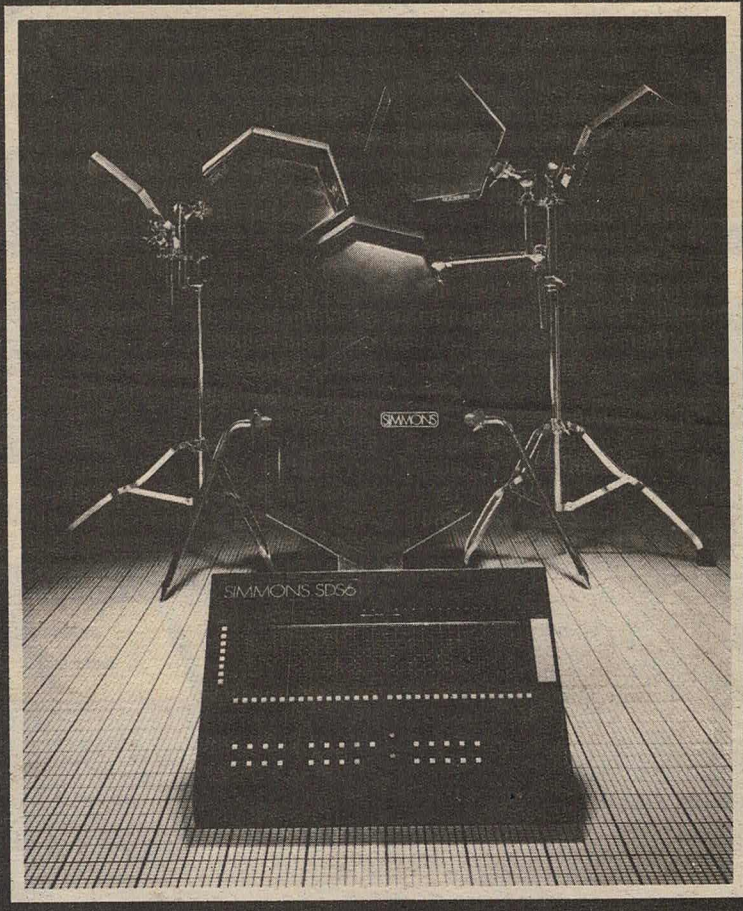

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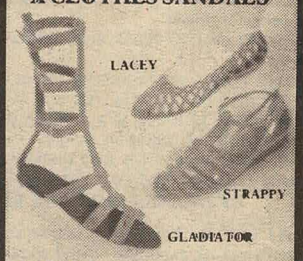

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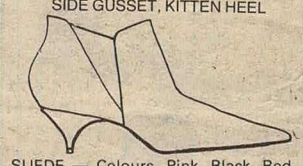

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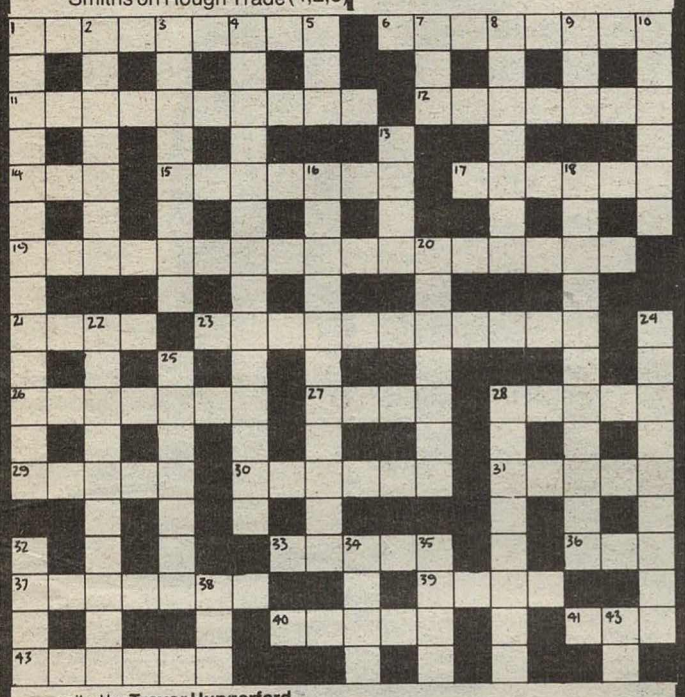
CLUES ACROSS

1. Aka John Wardle, aka Dan MacArthur (3,6)
6. Touch Lil in a way for a Black Uhuru LP (5,3)
11. Still gigging strong today, the lead singer of The Troggs (3,7)
12. +**33A.** Formed in 1970, funk rock group from California who were featured on Elton John's 'Caribou' album (5,2,5)
14. Initials of the Japanese Computer Game music manufacturers (1,1,1)
15. Hazel or Des (7)
17. Essentially a '60s label showcasing Del Shannon, Roy Orbison, Righteous Brothers among others (6)
19. Jam near the end of their discography but sounding like complete novices (8,9)
21. Irish band on Good Vibrations label, formed in 1975 as foursome then trio on departure of Gordon Blair (4)
23. Current single by The Smiths on Rough Trade (4,2,5)
26. US group with constantly changing line-up which takes it's name from regular guitarist Carlos (7)
27. Something before a tickle for Squeeze (4)
28. Mr Edwards? (5)
29. US punk band whose name should be at your fingertips (5)
30. Theatre on the same dance scene as Danny And The Juniors (3,3)
31. A little girl whom Pink Floyd used to watch at play (5)
33. See **12A.**
36. Mr Solo of Classix Nouveaux (3)
37. +**40A** *"I may not always love you, but as long as there are stars above you"* – Opening line to 1966 hit (3,4,5)
39. T-Rex single, 'One — Rock' (4)
40. See **37A.**
41. See **28D.**
43. End in a mix-up, trying to find that old Chuck Berry number (6)



compiled by **Trevor Hungerford**

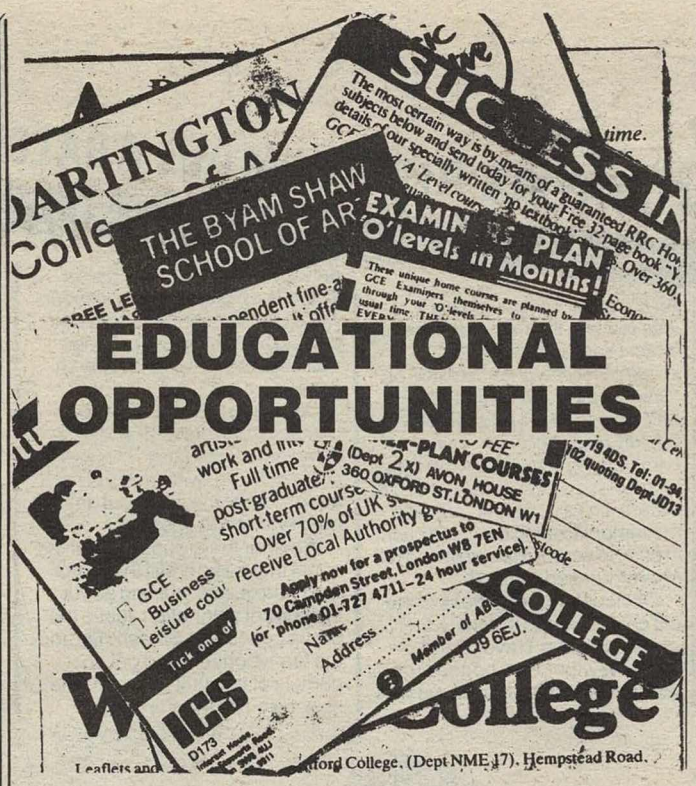
CLUES DOWN

1. Keyboard player with Talking Heads, originally with The Modern Lovers, also with a solo album 'The Red And The Black' (5.8)
2. Group with their own version of his song, perhaps? (7)
3. One-off BBC TV programme in 1967 which transmitted live all over the globe the fab Beatles recording 'All You Need Is Love' or 1970 Blue Mink single (3,5)
4. Potty on a BR seat (this is the age of the strain) as used by the constipational Alex Harvey Band (6,3,5)
5. Just before Barry McGuire's destruction (3)
7. Any record that makes the Top 20 at least, but especially one by Wham!? (3)
8. The true information on Boz Scaggs' first chart single (7)
9. House of Madness (3)
10. Of a nut, maybe, is Denny the vocalist of '60s Chicago-based band The Buckinghams (6)
13. Mr Lake of ELP? (4)
16. 1980 SLF single which was coupled with Tin Soldiers (7,4)
18. Kick up a reader stink, perhaps, trying to sniff out that Bauhaus oldie (4,7)
20. Formerly Mr Stooge of the Stooges, he was rediscovered by David Bowie in 1977 (4,3)
22. What the 'Hop And Disco Had Done' to this Stiff label band (7,3)
24. Such pretty colours from Altered Images (5,4)
25. Move one on for a Rod Stewart single? (7)
28. +**41A.** *"When the jester sang for the king and queen, in a coat he'd borrowed from James Dean"* – 1971 (8,3)
32. A rusty drummer (4)
34. Member of the Move, ELO, Wizzard to name but three (4)
35. 1979 Herb Alpert Top 20 hit (4)
38. Arthur —, mainstay of US group Love, 1966 to 1969 (3)
42. Name by which OMD called themselves in their formative days, and under which they recorded 'Julia's Song' (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. The Crackdown, 8. Avenue, 9. Favour, 10. Felt, 11. Oly, 12. EG, 14. Harris, 15. Lodge, 16. Hear Me, 17. Toni, 19. Ono, 20. Panic, 23. Pact, 25. Sonet, 27. X-Certs, 30. Lies, 33. +31D. Bring It On, 34. Eddie, 36. Eye, 37. +18D. Speaking In Tongues, 38. Woman's.

DOWN: 1. To Another Excess, 2. Every Day, 3. Route, 4. Kaleidoscope, 5. Off The Bone, 6. Never Stop, 7. Reunion, 13. Glenn (Gregory), 18. See 37A, 21. Art, 22. Is (not really), 24. Meddle, 26. Tube, 28. S(hangri) L(as), 29. Cilla, 31. See 33 A, 32. Sex, 35. Eek.



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PAOLO HEWITT GETS WATERLOGGED TRYING TO FATHOM OUT A BATCH OF WET LETTERS

SUN AND SANDBAG

I am writing to you to congratulate you on the review of the Screwdriver single by Gavin Martin. I am glad someone has had the courage to uncover these Nazis and their bigoted rantings. I am not a believer in the idea that if we ignore the Nazis they will go away. This is obviously not true because Screwdriver have been around for quite a long time, spreading racial hatred.

I myself was pulled aside and handed a nasty little bit of paper advertising this record, whilst walking past Liverpool Street Station last Sunday. I resisted the temptation to throw it away and enclosed the crap in my letter to you. I hope you will show up these Nazis for what they are and use your influence to get other papers to uncover what seems to be a Nazi foothold in the music scene.
An Anti-Racist, Kings Cross, London WC1.
I think you just have. — PH

Andy Gill has been writing rave reviews of Cabaret Voltaire in *NME* for about five years now and in none of them does he mention that he is an old friend and neighbour of Steve Mallinder's. I didn't mind this so much when CV were an exciting proposition, but now that he is writing apologies for their crossover to commercialism and their jumping on the abysmal Some Bizzare bandwagon, I think it is about time you let everyone in on the joke.

Which reminds me, if supporting the censorship of video nasties is falling prey to mob rule, as Gill says, then I am glad to be part of the mob rather than whatever elite it is that Andy Gill belongs to.
Andy Wilson, Loughborough.
Midfield dynamo Gill, the Glen Hoddle of the *NME* no less, lived at least 15 minutes walk from Mallinder, wonders how you can nail Voltaire as "commercial" when the LP isn't even out and suspects you may well have been part of a dodgy Sheffield band he once slagged off. Me? I'm left pondering how you can excuse hyping when a group is an "exciting proposition" and then condemn it when you happen not to like them. — PH

So, Tony Parsons is the only writer under 40 who sells paperbacks in England? I'd like to challenge this, since I've written two paperbacks (and yes, I wanted them to be paperbacks so ordinary people could afford to buy them) and I'm 20. Yes, I said T-W-E-N-T-Y. How old is Parsons? Admittedly I'm not rich and famous but between the two novels I've sold about 20,000 copies. I'm not rich and famous because I didn't get an enormous royalty on them. The books were *not* rubbish potboilers or written to formula or anything like that – they were exactly what I wanted to write and obviously what people wanted to read.

I'm saying this to illustrate that Tony Parsons is not the only "young novelist" who writes what he wants and publishes in paperback. He paints a picture of the whole business as being riddled with writers over 40 who're out to make a fortune and sod the content of their work. Some publishers are narrowminded rats and publish only formula-type crap, but others are prepared to take modest risks, and apart from my two novels my own publishers also published Pat McGrath, who is also pretty young.

Parsons also says that more people read now than ever before – I would dispute that! Less people read books in this country than anywhere else in Europe. The English Language is taught very badly in this country and leaves people with a distinct loathing of books, and the way the publishing business gets snobby about paperbacks doesn't help.
Ellie Ling, Southsea, Hants.
Tony Parsons isn't fat and 40 either, but he might have a small grin on his face everytime the bank manager calls. Parsons asserted that "there is no novelist under 30 who sells more books than I do..." Your letter does little to disprove this — PH

'Madame Sokil' and 'Jeanie Voyant' (*NME* 23rd July) have deciphered the colour code on the New Order Fact 73 and 75 sleeves, and are wondering what is the significance of the cuttings around the roulette. New Order are using an Emulator programmable synth, which uses a 'floppy' disc, which is a computer programme on a flat disc. Markings on the sleeves are those found on a floppy disc.
Robert Ross, Biggar.

This letter is addressed to all fools who ponder over New Order sleeves all week. THE CORRECT METHOD IS:

1. Have a colourful salad for lunch.
2. Go down pub and drink 18 pints of Fosters with friend.
3. Roll home with friend.
4. Go to toolshed and collect large hammer and six inch nail.
5. Nail the sleeve to the wall (off centre).
6. Do a headstand on a piece of substantial furniture.
7. Stare at mounted sleeve.
8. Instruct friend to spin sleeve until vomiting is induced.
9. Return to upright position on floor.
10. Voila! The diced carrots read POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES. The tomatoes: NEW ORDER.

Peter (Glennt Pennt Terras) Saville, Prestwick, Ayrshire.
And so the Great New Order Debate comes to an end. Once and for all. — PH

Hooray! I've found a soul mate. I, too, found the David Jensen/Marc Almond interview wet: witness the latest one with Timothy White. In reply to a question about how he (Timothy) was able to get so close to the Marley family after Bob's death, Timothy replied "It was rilly a kinda organic thing, y'know??" Bleecch.
Keith, Swindon.
Ya? — PH

I used to think Richard Cook could write a bit, even though I did wonder what a bloke who looked like a roadie for Mood Six was doing writing about cats like Cecil Ra and Ornette Shepp. But that Motown piece did me in. Especially that line "would they even do a song like 'Doctor My Eyes'? To my dismay they have never heard of it".

Well maaan! Is this 1975 or is this 1975? I expect you'll soon be asking Steve Clark and Max Bell back to write about more bended cowboys in Levi shirts.

Wise up Richard (or Dick as I like to think of you). Don't you know it's 1977 already and the kids are into anarchy and drinking paintstripper?
Stu Dent, Sandy, Beds.
We contacted Richard for a suitable reply but he was too busy listening to Donovan LPs. However some of our readers, and indeed writers, remember a couple of songs written before last week. Why here's one now. — PH

As coincidence would have it, I was reading the 30th July *Gasbag* when I heard Costello's breathlessly poignant version of 'Shipbuilding' for the first time, and I had to stop and wonder what the hell everyone was complaining about. So what if this year isn't up to the standard of '78, if there isn't a coherent 'credible' movement to latch onto and cash in on? So what if the charts are full of overdressed wimps?

Obviously nobody looks at the old charts printed in *NME* – 5 years ago John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John hogged the top spot, and the Smurf Song was rubbing shoulders with Showaddywaddy and a song called 'Boogie Oogie Oogie'. Tony Parsons (I think it was him) was right to opine that Joe Public has appalling taste. As far as the average *NME* reader is concerned the charts are fairly irrelevant to what real music is being produced. If as Bohn remarks pop music is not that important then we should forget the charts and concentrate on the music that fulfils the basic function of pop: to STIMULATE.

That so many bands have called it a day recently must be a sign that New Wave has generally run out of steam and it is time for the Next Big Thing.

However, there is no point in trying to justify the crap that comes along pretending to be new. There is still a wealth of good material out at the moment. Not just recent stuff but the vast treasure house of the past. Morley's exhortation not to believe in the past for fear of missing the future is true to a certain point, but beyond that is only applicable to music hacks. There is a big difference between wallowing blindly in the past and delving back to discover things that might otherwise have been missed.

Criticisms of irrelevance are themselves irrelevant: a real stimulant never dates. The way to stay enthralled with music is not to have more of the same but as much variety as possible.

Whether the groups are with us or not the music is still there. For God's sake stop whining about the current stagnation, leave the pin up poseurs to *Smash Hits* and the teenyboppers and get an earhole of the stuff that thrills the soul, be it The Marine Girls, Birthday Party, Gil Scott Heron or Thelonious Monk: that is as much as we have to expect from pop.
Doive.
Slightly off the mark Doive. You open your diatribe praising 'Shipbuilding', a recent Top 30 hit, and then exhort us to "forget the charts". Eh? — PH.

When the Scottish GCE examiners set the (mis!) quotation from Elvis Costello did they award an honorary degree to anyone who appropriately answered *"... I don't wanna be first, I just want to pass!"*
Roger Barberis, Flixton, Manchester.
Pass — PH

Today's letters' page (30th July) summarises the question of *NME's* contentious editorial policy in a very neat way. For most of the past couple of months Andy Gill has been dealing with readers' letters and his standpoint in doing so has been such that for the first time in the seven years I've been subscribing to your paper I've felt encouraged to air my views.

Anyway, today's host is Chris Bohn, a relatively recent addition to the *NME* staff, who has carved himself a niche in which he can keep us informed on European synthesizer music.

If we move on to the letter from Guff of Dunfermline we reach the matter that's inspired me to write. The Scot leads off with a complimentary remark about the recent Bunnymen piece, then notes how pleasantly this contrasted with "the usual boring drivel". To this our Germanic friend replies, "Actually we've always laboured under the delusion that *NME* readers hated to be patronised with the simple idiotspeak other magazines use. Sorry you prove us wrong Guff."

Bohn somewhere along the line makes the assumption that there are only two alternative styles of writing: either the challenging, but to Guff's way of thinking, incomprehensible method advocated by *NME*, or the more straightforward stuff supposedly associated with the rest of the music press.

It's probably true to say, however, that the hacks who've given most pleasure over the years are those whose writing as an end in itself has been entertaining in the most traditional sense: witty, informed, fluent and interesting. Names like Danny Baker, Charlie Murray and Nick Kent leap to mind.

On the other hand the *NME* has printed numerous articles from authors who have attempted to pursue in their writing the same ideals that they've sought in music. The most blatant examples have been Penman and latterday Morley.

Experimentation within an art form is the lifeblood of the artform itself but in literature, as in music, the actual results drawn are frequently difficult to appreciate in their own right.

So just as people like Gilbert Lewis, Coxhill and Morgan Fisher are paving the way in English music, so Penman and Morley have been doing in the reporting thereof. And just as *NME* praises a mere fraction of the output of such musicians, so its readership derives little satisfactions from the musings of such contributors. Fortunately both Morley and Penman have consistently shown themselves capable of spotting musical talent at a very early stage but *Gasbag* has proved that this hasn't made their journalistic style any more tolerable.

In conclusion then, Mr. Bohn, I suggest that Guff doesn't in fact prove you wrong at all. Your readership doesn't want "simple idiotspeak" nor does it want incomprehensible twaddle. To limit yourself to these two alternatives is merely an indication of your inability to provide what in practice is wanted.
Ronnie Reliable, Manchester.
It's simple Ronnie. Good writing whether it be Morley and Penman (completely different styles), or Baker and Kent (ditto) is good writing and the *NME* will continue to publish it. This is, in practise, what is wanted. Isn't it? — PH
Can I just say Paul Du Noyer wrote the Bunnymen piece? – Echo

So, another Richard Thompson record eh? And in my opinion a damn good one, too. Lucky that I heard it before reading Richard Cook's review though, because apart from the odd track title, there was precious little written about the actual record.

May I suggest that Mr. Cook stops practicing for his first novel, throws away his dictionary and reads the Costello review by Graham Lock that appeared on the same page – that's how to review an album.
Chris Groom, Caterham, Surrey.
Who the hell does Chris Groom think he is? Richard Cook releases yet another brilliant, thoughtful sensitive piece on Richard Thompson and what does Groom do? In typical *NME* readership style he slags it off hysterically. Has he forgotten the great contribution to literature that Cook made and continues to make?
Yours disgustedly — PH.

BORED? NOTHING BETTER TO DO?
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T-ZERS

EXCUSE US if the writing's a bit wobbly and the revelations more stupid than usual this week, but it's been party time on this page since last thursday when we heard that **Ja, Goo** and **Goo** had finally found the courage to post **Ka** his 'Dear John' letter. With their customary complete lack of style, they flung the poor boy out into the cruel world with bugger all but a handful of white feathers, a half used bottle of peroxide and a tubby disk jockey to call his own. . . .

Ooh to be a(h) spiteful *T-Zer* now there's a solo wally *as well* as a bunch of them to lampoon. . . .

With a flick of the wrist, it's over to those other blow-dried montrosities and a word of comfort for unemployed **Drannies** everywhere. **Simon** says, in *The Standard*; "**Duran Duran** stand as an example to them (the teenage dole queue). I'm not saying that everyone should try and become a pop star, but you can always do things for yourself . . ." Like not buying bad pop records. . . .

From the unfortunately famous to the thankfully unknown. Absolute indifference greeted the news that the last of the 'positives' has bit the dust as **Brigandage** split. Vocalist **Michelle** was snidely ousted, whilst languishing in hospital, after being found to be too punky to be positive. She is keeping the name, while the others look for a more marketable handle. . . .

Perhaps they should take a leaf out of **Malcy McClaren**'s 15 year-old son **Joseph**'s book. He's just formed a band called **Loud'n' Horrid**. . . .

Oglers of last weekend's *Nudes Of The World* were treated to chapter one of the "Routledge Revelations", the behind the scenes scandals of sex, drugs, more sex and more drugs from the **Kids From Fame**, as written by a former RCA Records executive. It turned out to be pretty tame stuff for a rock-band-on-the-road expose – the cravings in question were little more than what the average housewife gets through on a bad morning, something **Routledge** himself must've realised, as with the reportedly vast sum of money he received for his muck-raking, he retired abroad – to Sri Lanka. . .

Staying in warmer climes, *T-Zers* finds **Elton John** and **Rod Stewart,** after the duo broke off a safari that involved more servants than wild animals, fresh from concerts in Sun City, South Africa. The man in that hat was "not bothered" about possible Musicians Union action over his visit, and said the affair was "magnificent and I'm going back". El Spike Top was unavailable for comment after a black forklift truck driver drove his prongs straight through the star's £100,000 custom built piano at the airport. . . .

For positive proof of fame and fortune going literally to a bad boy's head, check out the antics of **Wham**'s **George Michaelhas**. Where do you go for a haircut on a deserted beach in Cyprus? Hop on a plane to London and your regular barber, then back to the Mediterranean in time for sunset. At an all-in price of £495, any young gun can go for it. . . .

WHILE MOST of us have to make do with turning the radio off or not buying records, some people it seems will go to much greater lengths to protect their eardrums. P.C. **Sting,** for example, was ordered by the management of the Montreal Regent Hotel to stop playing the piano in the lobby or find alternative accommodation, with the tersely worded statement "It doesn't matter who he is." And **Judy Tzuke**'s tour band's guitarist **Mike Paxman** took such exception to her onstage whinnying that he whacked her with his guitar and broke her nose. The mad axeman claims it was an accident. . . .

Keith Richards collects Little Richard's autograph and attempts to half-inch his bow tie while the Georgia Peach flashes his dental work. All this at the Jerry Lee Lewis TV special.

Pic: Richard E. Aaron/Star File

Back to the UK with a bump, and the reigning hotbed of North London's Camden Town, where at the **Dr John** gig at Dingwalls, both **Edwyn** of **Orange Juice** and **Jerry Dammers** were left on the sidelines in the audience as **Frankie Miller** (Frankie Miller!!) took the stage. He chose as his showcase a selection of old blues numbers known only to two barmen in Chicago, both of whom have been dead for years. Like the regular punters, the celebs in the audience were unimpressed. . . .

Down the road to the Palace, and heavyweight champ **Rusty Egan** is taking on all comers. Trusty's fighting spirit first rose at a ludicrous seminar on the direction of music in New York. He had just finished a tear jerking account of the troubles of the struggling artist, there was nary a dry eye in the house and the hat was about to go round when up stepped **Stevo.** The cuddly Some Bizzare svengali had some rather pertinent remarks about the poor creative wretch in question owning shares in a publishing company *and* a 24 track studio. Exit Mr Egan to great laughter, carrying home a red face and a vow of vengeance.

First to feel the mighty Rusty's revenge were **Bollock Bros Jock** and **Dave.** Bearing a free copy of the Bros album, the unsuspecting lads approached the Palace deejay. Before any stylus could hit a groove Egan swoops in and has our heroes ejected with such informative remarks as; "*I'm* in charge here, and no-one goes into the deejay box." And "*I* fill this place very night, so *I* rule London now and you don't come back in here." Only an uncharacteristic display of pacifism by Jock Bollock (aka **McDonald**) stopped Egan's bow-tied security staff from turning rough.

Flushed with success at his preliminary bout, Rusty returns to the auditorium to find his old pal **Stevo** up with the deejay wowing the clientele with *NME* coverstars **Test Dept.**'s new single

In roars Rusty, ranting "But they want aggression" as he gesticulated wildly at the contentedly grooving masses. "Get your own club if you want to play that weirdo crap," he squealed and proceeded to lay down some red hot sides by up and coming pop boys **The Sweet** and **Roxy Music.**

Stevo was not through however. He picked himself up and grabbed the mike to proclaim "Some Bizzare is totally against nostalgia, this place is about glorifying the past. Some Bizzare is about the future." Future developments will reach you just as soon as they reach us. . . .

Yokel funksters **The Farmers Boys** had some rather uppity ideas knocked on the head recently, when they asked their record company, EMI, to fund their filming a promo video in Paris. "Make do with a plot of wasteland on London's Covent Garden, you bloated bumpkins," came the sharp reply, or something like that. Imagine, them just off the farm 'n'all. . . .

AS WELL as his big backside, it appears that **Steve Strange** has another problem in the shape of someone running round London wearing silly clothes and too much make-up impersonating him. The doppelganger cons his way into swanky West End clubs with alarming regularity, and has just viewed a Knightsbridge flat posing as the Strange one. Steve would like to meet the man to see if he wants to be a stand-in on his next video.

Cabaret Voltaire's latest brainchild is a two hour video compilation for less than a tenner. A sneak preview revealed laugh-a-minute interviews with **Bowie** and **Mark E. Smith** and vidextracts from **Bill Nelson, Japan** and **The Box**...

Fame chasing hack **Don Watson** would like to send his heartfelt thanks (and a few quid?) to fame chasing rock star **Elvis Costello** for the publicity the big man has been giving our skinny scribe on national radio. "Why can't journalists stick to describing the artefact in question?" Costello spluttered as he reviewed Don's rather less than favourable review of **Carmel**'s 'Bad Day' single. Don, on the other hand, is willing to recant to the extent of admitting a certain liking for the song's piano part – played, coincidentally by **The Attractions' Steve Naive.** . . .

Staying with the **Stockport Songstress,** hip names and flip flames turned out for her **Ronnie's Scott's** show. **Jerry Dammers** and **Mick Talbot** swapped Hammond organ stories, **Bobby Bluebell, Siobhan Bananarama** and **Paul Weller** attempted to solve the problems of the modern face of pop, while **Dexy Seb Shelton** and **Andi** from **The Sex Gang Children** wandered round looking for ears to bend. "There were more stars there than in heaven," gushed a dazed **Julio Hewitt,** but the lad can count himself lucky that ageing rockers **Queen,** who inquired about the gig, didn't show up after being told it would cost them four quid each on the door. . . .

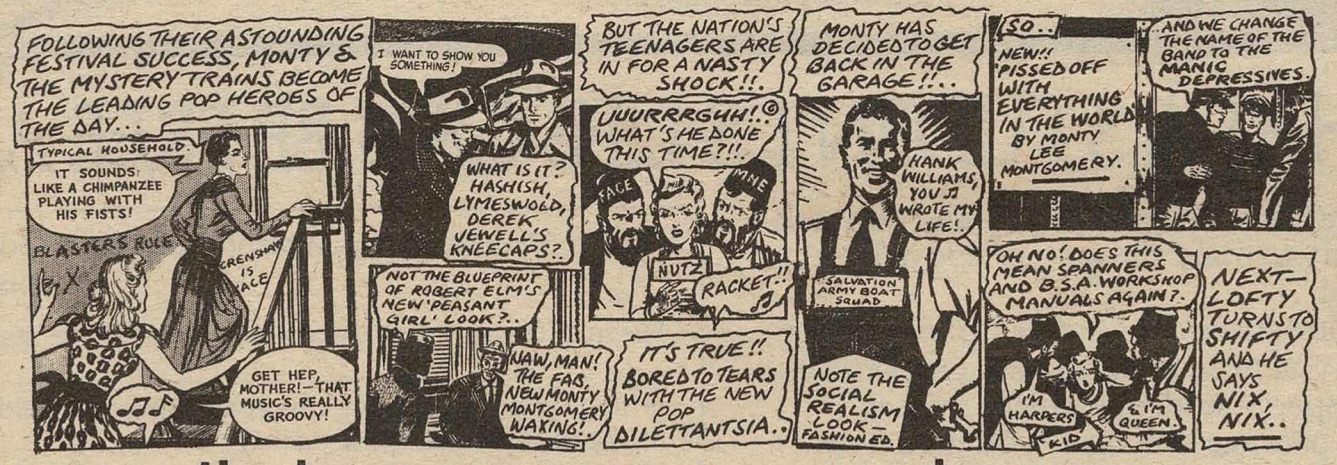
Costello again, and it seems the poor chap has more to worry about than the eternal gratitude of yon **Don,** namely a lippy son. On being rendered speechless when he met his heroes, **Liverpool FC**, Costello Snr opined; "One can get blase about meeting pop stars, but there's only one football team for me and I didn't know what to say to them." He was quickly consoled by **Junior** "I know just how you feel Dad, I was lost for words when I mat **Suggs** from **Madness**!" . . .

Professor of the rap **Gary Byrd** has progressed from rapping about the crown to actually bestowing it. On his return to the States from his UK promo tour, he will be visiting various cities where the mayor of each will be selecting a citizen worthy enough to wear guess what? Byrd himself will be performing the ceremonies, probably in rhyme. . . .

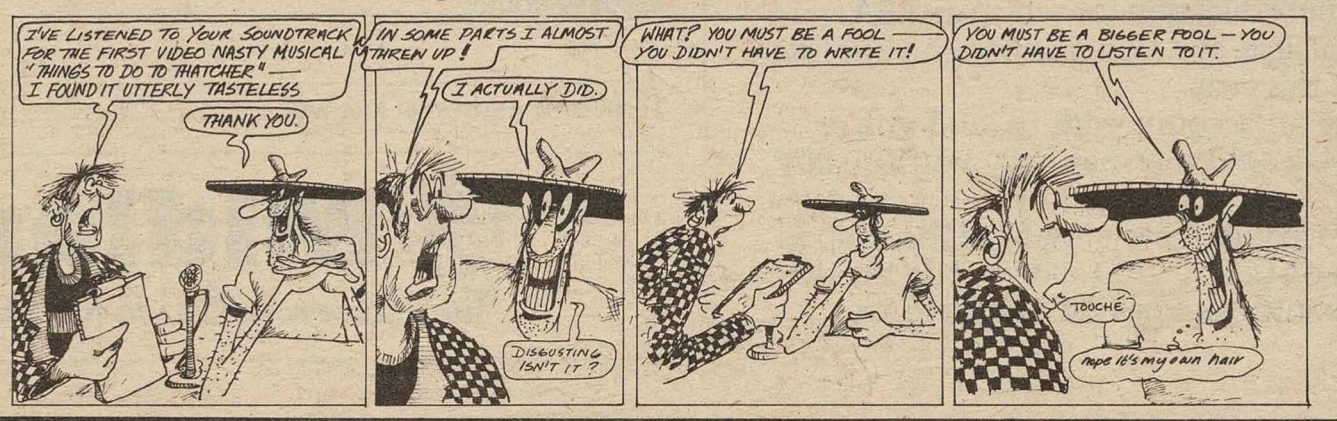
Let's finish as we started, with another **Drannie**. Following last week's publication in *NME* of a young **Simon LeBon** in an actors directory of many years ago, a real hornet's nest of a question has been asked. Was it the sun kissed one who represented that super clean little boy, dressed in white in the Persil adverts of yore? Or was Bon Bon the one in the off-white threads?

Answers on a postcard please into the nearest waste paper basket. Meanwhile it's back to the bubbly for three drunken dots. . . .

note oilskin base — lowry


FOLLOWING THEIR ASTOUNDING FESTIVAL SUCCESS, MONTY & THE MYSTERY TRAINS BECOME THE LEADING POP HEROES OF THE DAY...
TYPICAL HOUSEHOLD.
IT SOUNDS LIKE A CHIMPANZEE PLAYING WITH HIS FISTS!
BLASTERS RULE
CRENSHAW IS ACE
GET HEP, MOTHER!—THAT MUSIC'S REALLY GROOVY!
I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
WHAT IS IT? HASHISH, LYMESWOLD, DEREK JEWELL'S KNEECAPS?
NOT THE BLUEPRINT OF ROBERT ELMS'S NEW 'PEASANT GIRL' LOOK?..
NAW, MAN! THE FAB, NEW MONTY MONTGOMERY WAKING!
BUT THE NATION'S TEENAGERS ARE IN FOR A NASTY SHOCK!!.
UUURRRGUH!.. WHAT'S HE DONE THIS TIME?!!
FACE
MIKE
NUTZ
RACKET!!
IT'S TRUE!! BORED TO TEARS WITH THE NEW POP DILETTANTSIA..
MONTY HAS DECIDED TO GET BACK IN THE GARAGE!!..
HANK WILLIAMS, YOU WROTE MY LIFE!
SALVATION ARMY BOAT SQUAD
NOTE THE SOCIAL REALISM LOOK— FASHION ED.
SO..
NEW!! PISSED OFF WITH EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD BY MONTY LEE MONTGOMERY.
AND WE CHANGE THE NAME OF THE BAND TO THE MANIC DEPRESSIVES.
OH NO! DOES THIS MEAN SPANNERS AND B.S.A. WORKSHOP MANUALS AGAIN?.
I'M HARPERS KID
& I'M QUEEN.
NEXT— LOFTY TURNS TO SHIFTY AND HE SAYS NIX, NIX..

the lone groover — benyon


I'VE LISTENED TO YOUR SOUNDTRACK FOR THE FIRST VIDEO NASTY MUSICAL "THINGS TO DO TO THATCHER" — I FOUND IT UTTERLY TASTELESS
THANK YOU.
IN SOME PARTS I ALMOST MTHREW UP!
I ACTUALLY DID.
DISGUSTING ISN'T IT?
WHAT? YOU MUST BE A FOOL — YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WRITE IT!
YOU MUST BE A BIGGER FOOL — YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO IT.
TOUCHE
nope it's my own hair

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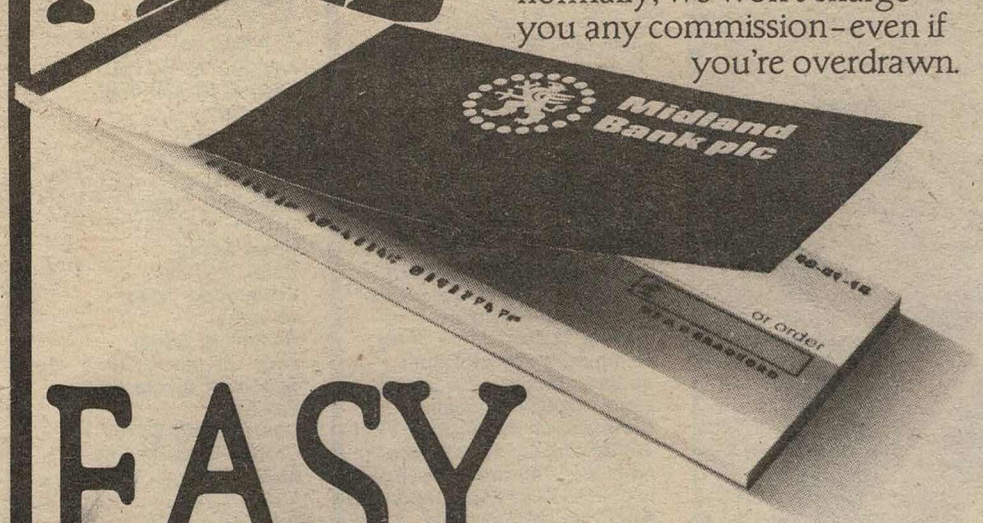

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